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POEMS

BY

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

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# POEMS

BY

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

*Selected and Arranged*

*By Mr. ROBERT BROWNING*

LONDON

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1908



## PREFATORY NOTE.



**I**N a recent "Memoir of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," by John H. Ingram, it is observed that "such essays on her personal history as have appeared, either in England or elsewhere, are replete with mistakes or misstatements." For these he proposes to substitute "a correct if short memoir;" but, kindly and appreciative as may be Mr. Ingram's performance, there occur not a few passages in it equally "mistaken and misstated."

1. "Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward Moulton Barrett, was born in London on the 4th of March, 1809." Elizabeth was born, March 6, 1806, at Coxhoe Hall, county of Durham, the residence of her father.\* "Before she was eleven she composed an epic on 'Marathon.'" She was then fourteen.

2. "It is said that Mr. Barrett was a man of intellect and culture, and therefore able to direct his daughter's education; but be that so or not, he obtained for her the tutorial assistance of the well-known Greek scholar Hugh Stuart Boyd . . . who was also a writer of fluent verse: and his influence and instruction doubtless confirmed Miss

\* The entry in the Parish Register of Ke'loe Church is as follows:—

Elizabeth Barrett Moulton Barrett, daughter and first child of Edward Barrett Moulton Barrett, of Coxhoe Hall, native of St. James's, Jamaica, by Mary, late Clarke, native of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, was born, March 6th, 1806, and baptized 10th of February, 1808.



## PREFATORY NOTE.

Barrett in her poetical aspirations." Mr. Boyd, early deprived of sight from over-study, resided at Malvern, and cared for little else than Greek literature, especially that of the "Fathers." He was about or over fifty, stooped a good deal, and was nearly bald. His daily habit was to sit for hours before a table, treating it as a piano with his fingers, and reciting Greek—his memory for which was such that, on a folio column of his favourite St. Gregory being read to him, he would repeat it without missing a syllable. Elizabeth, then residing in Herefordshire, visited him frequently, partly from her own love of Greek, and partly from a desire for the congenial society of one to whom her attendance might be helpful. There was nothing in the least "tutorial" in this relation—merely the natural feeling of a girl for a blind and disabled scholar in whose pursuits she took interest. Her knowledge of Greek was originally due to a preference for sharing with her brother Edward in the instruction of his Scottish tutor Mr. M'Swiney rather than in that of her own governess Mrs. Orme: and at such lessons she constantly assisted until her brother's departure for the Charter House—where he had Thackeray for a school-fellow. In point of fact, she was self-taught in almost every respect. Mr. Boyd was no writer of "fluent verse," though he published an unimportant volume, and the literary sympathies of the friends were exclusively bestowed on Greek.

3. "Edward, the eldest of the family," was Elizabeth's younger by nearly two years. He and his companions perished, not "just off Teignmouth," but in Babbacombe Bay. The bodies drifted up channel, and were recovered three days after.

4. "Her father's fortune was considerably augmented by his accession to the property of his only brother Richard, for many years Speaker of the House of Assembly at Jamaica." Mr. Edward Moulton, by the will of his grandfather, was directed to affix the name of Barrett to that of Moulton, upon succeeding to the estates in Jamaica. Richard

## PREFATORY NOTE.

was his cousin, and by his death Mr. Barrett did not acquire a shilling. His only brother was Samuel, sometime M.P. for Richmond. He had also a sister who died young, the full-length portrait of whom by Sir Thomas Lawrence (the first exhibited by that painter) is in the possession of Octavius Moulton-Barrett at Westover, near Calbourne, in the Isle of Wight. With respect to the "semi-tropical taste" of Mr. Barrett, so characterised in the "Memoir," it may be mentioned that, on the early death of his father, he was brought from Jamaica to England when a very young child, as a ward of the late Chief Baron Lord Abinger, then Mr. Scarlett, whom he frequently accompanied in his post-chaise when on Circuit. He was sent to Harrow, but received there so savage a punishment for a supposed offence ("burning the toast") by the youth whose "fag" he had become, that he was withdrawn from the school by his mother, and the delinquent was expelled. At the age of sixteen he was sent by Mr. Scarlett to Cambridge, and thence, for an early marriage, went to Northumberland. After purchasing the estate in Herefordshire, he gave himself up assiduously to the usual duties and occupations of a country gentleman,—farmed largely, was an active magistrate, became for a year High Sheriff, and in all county contests busied himself as a Liberal. He had a fine taste for landscape-gardening, planted considerably, loved trees—almost as much as his friend, the early correspondent of his daughter, Sir Uvedale Price—and for their sake discontinued keeping deer in the park.

Many other particulars concerning other people, in other "Biographical Memoirs which have appeared in England or elsewhere" for some years past, are similarly "mistaken and misstated." but they seem better left without notice by anybody.

R. B.



## Dedication.



### TO MY FATHER.

WHEN your eyes fall upon this page of dedication, and you start to see to whom it is inscribed, your first thought will be of the time far off when I was a child and wrote verses, and when I dedicated them to you who were my public and my critic. Of all that such a recollection implies of saddest and sweetest to both of us, it would become neither of us to speak before the world ; nor would it be possible for us to speak of it to one another, with voices that did not falter. Enough, that what is in my heart when I write thus, will be fully known to yours.

And my desire is that you, who are a witness how if this art of poetry had been a less earnest object to me, it must have fallen from exhausted hands before this day,—that you, who have shared with me in things bitter and sweet, softening or enhancing them, every day,—that you, who hold with me over all sense of loss and transiency, one hope by one Name,—may accept from me the inscription of these volumes, the exponents of a few years of an existence which has been sustained and comforted by you as well as given. Somewhat more faint-hearted than I used to be, it is my fancy thus to seem to return to a visible personal depend-

ence on you, as if indeed I were a child again ; to conjure your beloved image between myself and the public, so as to be sure of one smile,—and to satisfy my heart while I sanctify my ambition, by associating with the great pursuit of my life, its tenderest and holiest affection.—Your

E. B. L.

LONDON, 50 WIMPOLE STREET  
1844.



## PREFACE.



THE collection here offered to the public, consists of Poems which have been written in the interim between the period of the publication of my "Seraphim" and the present; variously coloured, or perhaps shadowed, by the life of which they are the natural expression,—and, with the exception of a few contributions to English or American periodicals, are printed now for the first time.

As the first poem of this collection, the "Drama of Exile," is the longest and most important work (to *me*!) which I ever trusted into the current of publication, I may be pardoned for entreating the reader's attention to the fact, that I decided on publishing it after considerable hesitation and doubt. The subject of the Drama rather fastened on me than was chosen; and the form, approaching the model of the Greek tragedy, shaped itself under my hand, rather by force of pleasure than of design. But when the excitement of composition had subsided, I felt afraid of my position. My subject was the new and strange experience of the fallen humanity, as it went forth from Paradise into the wilderness; with a peculiar reference to Eve's allotted grief, which, considering that self-sacrifice belonged to her womanhood, and the consciousness of originating the Fall to her offence,—appeared to me imperfectly apprehended hitherto, and more expressible by a woman than a man. There was room, at least, for lyrical emotion in those first steps into the wilderness,—in that first sense of desolation after wrath,—in that first audible gathering of the recriminating "groan of the whole creation,"—in that first darkening of the hills from the recoiling feet of angels,—and in that first silence of the

voice of God. And I took pleasure in driving in, like a pile, stroke upon stroke, the Idea of EXILE,—admitting Lucifer as an extreme Adam, to represent the ultimate tendencies of sin and loss,—that it might be strong to bear up the contrary Idea of the Heavenly love and purity. But when all was done, I felt afraid, as I said before, of my position. I had promised my own prudence to shut close the gates of Eden between Milton and myself, so that none might say I dared to walk in his footsteps. He should be within, I thought, with his Adam and Eve unfallen or falling,—and I, without, with my EXILES,—/ also an exile! It would not do. The subject, and his glory covering it, swept through the gates, and I stood full in it, against my will, and contrary to my vow,—till I shrank back fearing, almost desponding; hesitating to venture even a passing association with our great poet before the face of the public. Whether at last I took courage for the venture, by a sudden revival of that love of manuscript which should be classed by moral philosophers among the natural affections, or by the encouraging voice of a dear friend, it is not interesting to the reader to inquire. Neither could the fact affect the question; since I bear, of course, my own responsibilities. For the rest, Milton is too high, and I am too low, to render it necessary for me to disavow any rash emulation of his divine faculty on his own ground; while enough individuality will be granted, I hope, to my poem, to rescue me from that imputation of plagiarism which should be too servile a thing for every sincere thinker. After all, and at the worst, I have only attempted, in respect to Milton, what the Greek dramatists achieved lawfully in respect to Homer. They constructed dramas on Trojan ground; they raised on the buskin and even clasped with the sock, the feet of Homeric heroes; yet they neither imitated their Homer nor emasculated him. The Agamemnon of Æschylus, who died in the bath, did no harm to, nor suffered any harm from, the Agamemnon of Homer, who bearded Achilles. To this analogy—the more favourable to me from the obvious exception in it, that Homer's subject was his own possibly by creation,—whereas

Milton's was his own by illustration only,—I appeal. To this analogy—*not* to this comparison, be it understood—I appeal. For the analogy of the stronger may apply to the weaker; and the reader may have patience with the weakest while she suggests the application.

On a graver point I must take leave to touch, in further reference to my dramatic poem. The divine Saviour is represented in vision towards the close, speaking and transfigured; and it has been hinted to me that the introduction may give offence in quarters where I should be most reluctant to give any. A reproach of the same class, relating to the frequent recurrence of a Great Name in my pages, has already filled me with regret. How shall I answer these things? Frankly, in any case. When the old mysteries represented the Holiest Being in a rude familiar fashion, and the people gazed on, with the faith of children in their earnest eyes, the critics of a succeeding age, who rejoiced in Congreve, cried out, "Profane." Yet Andreini's mystery suggested Milton's epic; and Milton, the most reverent of poets, doubting whether to throw his work into the epic form or the dramatic, left, on the latter basis, a rough ground-plan, in which his intention of introducing the "Heavenly Love" among the persons of his drama, is extant to the present day. But the tendency of the present day is to sunder the daily life from the spiritual creed,—to separate the worshipping from the acting man,—and by no means to "live by faith." There is a feeling abroad which appears to me (I say it with deference) nearer to superstition than to religion, that there should be no touching of holy vessels except by consecrated fingers, nor any naming of holy names except in consecrated places. As if life were not a continual sacrament to man, since Christ brake the daily bread of it in His hands! As if the name of God did not build a church, by the very naming of it! As if the word God were not, everywhere in His creation, and at every moment in His eternity, an appropriate word! As if it could be uttered unfitly, if devoutly! I appeal on these points, which I will not argue, from the conventions of the



Christian to his devout heart ; and I beseech him generously to believe of me, that I have done that in reverence, from which, through reverence, he might have abstained ; and that where he might have been driven to silence by the principle of adoration, I, by the very same principle, have been hurried into speech.

It should have been observed in another place,—the fact, however, being sufficiently obvious throughout the drama,—that the time is from the evening into the night. If it should be objected that I have lengthened my twilight too much for the east, I might hasten to answer that we know nothing of the length of mornings or evenings before the Flood, and that I cannot, for my own part, believe in an Eden without the longest of purple twilights. The evening, ערב of Genesis, signifies a "mingling," and approaches the meaning of our "twilight" analytically. Apart from which considerations, my "exiles" are surrounded, in the scene described, by supernatural appearances ; and the shadows that approach them, are not only of the night.

The next longest poem to the "Drama of Exile" in the collection, is the "Vision of Poets," in which I have endeavoured to indicate the necessary relations of genius to suffering and self-sacrifice. In the eyes of the living generation, the poet is at once a richer and poorer man than he used to be ; he wears better broadcloth, but speaks no more oracles : and the evil of this social incrustation over a great idea, is eating deeper and more fatally into our literature, than either readers or writers may apprehend fully. I have attempted to express in this poem my view of the mission of the poet, of the self-abnegation implied in it, of the great work involved in it, of the duty and glory of what Balzac has beautifully and truly called "*la patience angélique du génie* ;" and of the obvious truth, above all, that if knowledge is power, suffering should be acceptable as a part of knowledge. It is enough to say of the other poems, that scarcely one of them is unambitious of an object and a significance.

Since my "Seraphim" was received by the public with

more kindness than its writer had counted on, I dare not rely on having put away the faults with which that volume abounded and was mildly reproached. Something indeed I may hope to have retrieved, because some progress in mind and in art every active thinker and honest writer must consciously or unconsciously make, with the progress of existence and experience : and, in some sort—since “ we learn in suffering what we teach in song,”—my songs may be fitter to teach. But if it were not presumptuous language on the lips of one to whom life is more than usually uncertain, my favourite wish for this work would be, that it be received by the public as a step in the right track, towards a future indication, of more value and acceptability. I would fain do better,—and I feel as if I might do better : I aspire to do better. It is no new form of the nympholepsy of poetry, that my ideal should fly before me — and if I cry out too hopefully at sight of the white vesture receding between the cypresses, let me be blamed gently if justly. In any case, while my poems are full of faults,—as I go forward to my critics and confess,—they have my heart and life in them,—they are not empty shells. If it must be said of me that I have contributed immemorable verses to the many rejected by the age, it cannot at least be said that I have done so in a light and irresponsible spirit. Poetry has been as serious a thing to me as life itself ; and life has been a very serious thing : there has been no playing at skittles for me in either. I never mistook pleasure for the final cause of poetry ; nor leisure, for the hour of the poet. I have done my work, so far, as work,—not as mere hand and head work, apart from the personal being,—but as the completest expression of that being, to which I could attain,—and as work I offer it to the public,—feeling its shortcomings more deeply than any of my readers, because measured from the height of my aspiration,—but feeling also that the reverence and sincerity with which the work was done, should give it some protection with the reverent and sincere.

## ADVERTISEMENT

PREFIXED TO EDITION OF COLLECTED WORKS  
PUBLISHED IN 1856.



THIS edition, including my earlier and later writings, I have endeavoured to render as little unworthy as possible of the indulgence of the public. Several poems I would willingly have withdrawn, if it were not almost impossible to extricate what has been once caught and involved in the machinery of the press. The alternative is a request to the generous reader that he may use the weakness of those earlier verses, which no subsequent revision has succeeded in strengthening, less as a reproach to the writer, than as a means of marking some progress in her other attempts.

E. B. B.

LONDON, 1856.

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A DRAMA OF EXILE.





## A DRAMA OF EXILE.

— 275 —

SCENE.—*The outer side of the gate of Eden shut fast with cloud, from the depth of which revolves a sword of fire self-moved. ADAM and EVE are seen in the distance flying along the glare.*

LUCIFER, *alone*

REJOICE in the clefts of Gehenna,  
My exiled, my host !  
Earth has exiles as hopeless as when a  
Heaven's empire was lost.  
Through the seams of her shaken foundations,  
Smoke up in great joy !  
With the smoke of your fierce exultations  
Deform and destroy !  
Smoke up with your lurid revenges,  
And darken the face  
Of the white heavens and taunt them with changes  
From glory and grace.  
We, in falling, while destiny strangles,  
Pull down with us all.  
Let them look to the rest of their angels !  
Who's safe from a fall ?  
HE saves not. Where's Adam ? Can pardon  
Requicken that sod ?  
Unkinged is the King of the Garden,  
The image of God.

Other exiles are cast out of Eden,—  
 More curse has been hurled :  
 Come up, O my locusts, and feed in  
 The green of the world !  
 Come up ! we have conquered by evil ;  
 Good reigns not alone :  
 I prevail now, and, angel or devil,  
 Inherit a throne.

*[In sudden apparition a watch of innumerable Angels,  
 rank above rank, slopes up from around the gate to  
 the zenith. The Angel GABRIEL descends.]*

*Lucifer.* Hail, Gabriel, the keeper of the gate !  
 Now that the fruit is plucked, prince Gabriel,  
 I hold that Eden is impregnable  
 Under thy keeping.

*Gabriel.* Angel of the sin,  
 Such as thou standest,—pale in the drear light  
 Which rounds the rebel's work with Maker's wrath,—  
 Thou shalt be an Idea to all souls,  
 A monumental melancholy gloom  
 Seen down all ages, whence to mark despair  
 And measure out the distances from good.  
 Go from us straightway !

*Lucifer.* Wherefore ?

*Gabriel.* Lucifer,  
 Thy last step in this place trod sorrow up.  
 Recoil before that sorrow, if not this sword.

*Lucifer.* Angels are in the world—wherefore not I ?  
 Exiles are in the world—wherefore not I ?  
 The cursed are in the world—wherefore not I ?

*Gabriel.* Depart !

*Lucifer.* And where's the logic of 'depart' ?  
 Our lady Eve had half been satisfied  
 To obey her Maker, if I had not learnt  
 To fix my postulate better. Dost thou dream  
 Of guarding some monopoly in heaven

Instead of earth? Why, I can dream with thee  
To the length of thy wings.

*Gabriel.*

I do not dream.

This is not heaven, even in a dream, nor earth,  
As earth was once, first breathed among the stars,  
Articulate glory from the mouth divine,  
To which the myriad spheres thrilled audibly,  
Touched like a lute-string, and the sons of God  
Said AMEN, singing it. I know that this  
Is earth not new created but new cursed—  
This, Eden's gate not opened but built up  
With a final cloud of sunset. Do I dream?  
Alas, not so! this is the Eden lost  
By Lucifer the serpent; this the sword  
(This sword alive with justice and with fire)  
That smote upon the forehead, Lucifer  
The angel. Wherefore, angel, go—depart!  
Enough is sinned and suffered.

*Lucifer.*

By no means.

Here's a brave earth to sin and suffer on:  
It holds fast still—it cracks not under curse;  
It holds like mine immortal. Presently  
We'll sow it thick enough with graves as green  
Or greener certes, than its knowledge-tree.  
We'll have the cypress for the tree of life,  
More eminent for shadow: for the rest,  
We'll build it dark with towns and pyramids,  
And temples, if it please you:—we'll have feasts  
And funerals also, merry-makes and wars,  
Till blood and wine shall mix and run along  
Right o'er the edges. And, good Gabriel,  
(Ye like that word in heaven) / too have strength—  
Strength to behold Him and not worship Him,  
Strength to fall from Him and not cry on Him,  
Strength to be in the universe and yet  
Neither God nor His servant. The red sign

Burnt on my forehead, which you taunt me with,  
Is God's sign that its bows not unto God,  
The potter's mark upon his work, to show  
It rings well to the striker. I and the earth  
Can bear more curse.

*Gabriel.* O miserable earth,  
O ruined angel !

*Lucifer.* Well, and if it be !  
I CHOOSE this ruin ; I elected it  
Of my will, not of service. What I do,  
I do volitent, not obedient,  
And overtop thy crown with my despair.  
My sorrow crowns me. Get thee back to heaven,  
And leave me to the earth, which is mine own  
In virtue of her ruin, as I hers  
In virtue of my revolt ! turn thou from both  
That bright, impassive, passive angelhood,  
And spare to read us backward any more  
Of the spent hallelujahs !

*Gabriel.* Spirit of scorn,  
I might say, of unreason ! I might say,  
That who despairs, acts ; that who acts, connives  
With God's relations set in time and space ;  
That who elects, assumes a something good  
Which God made possible ; that who lives, obeys  
The law of a Life-maker . . .

*Lucifer.* Let it pass !  
No more, thou Gabriel ! What if I stand up  
And strike my brow against the crystalline  
Roofing the creatures,—shall I say, for that,  
My stature is too high for me to stand,—  
Henceforward I must sit ? Sit *thou* !

*Gabriel.* I kneel.

*Lucifer.* A heavenly answer. Get thee to thy heaven,  
And leave my earth to me !

*Gabriel.* Through heaven and earth

God's will moves freely, and I follow it,  
 As colour follows light. He overflows  
 The firmamental walls with deity,  
 Therefore with love ; His lightnings go abroad,  
 His pity may do so, His angels must,  
 Whene'er He gives them charges.

*Lucifer.* Verily,  
 I and my demons, who are spirits of scorn,  
 Might hold this charge of standing with a sword  
 'Twixt man and his inheritance, as well  
 As the benignest angel of you all. \*

*Gabriel.* Thou speakest in the shadow of thy change.  
 If thou hadst gazed upon the face of God  
 This morning for a moment, thou hadst known  
 That only pity fitly can chastise,  
 Hate but avenges.

*Lucifer.* As it is, I know  
 Something of pity. When I reeled in heaven,  
 And my sword grew too heavy for my grasp,  
 Stabbing through matter, which it could not pierce  
 So much as the first shell of,—toward the throne ,  
 When I fell back, down,—staring up as I fell,—  
 The lightnings holding open my seathed lids,  
 And that thought of the infinite of God,  
 Hurled after to precipitate descent ;  
 When countless angel faces still and stern  
 Pressed out upon me from the level heavens  
 Adown the abysmal spaces, and I fell  
 Trampled down by your stillness, and struck blind  
 By the sight within your eyes, -'twas then I knew  
 How ye could pity, my kind angelhood !

*Gabriel.* Alas, discrowned one, by the truth in me  
 Which God keeps in me, I would give away  
 All—save that truth and His love keeping it,—  
 To lead thee home again into the light,  
 And hear thy voice chant with the morning stars,

When their rays tremble round them with much song  
Sung in more gladness !

*Lucifer.* Sing, my morning star !  
Last beautiful, last heavenly, that I loved !  
If I could drench thy golden locks with tears,  
What were it to this angel ?

*Gabriel.* What love is.  
And now I have named God.

*Lucifer.* Yet, Gabriel,  
By the lie in me which I keep myself,  
Thou'rt a false swearer. Were it otherwise,  
What dost thou here, vouchsafing tender thoughts  
To that earth-angel or earth-demon -- which,  
Thou and I have not solved the problem yet  
Enough to argue, -- that fallen Adam there, --  
That red-clay and a breath, -- who must, forsooth,  
Live in a new apocalypse of sense,  
With beauty and music waving in his trees  
And running in his rivers, to make glad  
His soul made perfect ? -- is it not for hope,  
A hope within thee deeper than thy truth,  
Of finally conducting him and his  
To fill the vacant thrones of me and mine,  
Which affront heaven with their vacuity ?

*Gabriel.* Angel, there are no vacant thrones in heaven  
To suit thy empty words. Glory and life  
Fulfil their own depletions ; and if God  
Sighed you far from Him, His next breath drew in  
A compensative splendour up the vast,  
Flushing the starry arteries.

*Lucifer.* With a change !  
So, let the vacant thrones and gardens too  
Fill as may please you ! -- and be pitiful,  
As ye translate that word, to the dethroned  
And exiled, man or angel. The fact stands,  
That I, the rebel, the cast out and down,

Am here and will not go ; while there, along  
 The light to which ye flash the desert out,  
 Flies your adopted Adam, your red-clay  
 In two kinds, both being flawed. Why, what is this ?  
 Whose work is this ? Whose hand was in the work ?  
 Against whose hand ? In this last strife, methinks,  
 I am not a fallen angel !

*Gabriel.* Dost thou know  
 Aught of those exiles ?

*Lucifer.* Ay : I know they have fled  
 Silent all day along the wilderness :  
 I know they wear, for burden on their backs,  
 The thought of a shut gate of Paradise,  
 And faces of the marshalled cherubim  
 Shining against, not for them ; and I know  
 They dare not look in one another's face,—  
 As if each were a cherub !

*Gabriel.* Dost thou know  
 Aught of their future ?

*Lucifer.* Only as much as this :  
 That evil will increase and multiply  
 Without a benediction.

*Gabriel.* Nothing more ?

*Lucifer.* Why so the angels taunt ! What should he  
 more ?

*Gabriel.* God is more.

*Lucifer.* Proving what ?

*Gabriel.* That He is God,  
 And capable of saving. *Lucifer,*  
 I charge thee by the solitude He kept  
 Ere He created,—leave the earth to God !

*Lucifer.* My foot is on the earth, firm as my sin.

*Gabriel.* I charge thee by the memory of heaven  
 Ere any sin was done,—leave earth to God !

*Lucifer.* My sin is on the earth, to reign thereon.

*Gabriel.* I charge thee by the choral song we sang,



When up against the white shore of our feet,  
 The depths of the creation swelled and brake,—  
 And the new worlds, the beaded foam and flower  
 Of all that coil, roared outward into space  
 On thunder-edges,—leave the earth to God !

*Lucifer.* My woe is on the earth, to curse thereby.

*Gabriel.* I charge thee by that mournful Morning Star  
 Which trembles . .

*Lucifer.* Enough spoken. As the pine  
 In norland forest, drops its weight of snows  
 By a night's growth, so, growing toward my ends  
 I drop thy counsels. Farewell, Gabriel !  
 Watch out thy service ; I achieve my will.  
 And peradventure in the after years,  
 When thoughtful men shall bend their spacious brows  
 Upon the storm and strife seen everywhere  
 To ruffle their smooth manhood and break up  
 With lurid lights of intermittent hope  
 Their human fear and wrong,— they may discern  
 The heart of a lost angel in the earth.

#### CHORUS OF EDEN SPIRITS,

*(Chanting from Paradise, while ADAM and EVE fly across  
 the Sword-glare.)*

Harken, oh harken ! let your souls behind you  
 Turn, gently moved !  
 Our voices feel along the Dread to find you,  
 O lost, beloved !  
 Through the thick-shielded and strong-marshalled  
 angels,  
 They press and pierce :  
 Our requiems follow fast on our evangels,—  
 Voice throbs in verse.  
 We are but orphaned spirits left in Eden  
 A time ago :

God gave us golden cups, and we were bidden  
To feed you so.  
But now our right hand hath no cup remaining,  
No work to do,  
The mystic hydromel is spilt, and staining  
The whole earth through.  
Most ineradicable stains, for showing  
(Not interfused !)  
That brighter colours were the world's foregoing,  
'Than shall be used.  
Harken, oh harken ! ye shall harken surely  
For years and years,  
The noise beside you, dripping coldly, purely,  
Of spirits' tears.  
The yearning to a beautiful denied you,  
Shall strain your powers.  
Ideal sweetnesses shall over-glide you,  
Resumed from ours.  
In all your music, our pathetic minor  
Your ears shall cross,  
And all good gifts shall mind you of diviner,  
With sense of loss.  
We shall be near you in your poet-languors  
And wild extremes,  
What time ye vex the desert with vain angers,  
Or mock with dreams.  
And when upon you, weary after roaming,  
Death's seal is put,  
By the foregone ye shall discern the coming,  
Through eyelids shut.

*Spirits of the trees.*

Hark ! the Eden trees are stirring,  
Soft and solemn in your hearing !  
Oak and linden, palm and fir,  
Tamarisk and juniper,  
Each still throbbing in vibration

Since that crowning of creation  
When the God-breath spake abroad,  
*Let us make man like to God !*  
And the pine stood quivering  
As the awful word went by,  
Like a vibrant music-string  
Stretched from mountain-peak to sky ;  
And the platan did expand  
Slow and gradual, branch and head :  
And the cedar's strong black shade  
Fluttered brokenly and grand :  
Grove and wood were swept aslant  
In emotion jubilant.

*Voice of the same, but softer.*

Which divine impulsion cleaves  
In dim movements to the leaves  
Dropt and lifted, dropt and lifted  
In the sunlight greenly sifted,—  
In the sunlight and the moonlight  
Greenly sifted through the trees.  
Ever wave the Eden trees  
In the nightlight and the noonlight.  
With a ruffling of green branches  
Shaded off to resonances,  
Never stirred by rain or breeze.  
Fare ye well, farewell !  
The sylvan sounds, no longer audible,  
Expire at Eden's door.  
Each footstep of your treading  
Treads out some murmur which ye heard before.  
Farewell ! the trees of Eden  
Ye shall hear nevermore.

*River-Spirits.*

Hark ! the flow of the four rivers—  
Hark the flow !

How the silence round you shivers,  
While our voices through it go,  
Cold and clear.

*A softer voice.*

Think a little, while ye hear,  
Of the banks  
Where the willows and the deer  
Crowd in intermingled ranks,  
As if all would drink at once  
Where the living water runs !—  
Of the fishes' golden edges  
, Flashing in and out the sedges ;  
Of the swans on silver thrones,  
Floating down the winding streams  
With impassive eyes turned shoreward,  
And a chant of undertones,—  
And the lotos leaning forward  
To help them into dreams !  
Fare ye well, farewell !  
The river-sounds, no longer audible,  
Expire at Eden's door.  
Each footstep of your treading  
Treads out some murmur which ye heard before.  
Farewell ! the streams of Eden  
Ye shall hear nevermore.

*Bird-Spirit.*

I am the nearest nightingale  
That singeth in Eden after you ;  
And I am singing loud and true,  
And sweet,—I do not fail.  
I sit upon a cypress bough,  
Close to the gate, and I fling my song  
Over the gate and through the mail  
Of the warden angels marshalled strong,—  
Over the gate and after you.

And the warden angels let it pass,  
Because the poor brown bird, alas,  
Sings in the garden, sweet and true.  
And I build my song of high pure notes,  
Note over note, height over height,  
Till I strike the arch of the Infinite,  
And I bridge abysmal agonies  
With strong, clear calms of harmonies,—  
And something abides, and something floats,  
In the song which I sing after you.  
Fare ye well, farewell !  
The creature-sounds, no longer audible,  
Expire at Eden's door.  
Each footstep of your treading  
Treads out some cadence which ye heard before  
Farewell ! the birds of Eden  
Ye shall hear nevermore.

*Flower-Spirits.*

We linger, we linger,  
The last of the throng,  
Like the tones of a singer  
Who loves his own song.  
We are spirit-aromas  
Of blossom and bloom.  
We call your thoughts home,—  
Ye breathe our perfume,—  
To the amaranth's splendour  
Afire on the slopes ;  
To the lily-bells tender,  
And grey heliotropes ;  
To the poppy-plains keeping  
Such dream-breath and blee  
That the angels there stepping  
Grew whiter to see :  
To the nook, set with moly,  
Ye jested one day in,

Till your smile waxed too holy,  
 And left your lips praying :  
 To the rose in the bower-place,  
 That dripped o'er you sleeping ;  
 To the asphodel flower-place,  
 Ye walked ankle-deep in.  
 We pluck at your raiment,  
 We stroke down your hair,  
 We faint in our lament,  
 And pine into air.

Fare ye well, farewell !

The Eden scents, no longer sensible,

• Expire at Eden's door.

Each footstep of your treading

Treads out some fragrance which ye knew before.

Farewell ! the flowers of Eden

Ye shall smell nevermore.

[ *There is silence.* ADAM and EVE fly on and never look back. Only a colossal shadow, as of the dark Angel passing quickly, is cast upon the Sword-glare.

SCENE.—*The extremity of the Sword-glare.*

*Adam.* Pausing a moment on this outer edge  
 Where the supernal sword-glare cuts in light  
 The dark exterior desert,—hast thou strength,  
 Beloved, to look behind us to the gate?

*Eve.* Have I not strength to look up to thy face?

*Adam.* We need be strong • yon spectacle of cloud  
 Which seals the gate up to the final doom,  
 Is God's seal manifest. There seem to lie  
 A hundred thunders in it, dark and dead ;  
 The unmolten lightnings vein it motionless ;  
 And, outward from its depth, the self-moved sword

Swings slow its awful gnomon of red fire  
From side to side, in pendulous horror slow  
Across the stagnant ghastly glare thrown flat  
On the intermediate ground from that to this.  
The angelic hosts, the archangelic pomps,  
Thrones, dominations, principedoms, rank on rank,  
Rising sublimely to the feet of God,  
On either side and overhead the gate,  
Show like a glittering and sustained smoke  
Drawn to an apex. That their faces shine  
Betwixt the solemn clasping of their wings  
Clasped high to a silver point above their heads,—  
We only guess from hence, and not discern.

*Eve.* Though we were near enough to see them shine  
The shadow on thy face were awfuller,  
To me, at least,—to me—than all their light.

*Adam.* What is this, Eve? thou droppest heavily  
In a heap earthward, and thy body heaves  
Under the golden floodings of thine hair!

*Eve.* O Adam, Adam! by that name of Eve—  
Thine eve, thy life—which suits me little now,  
Seeing that I now confess myself thy death  
And thine undoer, as the snake was mine,—  
I do adjure thee, put me straight away,  
Together with my name! Sweet, punish me!  
O Love, be just! and, ere we pass beyond  
The light cast outward by the fiery sword,  
Into the dark which earth must be to us,  
Bruise my head with thy foot,—as the curse said  
My seed shall the first tempter's! strike with curse,  
As God struck in the garden! and as HE,  
Being satisfied with justice and with wrath,  
Did roll His thunder gentler at the close,—  
Thou, peradventure, may'st at last reccil  
To some soft need of mercy. Strike, my lord!  
I, also, after tempting, writhe on the ground,

And I would feed on ashes from thine hand,  
As suits me, O my tempted !

*Adam.* My beloved,  
Mine Eve and life—I have no other name  
For thee or for the sun than what ye are,  
My utter life and light ! If we have fallen,  
It is that we have sinned,—we : God is just ;  
And, since His curse doth comprehend us both,  
It must be that His balance holds the weights  
Of first and last sin on a level. What !  
Shall I who had not virtue to stand straight  
Among the hills of Eden, here assume  
To mend the justice of the perfect God,  
By piling up a curse upon His curse,  
Against thee - thee ?

*Eve.* For so, perchance, thy God  
Might take thee into grace for scorning me ,  
Thy wrath against the sinner giving proof  
Of inward abrogation of the sin .  
And so, the blessed angels might come down  
And walk with thee as erst,—I think they would,—  
Because I was not near to make them sad  
Or soil the rustling of their innocence.

*Adam.* They know me. I am deepest in the guilt,  
If last in the transgression.

*Eve.* Thou !

*Adam.* If God,  
Who gave the right and joyaunce of the world,  
Both unto thee and me,—gave thee to me,  
The best gift last, the last sin was the worst,  
Which sinned against more complement of gifts  
And grace of giving. God ! I render back  
Strong benediction and perpetual praise  
From mortal feeble lips (as incense-smoke,  
Out of a little censer, may fill heaven),  
That Thou, in striking my benumbed hands



And forcing them to drop all other boons  
Of beauty and dominion and delight,—  
Hast left this well-beloved Eve, this life  
Within life, this best gift between their palms,  
In gracious compensation !

*Eve.* Is it thy voice ?

Or some saluting angel's—calling home  
My feet into the garden ?

*Adam.* O my God !

I, standing here between the glory and dark,  
The glory of Thy wrath projected forth  
From Eden's wall, the dark of our distress  
Which settles a step off in that drear world—  
Lift up to Thee the hands from whence hath fallen  
Only creation's sceptre,—thanking Thee  
That rather Thou hast cast me out with *her*  
Than left me lorn of her in Paradise,  
With angel looks and angel songs around  
To show the absence of her eyes and voice,  
And make society full desertness  
Without her use in comfort !

*Eve.* Where is loss ?

Am I in Eden ? can another speak  
Mine own love's tongue ?

*Adam.* Because with *her*, I stand

Upright, as far as can be in this fall,  
And look away from heaven which doth accuse,  
And look away from earth which doth convict,  
Into her face, and crown my discrowned brow  
Out of her love, and put the thought of her  
Around me, for an Eden full of birds,  
And lift her body up—thus—to my heart,  
And with my lips upon her lips,—thus, thus,—  
Do quicken and sublimiate my mortal breath  
Which cannot climb against the grave's steep sides  
But overtops this grief !

*Eve.* I am renewed.  
 My eyes grow with the light which is in thine ;  
 The silence of my heart is full of sound.  
 Hold me up—so ! Because I comprehend  
 This human love, I shall not be afraid  
 Of any human death ; and yet because  
 I know this strength of love, I seem to know  
 Death's strength by that same sign. Kiss on my lips,  
 To shut the door close on my rising soul,—  
 Lest it pass outwards in astonishment  
 And leave thee lonely !

*Adam.* Yet thou liest, *Eve*,  
 Bent heavily on thyself across mine arm,  
 Thy face flat to the sky.

*Eve.* Ay, and the tears  
 Running, as it might seem, my life from me,  
 They run so fast and warm. Let me lie so,  
 And weep so, as if in a dream or prayer,  
 Unfastening, clasp by clasp, the hard tight thought  
 Which clipped my heart and showed me evermore  
 Loathed of thy justice as I loathe the snake,  
 And as the pure ones loathe our sin. To-day,  
 All day, beloved, as we fled across  
 This desolating radiance cast by swords  
 Not suns,— my lips prayed soundless to myself,  
 Striking against each other—‘ O Lord God ! ’  
 (‘Twas so I prayed) ‘ I ask Thee by my sin,  
 ‘ And by Thy curse, and by Thy blameless heavens,  
 ‘ Make dreadful haste to hide me from Thy face  
 ‘ And from the face of my beloved here  
 ‘ For whom I am no helpmeet, quick away  
 ‘ Into the new dark mystery of death !  
 ‘ I will lie still there, I will make no plaint,  
 ‘ I will not sigh, nor sob, nor speak a word,  
 ‘ Nor struggle to come back beneath the sun  
 ‘ Where peradventure I might sin anew

'Against Thy mercy and his pleasure. Death,  
 'O death, whate'er it be, is good enough  
 'For such as I am : while for Adam here,  
 'No voice shall say again, in heaven or earth,  
 '*It is not good for him to be alone.*'

*Adam.* And was it good for such a prayer to pass,  
 My unkind Eve, betwixt our mutual lives?  
 If I am exiled, must I be bereaved?

*Eve.* 'Twas an ill prayer : it shall be prayed no more .  
 And God did use it like a foolishness,  
 Giving no answer. Now my heart has grown  
 Too high and strong for such a foolish prayer ;  
 Love makes it strong : and since I was the first  
 In the transgression, with a steady foot  
 I will be the first to tread from this sword-glare  
 Into the outer darkness of the waste, —  
 And thus I do it.

*Adam.* Thus I follow thee,  
 As erewhile in the sin.—What sounds ! what sounds !  
 I feel a music which comes straight from heaven,  
 As tender as a watering dew.

*Eve.* I think  
 That angels—not those guarding Paradise,—  
 But the love-angels, who came erst to us,  
 And when we said 'God,' fainted unawares  
 Back from our mortal presence unto God,  
 (As if He drew them inward in a breath)  
 His name being heard of them,—I think that they  
 With sliding voices lean from heavenly towers,  
 Invisible but gracious. Hark—how soft !

## CHORUS OF INVISIBLE ANGELS.

*Faint and tender.*

Mortal man and woman,  
 Go upon your travel !

Heaven assist the human  
Smoothly to unravel  
All that web of pain  
Wherein ye are holden.  
Do ye know our voices  
Chanting down the Golden?  
Do ye guess our choice is,  
Being un beholden,  
To be harkened by you yet again?

This pure door of opal  
God hath shut between us, —  
‘Us, His shining people,  
You, who once have seen us  
And are blinded new!  
Yet, across the doorway,  
Past the silence reaching,  
Farewells evermore may,  
Blessing in the teaching,  
Glide from us to you.

*First semichorus.*

Think how erst your Eden,  
Day on day succeeding,  
With our presence glowed.  
We came as if the Heavens were bowed  
To a milder music rare.  
Ye saw us in our solemn treading,  
Treading down the steps of cloud,  
While our wings, outspreading  
Double calms of whiteness,  
Dropped superfluous brightness  
Down from stair to stair.

*Second semichorus.*

Or oft, abrupt though tender,  
While ye gazed on space,

We flashed our angel-splendour  
In either human face.  
With mystic lilies in our hands,  
From the atmospheric bands  
Breaking with a sudden grace,  
We took you unaware !  
While our feet struck glories  
Outward, smooth and fair,  
Which we stood on floorwise,  
Platformed in mid-air.

*First semichorus.*

Or oft, when Heaven-descended,  
Stood we in our wondering sight  
In a mute apocalypse  
With dumb vibrations on our lips  
From hosannas ended,  
And grand half-vanishings  
Of the empyreal things  
Within our eyes belated,  
Till the heavenly Infinite  
Falling off from the Created,  
Left our inward contemplation  
Opened into ministration.

*Chorus.*

Then upon our axle turning  
Of great joy to sympathy,  
We sang out the morning  
Broadening up the sky.  
Or we drew  
Our music through  
The noontide's hush and heat and shine,  
Informed with our intense Divine !  
Interrupted vital notes  
Palpitating hither, thither,  
Burning out into the æther,  
Sensible like fiery notes.

Or, whenever twilight drifted  
 Through the cedar masses,  
 The globed sun we lifted,  
 Trailing purple, trailing gold  
 Out between the passes  
 Of the mountains manifold,  
 To anthems slowly sung !  
 While he, aweary, half in swoon  
 For joy to hear our climbing tune  
 Transpierce the stars' concentric rings,—  
 The burden of his glory flung  
 In broken lights upon our wings.  
 [The chant dies away confusedly, and

LUCIFER appears.

*Lucifer.* Now may all fruits be pleasant to thy lips,  
 Beautiful Eve ! The times have somewhat changed  
 Since thou and I had talk beneath a tree,  
 Albeit ye are not gods yet.

*Eve.* Adam ! hold  
 My right hand strongly ! It is Lucifer—  
 And we have love to lose.

*Adam.* I' the name of God,  
 Go apart from us, O thou Lucifer !  
 And leave us to the desert thou hast made  
 Out of thy treason. Bring no serpent-slime  
 Athwart this path kept holy to our tears !  
 Or we may curse thee with their bitterness.

*Lucifer.* Curse freely ! curses thicken. Why, this Eve  
 Who thought me once part worthy of her ear  
 And somewhat wiser than the other beasts,—  
 Drawing together her large globes of eyes,  
 The light of which is throbbing in and out  
 Their steadfast continuity of gaze,  
 Knots her fair eyebrows in so hard a knot,  
 And down from her white heights of womanhood  
 Looks on me so amazed,—I scarce should fear

To wager such an apple as she plucked,  
Against one riper from the tree of life,  
That she could curse too—as a woman may—  
Smooth in the vowels.

*Eve.* So—speak wickedly !  
I like it best so. Let thy words be wounds,—  
For, so, I shall not fear thy power to hurt.  
Trench on the forms of good by open ill—  
For, so, I shall wax strong and grand with scorn,  
Scorning myself for ever trusting thee  
As far as thinking, ere a snake ate dust,  
He could speak wisdom.

*Lucifer.* Our new gods, it seems,  
Deal more in thunders than in courtesies.  
And, sooth, mine own Olympus, which anon  
I shall build up to loud-voiced imagery  
From all the wandering visions of the world,  
May show worse railing than our lady Eve  
Pours o'er the rounding of her argent arm.  
But why should this be? Adam pardoned Eve.

*Adam.* Adam loved Eve. Jehovah pardon both !

*Eve.* Adam forgave Eve—because loving Eve.

*Lucifer.* So, well. Yet Adam was undone of Eve,  
As both were by the snake. Therefore forgive,  
In like wise, fellow-temptress, the poor snake—  
Who stung there, not so poorly ! [*Aside.*

*Eve.* Hold thy wrath,  
Beloved Adam ! let me answer him ;  
For this time he speaks truth, which we should hear,  
And asks for mercy, which I most should grant,  
In like wise, as he tells us—in like wise !  
And therefore I thee pardon, Lucifer,  
As freely as the streams of Eden flowed  
When we were happy by them. So, depart ;  
Leave us to walk the remnant of our time  
Out mildly in the desert. Do not seek

To harm us any more or scoff at us,  
 Or ere the dust be laid upon our face,  
 To find there the communion of the dust  
 And issue of the dust.—Go !

*Adam.* At once, go !

*Lucifer.* Forgive ! and go ! Ye images of clay,  
 Shrunk somewhat in the mould,—what jest is this ?  
 What words are these to use ? By what a thought  
 Conceive ye of me ? Yesterday—a snake !  
 To-day—what ?

*Adam.* A strong spirit.

*Eve.* A sad spirit.

*Adam.* Perhaps a fallen angel.—Who shall say !

*Lucifer.* Who told thee, Adam ?

*Adam.* Thou ! The prodigy  
 Of thy vast brows and melancholy eyes  
 Which comprehend the heights of some great fall.  
 I think that thou hast one day worn a crown  
 Under the eyes of God.

*Lucifer.* And why of God ?

*Adam.* It were no crown else. Verily, I think  
 Thou'rt fallen far. I had not yesterday  
 Said it so surely, but I know to-day  
 Grief by grief, sin by sin !

*Lucifer.* A crown, by a crown.

*Adam.* Ay, mock me ! now I know more than I knew :  
 Now I know that thou art fallen below hope  
 Of final re-ascent.

*Lucifer.* Because ?

*Adam.* Because

A spirit who expected to see God,  
 Though at the last point of a million years,  
 Could dare no mockery of a ruined man  
 Such as this Adam.

*Lucifer.* Who is high and bold—  
 Be it said passing !—of a good red clay



Discovered on some top of Lebanon,  
Or haply of Aornus, beyond sweep  
Of the black eagle's wing ! A furlong lower  
Had made a meeker king for Eden. Soh !  
Is it not possible, by sin and grief  
(To give the things your names) that spirits should rise  
Instead of falling ?

*Adam.* Most impossible.  
The Highest being the Holy and the Glad,  
Whoever rises must approach delight  
And sanctity in the act.

*Lucifer.* Ha, my clay king !  
Thou wilt not rule by wisdom very long  
The after generations. Earth, methinks,  
Will disinherit thy philosophy  
For a new doctrine suited to thine heirs,  
And class<sup>d</sup> these present dogmas with the rest  
Of the old-world traditions, Eden fruits  
And Saurian fossils.

*Eve.* Speak no more with him,  
Beloved ! it is not good to speak with him.  
Go from us, Lucifer, and speak no more !  
We have no pardon which thou dost not scorn,  
Nor any bliss, thou seest, for coveting,  
Nor innocence for staining. Being bereft,  
We would be alone.—Go !

*Lucifer.* Ah ! ye talk the same,  
All of you—spirits and clay—go, and depart !  
In Heaven they said so, and at Eden's gate,  
And here, reiterant, in the wilderness.  
None saith, Stay with me, for thy face is fair !  
None saith, Stay with me, for thy voice is sweet !  
And yet I was not fashioned out of clay.  
Look on me, woman ! Am I beautiful ?

*Eve.* Thou hast a glorious darkness.

*Lucifer.* Nothing more ?

*Eve.* I think, no more.

*Lucifer.* False Heart—thou thinkest more  
Thou canst not choose but think, as I praise God,  
Unwillingly but fully, that I stand  
Most absolute in beauty. As yourselves  
Were fashioned very good at best, so *we*  
Sprang very beauteous from the creant Word  
Which thrilled behind us, God Himself being moved  
When that august work of a perfect shape,  
His dignities of sovran angel-hood,  
Swept out into the universe,—divine  
With thunderous movements, earnest looks of gods,  
And silver-solemn clash of cymbal wings.  
Whereof was I, in motion and in form,  
A part not poorest. And yet,—yet, perhaps,  
This beauty which I speak of, is not here,  
As God's voice is not here, nor even my crown—  
I do not know. What is this thought or thing  
Which I call beauty? is it thought, or thing?  
Is it a thought accepted for a thing?  
Or both? or neither?—a pretext—a word?  
Its meaning flutters in me like a flame  
Under my own breath : my perceptions reel  
For evermore around it, and fall off,  
As if it too were holy.

*Eve.* Which it is.

*Adam.* The essence of all beauty, I call love.  
The attribute, the evidence, and end,  
The consummation to the inward sense,  
Of beauty apprehended from without,  
I still call love. As form, when colourless,  
Is nothing to the eye,—that pine-tree there,  
Without its black and green, being all a blank,—  
So, without love, is beauty undiscerned  
In man or angel. Angel! rather ask  
What love is in thee, what love moves to thee.

And what collateral love moves on with thee ;  
Then shalt thou know if thou art beautiful.

*Lucifer.* Love ! what is Love ? I lose it. Beauty and love !  
I darken to the image. Beauty—love !

*[He fades away, while a low music sounds.]*

*Adam.* Thou art pale, Eve.

*Eve.*

The precipice of ill

Down this colossal nature, dizzies me :  
And, hark ! the starry harmony remote  
Seems measuring the heights from whence he fell.

*Adam.* Think that we have not fallen so ! By the hope  
And aspiration, by the love and faith,  
We do exceed the stature of this angel.

*Eve.* Happier we are than he is, by the death.

*Adam.* Or rather by the life of the Lord God !  
How dim the angel grows, as if that blast  
Of music swept him back into the dark.

*[The music is stronger, gathering itself into  
uncertain articulation.]*

*Eve.* It throbs in on us like a plaintive heart,  
Pressing, with slow pulsations, vibrative,  
Its gradual sweetness through the yielding air,  
To such expression as the stars may use,  
Most starry-sweet and strange ! With every note  
That grows more loud, the angel grows more dim,  
Receding in proportion to approach,  
Until he stand afar,—a shade.

*Adam.*

Now, words.

#### SONG OF THE MORNING STAR TO LUCIFER.

*He fades utterly away and vanishes as it proceeds.*

Mine orb'd image sinks  
Back from thee, back from thee,  
As thou art fallen, methinks,  
Back from me, back from me.

O my light-bearer,  
Could another fairer  
Lack to thee, lack to thee?

Ah, ah, Heosphoros !

I loved thee with the fiery love of stars  
Who love by burning, and by loving move,  
Too near the throned Jehovah not to love.

Ah, ah, Heosphoros !

Their brows flash fast on me from gliding cars,  
Pale-passioned for my loss.  
Ah, ah, Heosphoros !

Mine orb'd heats drop cold  
Down from thee, down from thee,  
As fell thy grace of old  
Down from me, down from me.

O my light-bearer,  
Is another fairer  
Won to thee, won to thee?

Ah, ah, Heosphoros,  
Great love preceded loss,  
Known to thee, known to thee.  
Ah, ah !

Thou, breathing thy communicable grace  
Of life into my light,  
Mine astral faces, from thine angel face,  
Hast inly fed,  
And flooded me with radiance overmuch  
From thy pure height.

Ah, ah !

Thou, with calm, floating pinions both way spread,  
Erect, irradiated,  
Didst sting my wheel of glory  
On, on before thee

Along the Godlight by a quickening touch !  
Ha, ha !

Around, around the firmamental ocean  
 I swam expanding with delirious fire !  
 Around, around, around, in blind desire  
 To be drawn upward to the Infinite—

Ha, ha !

Until, the motion flinging out the motion  
 To a keen whirl of passion and avidity,  
 To a dim whirl of languor and delight,  
 I wound in girant orbits smooth and white  
     With that intense rapidity.  
     Around, around,  
     I wound and interwound,  
 While all the cyclic heavens about me spun.  
 Stars, planets, suns, and moons dilated broad,  
 Then flashed together into a single sun,  
 And wound, and wound in one :  
 And as they wound I wound,—around, around,  
 In a great fire I almost took for God.

Ha, ha, Heosphoros !

Thine angel glory sinks  
 Down from me, down from me—  
 My beauty falls, methinks,  
 Down from thee, down from thee !  
     O my light-bearer,  
     O my path-preparer,  
 Gone from me, gone from me !  
     Ah, ah, Heosphoros !

I cannot kindle underneath the brow  
 Of this new angel here, who is not Thou.  
 All things are altered since that time ago,—  
 And if I shine at eve, I shall not know.

I am strange—I am slow.

Ah, ah, Heosphoros !

Henceforward, human eyes of lovers be

The only sweetest sight that I shall see,  
With tears between the looks raised up to me.

Ah, ah !

When, having wept all night, at break of day  
Above the folded hills they shall survey  
My light, a little trembling, in the grey.

Ah, ah !

And gazing on me, such shall comprehend,  
Through all my piteous pomp at morn or even,  
And melancholy leaning out of heaven,  
That love, their own divine, may change or end,  
That love may close in loss !  
Ah, ah, Heosphoros !

SCENE.—*Farther on. A wild open country seen vaguely in the approaching night.*

*Adam.* How doth the wide and melancholy earth  
Gather her hills around us, grey and ghast,  
And stare with blank significance of loss  
Right in our faces ! Is the wind up ?

*Eve.*

Nay.

*Adam.* And yet the cedars and the junipers  
Rock slowly through the mist, without a sound,  
And shapes which have no certainty of shape  
Drift duskly in and out between the pines,  
And loom along the edges of the hills,  
And lie flat, curdling in the open ground—  
Shadows without a body, which contract  
And lengthen as we gaze on them.

*Eve.*

O life

Which is not man's nor angel's ! What is this ?

*Adam.* No cause for fear. The circle of God's life  
Contains all life beside.

*Eve.*

I think the earth

Is crazed with curse, and wanders from the sense

Of those first laws affixed to form and space  
Or ever she knew sin.

*Adam.* We will not fear :  
We were brave sinning.

*Eve.* Yea, I plucked the fruit  
With eyes upturned to heaven and seeing there  
Our god-thrones, as the tempter said, — not God.  
My heart, which beat then, sinks. The sun hath sunk  
Out of sight with our Eden.

*Adam.* Night is near.

*Eve.* And God's curse, nearest. Let us travel back  
And stand within the sword-glare till we die,  
Believing it is better to meet death  
Than suffer desolation.

*Adam.* Nay, beloved !  
We must not pluck death from the Maker's hand,  
As erst we plucked the apple : we must wait  
Until He gives death as He gave us life,  
Nor murmur faintly o'er the primal gift  
Because we spoilt its sweetness with our sin.

*Eve.* Ah, ah ! dost thou discern what I behold ?

*Adam.* I see all. How the spirits in thine eyes  
From their dilated orbits bound before  
To meet the spectral Dread !

*Eve.* I am afraid—  
Ah, ah ! the twilight bristles wild with shapes  
Of intermittent motion, aspect vague  
And mystic bearings, which o'ercreep the earth,  
Keeping slow time with horrors in the blood.  
How near they reach . . . and far ! How grey they move—  
Treading upon the darkness without feet,  
And fluttering on the darkness without wings !  
Some run like dogs, with noses to the ground ,  
Some keep one path, like sheep ; some rock like trees ,  
Some glide like a fallen leaf ; and some flow on  
Copious as rivers.

*Adam.* Some spring up like fire ;  
And some coil . . .

*Eve.* Ah, ah ! dost thou pause to say  
Like what ?—coil like the serpent, when he fell  
From all the emerald splendour of his height  
And writhed, and could not climb against the curse,  
Not a ring's length. I am afraid—afraid—  
I think it is God's will to make me afraid,—  
Permitting THESE to haunt us in the place  
Of His beloved angels—gone from us  
Because we are not pure. Dear Pity of God,  
That didst permit the angels to go home  
And live no more with us who are not pure,  
Save us too from a loathly company--  
Almost as loathly in our eyes, perhaps,  
As we are in the purest ! Pity us--  
Us too ! nor shut us in the dark, away  
From verity and from stability,  
Or what we name such through the precedence  
Of earth's adjusted uses,—leave us not  
To doubt betwixt our senses and our souls,  
Which are the more distraught and full of pain  
And weak of apprehension !

*Adam.* Courage, Sweet !  
The mystic shapes ebb back from us, and drop  
With slow concentric movement, each on each,—  
Expressing wider spaces,—and collapsed  
In lines more definite for imagery  
And clearer for relation, till the throng  
Of shapeless spectra merge into a few  
Distinguishable phantasms vague and grand  
Which sweep out and around us vastly  
And hold us in a circle and a calm.

*Eve.* Strange phantasms of pale shadow ! there are twelve.  
Thou who didst name all lives, hast names for these ?

*Adam.* Methinks this is the zodiac of the earth,



Which rounds us with a visionary dread,  
 Responding with twelve shadowy signs of earth,  
 In fantasque apposition and approach,  
 To those celestial, constellated twelve  
 Which palpitate adown the silent nights  
 Under the pressure of the hand of God  
 Stretched wide in benediction. At this hour,  
 Not a star pricketh the flat gloom of heaven !  
 But, girdling close our nether wilderness,  
 The zodiac-figures of the earth loom slow, —  
 Drawn out, as suiteth with the place and time,  
 In twelve colossal shades instead of stars,  
 Through which the ecliptic line of mystery  
 Strikes bleakly with an unrelenting scope,  
 Foreshowing life and death.

*Eve.*

By dream or sense,

Do we see this ?

*Adam.*

Our spirits have climbed high  
 By reason of the passion of our grief,  
 And, from the top of sense, looked over sense,  
 To the significance and heart of things  
 Rather than things themselves.

*Eve.*

And the dim twelve . . .

*Adam.* Are dim exponents of the creature-life

As earth contains it. Gaze on them, beloved !  
 By stricter apprehension of the sight,  
 Suggestions of the creatures shall assuage  
 The terror of the shadows, — what is known  
 Subduing the unknown and taming it  
 From all prodigious dread. That phantasm, *there*,  
 Presents a lion, albeit twenty times  
 As large as any lion — with a roar  
 Set soundless in his vibratory jaws,  
 And a strange horror stirring in his mane.  
 And, *there*, a pendulous shadow seems to weigh —  
 Good against ill, perchance ; and *there*, a crab

Puts coldly out its gradual shadow-claws,  
Like a slow blot that spreads,—till all the ground,  
Crawled over by it, seems to crawl itself.  
A bull stands horned here with gibbous glooms ;  
And a ram likewise : and a scorpion writhes  
Its tail in ghastly slime and stings the dark.  
This way a goat leaps with wild blank of beard ;  
And here, fantastic fishes dusky float,  
Using the calm for waters, while their fins  
Throb out quick rhythms along the shallow air.  
While images more human——

*Eve.* How he stands,  
That phantasm of a man—who is not *thou*!  
Two phantasms of two men!

*Adam.* One that sustains,  
And one that strives,—resuming, so, the ends  
Of manhood's curse of labour.\* Do'st thou see  
That phantasm of a woman?—

*Eve.* I have seen ;  
But look off to those small humanities †  
Which draw me tenderly across my fear,—  
Lesser and fainter than my womanhood  
Or yet thy manhood—with strange innocence  
Set in the misty lines of head and hand.  
They lean together ! I would gaze on them  
Longer and longer, till my watching eyes,  
As the stars do in watching anything,  
Should light them forward from their outline vague  
To clear configuration—

\* Adam recognises in *Aquarius*, the water-bearer, and *Sagittarius*, the archer, distinct types of the man bearing and the man combating,—the passive and active forms of human labour. I hope that the preceding zodiacal signs transferred to the earthly shadow and representative purpose—of Aries, Taurus, Cancer, Leo, Libra, Scorpio, Capricornus, and Pisces, are sufficiently obvious to the reader.

† Her maternal instinct is excited by *Gemini*.

*Two Spirits, of organic and inorganic nature, arise  
from the ground.*

But what Shapes  
Rise up between us in the open space,  
And thrust me into horror, back from hope !

*Adam.* Colossal Shapes—twin sovran images,  
With a disconsolate, blank majesty  
Set in their wondrous faces ! with no look,  
And yet an aspect—a significance  
Of individual life and passionate ends,  
Which overcomes us gazing.

O bleak sound,  
O shadow of sound, O phantasm of thin sound !  
How it comes, wheeling as the pale moth wheels,  
Wheeling and wheeling in continuous wail  
Around the cyclic zodiac, and gains force,  
And gathers, settling coldly like a moth,  
On the wan faces of these images  
We see before us,—whereby modified,  
It draws a straight line of articulate song  
From out that spiral faintness of lament,  
And, by one voice, expresses many griefs.

*First Spirit.*

I am the spirit of the harmless earth.

God spake me softly out among the stars,  
As softly as a blessing of much worth ;

And then, His smile did follow unawares,  
That all things fashioned so for use and duty  
Might shine anointed with His chrism of beauty—

Yet I wail !

I drave on with the worlds exultingly,

Obliquely down the Godlight's gradual fall ;  
Individual aspect and complexity

Of giratory orb and interval  
Lost in the fluent motion of delight

Toward the high ends of Being beyond sight—

Yet I wail !

*Second Spirit.*

I am the spirit of the harmless beasts,

Of flying things, and creeping things, and swimming ;  
Of all the lives, erst set at silent feasts,

That found the love-kiss on the goblet brimming.  
And tasted in each drop within the measure  
The sweetest pleasure of their Lord's good pleasure—

Yet I wail !

What a full hum of life around His lips

Bore witness to the fulness of creation !

How all the grand words were full-laden ships

Each sailing onward from enunciation  
To separate existence,—and each bearing  
The creature's power of joying, hoping, fearing !

Yet I wail !

*Eve.* They wail, beloved ! they speak of glory and  
God,

And they wail—wail That burden of the song

Drops from it like its fruit, and heavily falls

Into the lap of silence.

*Adam.*

Hark, again !

*First Spirit.*

I was so beautiful, so beautiful,

My joy stood up within me bold to add  
A word to God's,—and, when His work was full,

To 'very good,' responded 'very glad !'  
Filtered through roses, did the light enclose me,  
And bunches of the grape swam blue across me—

Yet I wail !

*Second Spirit.*

I bounded with my panthers ; I rejoiced

In my young tumbling lions rolled together :

My stag, the river at his fetlocks, poised

Then dipped his antlers through the golden weather

In the same ripple which the alligator  
Left in his joyous troubling of the water—  
Yet I wail !

*First Spirit.*

O my deep waters, cataract and flood,  
What wordless triumph did your voices render !  
O mountain-summits, where the angels stood  
And shook from head and wing thick dews of splendour !  
How, with a holy quiet, did your Earthy  
Accept that Heavenly, knowing ye were worthy !  
Yet I wail !

*Second Spirit.*

O my wild wood-dogs, with your listening eyes !  
My horses --my ground-eagles, for swift fleeing !  
My birds, with viewless wings of harmonies,  
My calm cold fishes of a silver being,  
How happy were ye, living and possessing,  
O far half-souls capacious of full blessing !  
Yet I wail !

*First Spirit.*

I wail, I wail ! Now hear my charge to day,  
Thou man, thou woman, marked as the misdoers  
By God's sword at your backs ! I lent my clay  
To make your bodies, which had grown more flowers.  
And now, in change for what I lent, ye give me  
The thorn to vex, the tempest-fire to cleave me--  
And I wail !

*Second Spirit.*

I wail, I wail ! Behold ye that I fasten  
My sorrow's fang upon your souls dishonoured ?  
Accursed transgressors ! down the steep ye hasten,—  
Your crown's weight on the world, to drag it downward  
Unto your ruin. Lo ! my lions, scenting  
The blood of wars, roar hoarse and unrelenting—  
And I wail !

*First Spirit.*

I wail, I wail ! Do you hear that I wail ?

I had no part in your transgression—none.

My roses on the bough did bud not pale,

My rivers did not loiter in the sun ;

I was obedient. Wherefore in my centre

Do I thrill at this curse of death and winter?—

Do I wail ?

*Second Spirit.*

I wail, I wail ! I wail in the assault

Of undeserved perdition, sorely wounded !

My nightingale sang sweet without a fault,

My gentle leopards innocently bounded.

We were obedient. What is this convulses

Our blameless life with pangs and fever pulses ?

And I wail !

*Etc.* I choose God's thunder and His angel's swords  
To die by, Adam, rather than such words

Let us pass out and flee.

*Adam.* We cannot flee.

This zodiac of the creatures' cruelty

Curled round us, like a river cold and drear,

And shuts us in, constraining us to heat.

*First Spirit.*

I feel your steps. O wandering sinners, strike

A sense of death to me, and undug graves !

The heart of earth, once calm, is trembling like

The ragged foam along the ocean-waves :

The restless earthquakes rock against each other ;

The elements moan 'round me—' Mother, mother'—

And I wail !

*Second Spirit.*

Your melancholy looks do pierce me through ;

Corruption swathes the paleness of your beauty.

Why have ye done this thing ? What did we do

That we should fall from bliss as ye from duty ?

Wild shriek the hawks, in waiting for their jesses,  
Fierce howl the wolves along the wildernesses—

And I wail !

*Adam.* To thee, the Spirit of the harmless earth,  
To thee, the Spirit of earth's harmless lives,  
Inferior creatures but still innocent,  
Be salutation from a guilty mouth,  
Yet worthy of some audience and respect  
From you who are not guilty. If we have sinned,  
God hath rebuked us, who is over us  
To give rebuke or death, and if ye wail  
Because of any suffering from our sin,  
Ye who are under and not over us,  
Be satisfied with God, if not with us.  
And pass out from our presence in such peace  
As we have left you, to enjoy revenge  
Such as the heavens have made you. Verily,  
There must be strife between us, large as sin.

*Eve.* No strife, mine Adam ! Let us not stand high  
Upon the wrong we did to reach disdain,  
Who rather should be humbler evermore  
Since self-made sadder. Adam ! shall I speak—  
I who spake once to such a bitter end—  
Shall I speak humbly now, who once was proud ?  
I, schooled by sin to more humility  
Than thou hast, O mine Adam, O my king—  
*My king, if not the world's ?*

*Adam.* Speak as thou wilt.

*Eve.* Thus, then - my hand in thine—

. . . Sweet, dreadful Spirits !

I pray you humbly in the name of God,  
Not to say of these tears, which are impure—  
Grant me such pardoning grace as can go forth  
From clean volitions toward a spotted will,  
From the wronged to the wronger, this and no more !  
I do not ask more. I am 'ware, indeed,

That absolute pardon is impossible  
From you to me, by reason of my sin,—  
And that I cannot evermore, as once,  
With worthy acceptance of pure joy,  
Behold the trances of the holy hills  
Beneath the leaning stars, or watch the vales  
Dew-pallid with their morning ecstasy,—  
Or hear the winds make pastoral peace between  
Two grassy uplands,—and the river wells  
Work out their bubbling mysteries underground,—  
And all the birds sing, till for joy of song  
They lift their trembling wings as if to heave  
The too-much weight of music from their heart  
And float it up the æther. I am 'ware  
That these things I can no more apprehend  
With a pure organ into a full delight,—  
The sense of beauty and of melody  
Being no more aided in me by the sense  
Of personal adjustment to those heights  
Of what I see well-formed or hear well-tuned,  
But rather coupled darkly and made ashamed  
By my percipieny of sin and fall  
In melancholy of humilient thoughts.  
But, oh ! fair, dreadful Spirits—albeit this  
Your accusation must confront my soul,  
And your pathetic utterance and full gaze  
Must evermore subdue me,—be content !  
Conquer me gently—as if pitying me,  
Not to say loving ! let my tears fall thick  
As watering dews of Eden, unrepouched ;  
And when your tongues reprove me, make me smooth,  
Not ruffled—smooth and still with your reproof,  
And peradventure better while more sad.  
For look to it, sweet Spirits, look well to it,  
It will not be amiss in you who kept  
The law of your own rightcousness, and keep



The right of your own griefs to mourn themselves,—  
 To pity me twice fallen, from that, and this,  
 From joy of place, and also right of wail,  
 'I wail' being not for me—only 'I sin.'  
 Look to it, O sweet Spirits !

For was I not,

At that last sunset seen in Paradise,  
 When all the westering clouds flashed out in throngs  
 Of sudden angel-faces, face by face,  
 All hushed and solemn, as a thought of God  
 Held them suspended,—was I not, that hour,  
 The lady of the world, princess of life,  
 Mistress of feast and favour? Could I touch  
 A rose with my white hand, but it became  
 Redder at once? Could I walk leisurely  
 Along our swarded garden, but the grass  
 Tracked me with greenness? Could I stand aside  
 A moment underneath a cornel-tree,  
 But all the leaves did tremble as alive  
 With songs of fifty birds who were made glad  
 Because I stood there? Could I turn to look  
 With these twain eyes of mine, now weeping fast,  
 Now good for only weeping,—upon man,  
 Angel or beast, or bird, but each rejoiced  
 Because I looked on him? Alas, alas !  
 And is not this much woe, to cry 'alas !'  
 Speaking of joy? And is not this more shame,  
 To have made the woe myself, from all that joy?  
 To have stretched my hand, and plucked it from the tree,  
 And chosen it for fruit? Nay, is not this  
 Still most despair,—to have halved that bitter fruit,  
 And ruined, so, the sweetest friend I have,  
 Turning the GREATEST to mine enemy ?

*Adam.* I will not hear thee speak so. Harken, Spirits !  
 Our God, who is the enemy of none  
 But only of their sin, hath set your hope

And my hope, in a promise, on this Head.  
 Show reverence, then, and never bruise her more  
 With unpermitted and extreme reproach,—  
 Lest, passionate in anguish, she fling down  
 Beneath your trampling feet, God's gift to us  
 Of sovranity by reason and freewill,  
 Sinning against the province of the Soul  
 To rule the soulless. Reverence her estate,  
 And pass out from her presence with no words !

*Eve.* O dearest Heart, have patience with my heart !  
 O Spirits, have patience, 'stead of reverence,  
 And let me speak, for, not being innocent,  
 It little doth become me to be proud,  
 And I am prescient by the very hope  
 And promise set upon me, that henceforth  
 Only my gentleness shall make me great.  
 My humbleness exalt me. Awful Spirits,  
 Be witness that I stand in your reproof  
 But one sun's length off from my happiness—  
 Happy, as I have said, to look around,  
 Clear to look up !—And now ! I need not speak—  
 Ye see me what I am, ye scorn me so,  
 Because ye see me what I have made myself  
 From God's best making ! Alas,—peace foregone,  
 Love wronged, and virtue forfeit, and tears wept  
 Upon all, vainly ! Alas, me ! alas,  
 Who have undone myself from all that best  
 Fairest and sweetest, to this wretchedest  
 Saddest and most defiled—cast out, cast down—  
 What word metes absolute loss ? let absolute loss  
 Suffice you for revenge. For I, who lived  
 Beneath the wings of angels yesterday,  
 Wander to-day beneath the roofless world :  
 I, reigning the earth's empress yesterday,  
 Put off from me, to-day, your hate with prayers :  
 I, yesterday, who answered the Lord God,

Composed and glad as singing-birds the sun,  
Might shriek now from our dismal desert, 'God,'  
And hear Him make reply, 'What is thy need,  
Thou whom I cursed to-day?'

*Adam.*

Eve!

*Eve.*

*I, at last,*

Who yesterday was helpmate and delight  
Unto mine Adam, am to-day the grief  
And curse-mete for him. And, so, pity us,  
Ye gentle Spirits, and pardon him and me,  
And let some tender peace, made of our pain  
Grow up betwixt us, as a tree might grow,  
With boughs on both sides! In the shade of which  
When presently ye shall behold us dead, -  
For the poor sake of our humility,  
Breathe out your pardon on our breathless lips,  
And drop your twilight dew against our brows;  
And stroking with mild airs, our harmless hands  
Left empty of all fruit, perceive your love  
Distilling through your pity over us,  
And suffer it, self-reconciled, to pass.

*LUCIFER rises in the circle.*

*Lucifer.* Who talks here of a complement of grief?  
Of expiation wrought by loss and fall?  
Of hate subduable to pity? Eve?  
Take counsel from thy counsellor the snake,  
And boast no more in grief, nor hope from pain,  
My docile Eve! I teach you to despond,  
Who taught you disobedience. Look around;—  
Earth-spirits and phantasms hear you talk, unmoved  
As if ye were red clay again and talked!  
What are your words to them? your grief to them?  
Your deaths, indeed, to them? Did the hand pause  
For *their* sake, in the plucking of the fruit,

That they should pause for *you*, in hating you?  
 Or will your grief or death, as did your sin,  
 Bring change upon their final doom? Behold,  
 Your grief is but your sin in the rebound,  
 And cannot expiate for it.

*Adam.* That is true.

*Lucifer.* Ay, that is true. 'The clay-king testifies  
 To the snake's counsel,—hear him!—very true.

*Earth Spirits.* I wail, I wail!

*Lucifer.* And certes, *that* is true.  
 Ye wail, ye all wail. Peradventure I  
 Could wail among you. O thou universe,  
 That holdest sin and woe,—more room for wail!

*Distant starry voice.* Ah, ah, Heosphoros! Heosphoros!

*Adam.* Mark Lucifer. He changes awfully.

*Eve.* It seems as if he looked from grief to God  
 And could not see Him. Wretched Lucifer!

*Adam.* How he stands—yet an angel!

*Earth Spirits.* We all wail!

*Lucifer* (*after a pause*). Dost thou remember, Adam,  
 when the curse  
 Took us in Eden? On a mountain-peak  
 Half-sheathed in primal woods, and glittering  
 In spasms of awful sunshine, at that hour,  
 A lion couched, part raised upon his paws,  
 With his calm, massive face turned full on thine,  
 And his mane listening. When the ended curse  
 Left silence in the world, right suddenly  
 He sprang up rampant and stood straight and stiff,  
 As if the new reality of death  
 Were dashed against his eyes, and roared so fierce,  
 (Such thick carnivorous passion in his throat  
 Tearing a passage through the wrath and fear)  
 And roared so wild, and smote from all the hills  
 Such fast, keen echoes crumbling down the vales  
 Precipitately,—that the forest beasts,

One after one, did mutter a response  
Of savage and of sorrowful complaint  
Which trailed along the gorges. 'Then, at once,  
He fell back, and rolled crashing from the height  
Into the dusk of pines.

*Adam.* It might have been.

I heard the curse alone.

*Earth Spirits.* I wail, I wail !

*Lucifer.* That lion is the type of what I am.  
And as he fixed thee with his full-faced hate,  
And roared, O Adam—comprehending doom,  
So, gazing on the face of the Unseen,  
I cry out here between the Heavens and Earth  
My conscience of this sin, this woe, this wrath,  
Which damn me to this depth.

*Earth Spirits.* I wail, I wail !

*Eve.* I wail—O God !

*Lucifer.* I scorn you that ye wail,  
Who use your pretty griefs for pedestals  
To stand on, beckoning pity from without,  
And deal in pathos of antithesis  
Of what ye *were* forsooth, and what ye are, —  
I scorn you like an angel ! Yet, one cry  
I, too, would drive up like a column erect,  
Marble to marble, from my heart to heaven,  
A monument of anguish to transpierce  
And overtop your vapoury complaints  
Expressed from feeble woes.

*Earth Spirit.* I wail, I wail !

*Lucifer.* For, O ye heavens, ye are my witnesses,  
That *I*, struck out from nature in a blot,  
The outcast and the mildew of things good,  
The leper of angels, the excepted dust  
Under the common rain of daily gifts,—  
I the snake, I the tempter, I the cursed,—  
To whom the highest and the lowest alike

Say, go from us—we have no need of thee,—  
 Was made by God like others. Good and fair,  
 He did create me!—ask Him, if not fair!  
 Ask, if I caught not fair and silverly  
 His blessing for chief angels on my head  
 Until it grew there, a crown crystallized!  
 Ask, if He never called me by my name,  
*Lucifer*—kindly said as ‘Gabriel’—  
*Lucifer*—soft as ‘Michael!’ while serene  
 I, standing in the glory of the lamps,  
 Answered ‘my Father,’ innocent of shame  
 And of the sense of thunder. Ha! ye think,  
 White angels in your niches,—I repent,  
 And would tread down my own offences back  
 To service at the footstool? *that’s* read wrong!  
 I cry as the beast did, that I may cry—  
 Expansive, not appealing! Fallen so deep,  
 Against the sides of this prodigious pit  
 I cry—cry—dashing out the hands of wail  
 On each side, to meet anguish everywhere,  
 And to attest it in the ecstacy  
 And exaltation of a woe sustained  
 Because provoked and chosen.

Pass along  
 Your wilderness, vain mortals! Puny griefs  
 In transitory shapes, be henceforth dwarfed  
 To your own conscience, by the dread extremes  
 Of what I am and have been. If ye have fallen,  
 It is but a step’s fall,—the whole ground beneath  
 Strewn woolly soft with promise! If ye have sinned,  
 Your prayers tread high as angels! if ye have grieved,  
 Ye are too mortal to be pitiable,  
 The power to die disproves the right to grieve.  
 Go to! ye call this ruin? I half-scorn  
 The ill I did you! Were ye wronged by me,  
 Hated and tempted and undone of me,—

Still, what's your hurt to mine of doing hurt,  
Of hating, tempting, and so ruining?  
This sword's *hit* is the sharpest, and cuts through  
The hand that wields it.

Go! I curse you all.  
Hate one another—feebly—as ye can!  
I would not certes cut you short in hate,  
Far be it from me! hate on as ye can!  
I breathe into your faces, spirits of earth,  
As wintry blast may breathe on wintry leaves,  
And lifting up their brownness show beneath  
The branches bare. Beseech you, spirits, give  
To Eve who beggarly entreats your love  
For her and Adam when they shall be dead,  
An answer rather fitting to the sin  
Than to the sorrow—as the heavens, I trow,  
For justice' sake gave theirs.

I curse you both,  
Adam and Eve. Say grace as after meat,  
After my curses! May your tears fall hot  
On all the hissing scorns o' the creatures here,—  
And yet rejoice! Increase and multiply,  
Ye in your generations, in all plagues,  
Corruptions, melancholies, poverties,  
And hideous forms of life and fears of death,—  
The thought of death being alway eminent,  
Immoveable and dreadful in your life,  
And deafly and dumbly insignificant  
Of any hope beyond,—as death itself,  
Whichever of you lieth dead the first,  
Shall seem to the survivor—yet rejoice!  
My curse catch at you strongly, body and soul,  
And HE find no redemption—nor the wing  
Of seraph move your way; and yet rejoice!  
Rejoice,—because ye have not, set in you,  
This hate which shall pursue you—this fire-hate

Which glares without, because it burns within—  
 Which kills from ashes—this potential hate,  
 Wherein I, angel, in antagonism  
 To God and His reflex beatitudes,  
 Moan ever in the central universe  
 With the great woe of striving against Love—  
 And gasp for space amid the Infinite,  
 And toss for rest amid the Desertness,  
 Self-orphaned by my will, and self-elect  
 To kingship of resistant agony  
 Toward the Good round me—hating good and love,  
 And willing to hate good and to hate love,  
 And willing to will on so evermore,  
 Scorning the past and dunning the To come—  
 Go and rejoice ! I curse you. [LUCIFER *vanishes*.

*Earth Spirits.*

And we scorn you ! there's no pardon  
 Which can lean to you aright.  
 When your bodies take the guerdon  
 Of the death-curse in our sight,  
 Then the bee that hummeth lowest shall transcend you .  
 Then ye shall not move an eyelid  
 Though the stars look down your eyes ;  
 And the earth which ye defiled,  
 Shall expose you to the skies,—  
 Lo ! these kings of ours, who sought to comprehend  
 you.'

*First Spirit.*

And the elements shall boldly  
 All your dust to dust constrain.  
 Unresistedly and coldly  
 I will smite you with my rain.  
 From the slowest of my frosts is no receding.

*Second Spirit.*

And my little worm, appointed  
 To assume a royal part,



He shall reign, crowned and anointed,  
 O'er the noble human heart.  
 Give him counsel against losing of that Eden !

*Adam.* Do ye scorn us ? Back your scorn  
 Toward your faces grey and lorn,  
 As the wind drives back the rain,  
 Thus I drive with passion-strife,  
 I who stand beneath God's sun,  
 Made like God, and, though undone  
 Not unmade for love and life.

Lo ! ye utter threats in vain.  
 By my free will that chose sin,  
 By mine agony within  
 Round the passage of the fire,  
 By the pinings which disclose  
 That my native soul is higher  
 Than what it chose,

We are yet too high, O Spirits, for your disdain.

*Eve.* Nay, beloved ! If these be low,  
 We confront them from no height.  
 We have stooped down to their level  
 By infecting them with evil,  
 And their scorn that meets our blow  
 Scathes aright.

Amen. Let it be so

*Earth Spirits.*

We shall triumph-- triumph greatly  
 When ye lie beneath the sword,  
 There, our lily shall grow stately  
 Though ye answer not a word,  
 And her fragrance shall be scornful of your silence :  
 While your throne ascending calmly  
 We, in heirdom of your soul,  
 Flash the river, lift the palm-tree,  
 The dilated ocean roll,  
 By the thoughts that throbbed within you, round the islands.

Alp and torrent shall inherit  
 Your significance of will,  
 And the grandeur of your spirit  
 Shall our broad savannahs fill,  
 In our winds, your exultations shall be springing.  
 Even your parlance which inveigles,  
 By our rudeness shall be won.  
 Hearts poetic in our eagles  
 Shall beat up against the sun  
 And strike downward in articulate clear singing.

Your bold speeches, our Behemoth  
 With his thunderous jaw shall wield.  
 Your high fancies, shall our Mammoth  
 Breathe sublimely up the shield  
 Of Saint Michael at God's throne, who waits to speed him :  
 Till the heavens' smooth-grooved thunder  
 Spinning back, shall leave them clear,  
 And the angels, smiling wonder  
 With dropt looks from sphere to sphere,  
 Shall cry, ' Ho, ye hens of Adam ! ye exceed him.'

*Adam.* Root out thine eyes, sweet, from the dreary  
 ground !

Beloved, we may be overcome by God,  
 But not by these.

*Eve.* By God, perhaps, in these.

*Adam.* I think, not so. Had God foredoomed despair  
 He had not spoken hope. He may destroy  
 Certes, but not deceive.

*Eve.* Behold this rose !  
 I plucked it in our bower of Paradise  
 This morning as I went forth, and my heart  
 Has beat against its petals all the day.  
 I thought it would be always red and full  
 As when I plucked it. Is it ?— ye may see !  
 I cast it down to you that ye may see.

All of you !—count the petals lost of it,  
 And note the colours faded ! ye may see !  
 And I am as it is, who yesterday  
 Grew in the same place. O ye spirits of earth,  
 I almost, from my miserable heart,  
 Could here upbraid you for your cruel heart,  
 Which will not let me, down the slope of death,  
 Draw any of your pity after me,  
 Or lie still in the quiet of your looks,  
 As my flower, there, in mine.

*[A bleak wind, quickened with indistinct human voices, spins around the earth-zodiac, filling the circle with its presence ; and then wailing off into the east, carries the rose away with it. EVE falls upon her face ADAM stands erect.]*

*Adam.*

So, verily,

The last departs.

*Eve.*

So Memory follows Hope,  
 And Life both. Love said to me, ' Do not die,'  
 And I replied, ' O Love, I will not die.  
 I exiled and I will not orphan Love.'  
 But now it is no choice of mine to die :  
 My heart throbs from me.

*Adam.*

Call it straightway back !

Death's consummation crowns completed life,  
 Or comes too early. Hope being set on thee  
 For others, if for others then for thee,—  
 For thee and me.

*[The wind revolves from the east, and round again to the east, perfumed by the Eden-rose, and full of voices which sweep out into articulation as they pass.]*

Let thy soul shake its leaves  
 To feel the mystic wind—hark !

*Eve.*

I hear life.

*Infant voices passing in the wind.*

O we live, O we live—

And this life that we receive

Is a warm thing and a new,  
 Which we softly bud into  
 From the heart and from the brain,—  
 Something strange that overmuch is  
     Of the sound and of the sight,  
 Flowing round in trickling touches,  
     With a sorrow and delight,—  
 Yet is it all in vain?  
                     Rock us softly,  
 Lest it be all in vain.

*Youthful voices passing.*

O we live, O we live—  
 And this life that we achieve,  
 Is a loud thing and a bold,  
 Which with pulses manifold  
 Strikes the heart out full and fain—  
 Active doer, noble liver,  
     Strong to struggle, sure to conquer,  
 Though the vessel's prow will quiver  
     At the lifting of the anchor :  
 Yet do we strive in vain?

*Infant voices passing.*

Rock us softly,  
 Lest it be all in vain.

*Poet voices passing.*

O we live, O we live —  
 And this life that we conceive,  
 Is a clear thing and a fair,  
 Which we set in crystal air  
 That its beauty may be plain !  
 With a breathing and a flooding  
     Of the heaven-life on the whole,  
 While we hear the forests budding  
     To the music of the soul—  
 Yet is it tuned in vain?

*Infant voices passing.*

Rock us softly,  
Lest it be all in vain.

*Philosophic voices passing.*

O we live, O we live —  
And this life that we perceive,  
Is a great thing and a grave,  
Which for others' use we have,  
Duty-laden to remain.  
We are helpers, fellow-creatures,  
Of the right against the wrong,  
We are earnest-hearted teachers  
Of the truth which maketh strong—  
Yet do we teach in vain?

*Infant voices passing.*

Rock us softly,  
Lest it be all in vain.

*Revel voices passing.*

O we live, O we live—  
And this life that we reprove,  
Is a low thing and a light,  
Which is jested out of sight,  
And made worthy of disdain!  
Strike with bold electric laughter  
The high tops of things divine—  
Turn thy head, my brother, after,  
Lest thy tears fall in my wine!  
For is all laughed in vain?

*Infant voices passing.*

Rock us softly,  
Lest it be all in vain.

*Eve.* I hear a sound of life—of life like ours—  
Of laughter and of wailing, of grave speech,  
Of little plaintive voices innocent,  
Of life in separate courses flowing out

Like our four rivers to some outward main.

I hear life—life !

*Adam.* And, so, thy cheeks have snatched  
Scarlet to paleness, and thine eyes drink fast  
Of glory from full cups, and thy moist lips  
Seem trembling, both of them, with earnest doubts  
Whether to utter words or only smile.

*Eve.* Shall I be mother of the coming life ?  
Hear the steep generations, how they fall  
Adown the visionary stairs of Time  
Like supernatural thunders—far, yet near,—  
Sowing their fiery echoes through the hills.  
Am I a cloud to these—mother to these ?

*Earth Spirits.* And bringer of the curse upon all these.

[EVE sinks down again.

*Poet voices passing.*

O we live, O we live—  
And this life that we conceive,  
Is a noble thing and high,  
Which we climb up loftily  
To view God without a stain,  
Till, recoiling where the shade is,  
We retread our steps again,  
And descend the gloomy Hades  
To resume man's mortal pain.  
Shall it be climbed in vain ?

*Infant voices passing.*

Rock us softly,  
Lest it be all in vain.

*Love voices passing.*

O we live, O we live—  
And this life we would retrieve,  
Is a faithful thing apart  
Which we love in, heart to heart,  
Until one heart fitteth twain.

' Wilt thou be one with me ?'

' I will be one with thee.'

' Ha, ha !—we love and live !'

Alas ! ye love and die.

Shriek— who shall reply ?

For is it not loved in vain ?

*Infant voices passing.*

Rock us softly,

Though it be all in vain.

*Aged voices passing.*

O we live, O we live—

And this life we would survive,

Is a gloomy thing and brief,

Which, consummated in grief,

Leaveth ashes for all gain.

Is it not *all* in vain ?

*Infant voices passing.*

Rock us softly,

Though it be *all* in vain.

[*Voices die away.*]

*Earth Spirits.* And bringer of the curse upon all these.

*Eve.* The voices of foreshown Humanity

Die off ;—so let me die.

*Adam.*

So let us die,

When God's will soundeth the right hour of death.

*Earth Spirits.* And bringer of the curse upon all these.

*Eve.* O Spirits ! by the gentleness ye use

In winds at night, and floating clouds at noon,

In gliding waters under lily leaves,

In chirp of crickets, and the settling hush

A bird makes in her nest with feet and wings,—

Fulfil your natures now !

*Earth Spirits.*

Agreed, allowed !

We gather out our natures like a cloud,

And thus fulfil their lightnings ! ' Thus, and thus !

Harken, O harken to us !

*First Spirit.*

As the storm-wind blows bleakly from the norland,  
 As the snow-wind beats blindly on the moorland,  
 As the simoom drives hot across the desert,  
 As the thunder roars deep in the Unmeasured,  
 As the torrent tears the ocean-world to atoms,  
 As the whirlpool grinds it fathoms below fathoms,  
 Thus,—and thus !

*Second Spirit.*

As the yellow toad, that spits its poison chilly,  
 As the tiger, in the jungle crouching stilly,  
 As the wild boar, with ragged tusks of anger,  
 As the wolf-dog, with teeth of glittering clangour,  
 As the vultures, that scream against the thunder,  
 As the owlets, that sit and moan asunder,  
 Thus,—and thus !

*Eve.* Adam ! God !

*Adam.* Cruel, unrelenting Spirits !

By the power in me of the sovran soul  
 Whose thoughts keep pace yet with the angels' march,  
 I charge you into silence—trample you  
 Down to obedience. I am king of you !

*Earth Spirits.*

Ha, ha ! thou art king !  
 With a sin for a crown,  
 And a soul undone !  
 Thou, the antagonized,  
 Tortured and agonized,  
 Held in the ring  
 Of the zodiac !  
 Now, king, beware !  
 We are many and strong  
 Whom thou standest among,—  
 And we press on the air,  
 And we stifle thee back,  
 And we multiply where



Thou wouldst trample us down  
 From rights of our own  
 To an utter wrong—  
 And, from under the feet of thy scorn,  
     O forlorn,  
 We shall spring up like corn,  
 And our stubble be strong.

*Adam.* God, there is power in Thee ! I make appeal  
 Unto Thy kingship.

*Eve.*                   There is pity in THEE,  
 O sinned against, great God !—My seed, my seed,  
 There is hope set on THEE—I cry to Thee,  
 Thou mystic Seed that shalt be !—leave us not  
 In agony beyond what we can bear,  
 Fallen in debasement below thunder-mark,  
 A mark for scorning—taunted and perplex  
 By all these creatures we ruled yesterday,  
 Whom Thou, Lord, rulest alway ! O my Seed,  
 Through the tempestuous years that rain so thick  
 Betwixt my ghostly vision and Thy face,  
 Let me have token ! for my soul is bruised  
 Before the serpent's head is.

*[A vision of CHRIST appears in the midst of the zodiac, which  
 pales before the heavenly light. The Earth Spirits grow  
 greyer and fainter.]*

CHRIST.                   I AM HERE !

*Adam.* This is God !—Curse us not, God, any more !

*Eve.* But gazing so—so—with omnific eyes,  
 Lift my soul upward till it touch Thy feet !  
 Or lift it only,—not to seem too proud,—  
 To the low height of some good angel's feet,  
 For such to tread on when he walketh straight  
 And Thy lips praise him !

CHRIST.                   Spirits of the earth,  
 I meet you with rebuke for the reproach  
 And cruel and unmitigated blame

Ye cast upon your masters. True, they have sinned ;  
And true their sin is reckoned into loss  
For you the sinless. Yet, your innocence,  
Which of you praises? since God made your acts  
Inherent in your lives, and bound your hands  
With instincts and imperious sanctities  
From self-defacement? Which of you disdains  
These sinners who in falling proved their height  
Above you by their liberty to fall?  
And which of you complains of loss by them,  
For whose delight and use ye have your life  
And honour in creation? Ponder it!  
This regent and sublime Humanity  
Though fallen, exceeds you! this shall film your sun,  
Shall hunt your lightning to its lair of cloud,  
Turn back your rivers, footpath all your seas,  
Lay flat your forests, master with a look  
Your lion at his fasting, and fetch down  
Your eagle flying. Nay, without this law  
Of mandom, ye would perish,—beast by beast  
Devouring,—tree by tree, with strangling roots  
And trunks set tuskwise. Ye would gaze on God  
With imperceptive blankness up the stars,  
And mutter, 'Why, God, hast Thou made us thus?'  
And pining to a sallow idiocy  
Stagger up blindly against the ends of life,  
Then stagnate into rottenness and drop  
Heavily—poor, dead matter—piecemeal down  
The abysmal spaces—like a little stone  
Let fall to chaos. Therefore over you  
Receive man's sceptre!—therefore be content  
To minister with voluntary grace  
And melancholy pardon, every rite  
And function in you, to the human hand!  
Be ye to man as angels are to God,  
Servants in pleasure, singers of delight,

Suggesters to his soul of higher things  
 Than any of your highest ! So at last,  
 He shall look round on you with lids too straight  
 To hold the grateful tears, and thank you well,  
 And bless you when he prays his secret prayers,  
 And praise you when he sings his open songs  
 For the clear song-note he has learnt in you  
 Of purifying sweetness, and extend  
 Across your head his golden fantasies  
 Which glorify you into soul from sense.  
 Go, serve him for such price ! That not in vain  
 Nor yet ignobly ye shall serve, I place  
 My word here for an oath, mine oath for act  
 To be hereafter. In the name of which  
 Perfect redemption and perpetual grace,  
 I bless you through the hope and through the peace  
 Which are mine,—to the Love, which is myself.

*Eve.* Speak on still, Christ ! Albeit Thou bless me not  
 In set words, I am blessed in harkening Thee —  
 Speak, Christ !

CHRIST. Speak, Adam ! Bless the woman, man !  
 It is thine office.

*Adam.* Mother of the world,  
 Take heart before this Presence ! Lo, my voice,  
 Which, naming erst the creatures, did express  
 (God breathing through my breath) the attributes  
 And instincts of each creature in its name,  
 Floats to the same afflatus,—floats and heaves  
 Like a water-weed that opens to a wave,  
 A full-leaved prophecy affecting thee,  
 Out fairly and wide. Henceforward, arise, aspire  
 To all the calms and magnanimities,  
 The lofty uses and the noble ends,  
 The sanctified devotion and full work,  
 To which thou art elect for evermore,  
 First woman, wife, and mother.

*Eve.*

And first in sin.

*Adam.* And also the sole bearer of the Seed  
 Whereby sin dieth. Raise the majesties  
 Of thy disconsolate brows, O well-beloved,  
 And front with level eyelids the To come,  
 And all the dark o' the world ! Rise, woman, rise  
 To thy peculiar and best altitudes  
 Of doing good and of enduring ill,  
 Of comforting for ill, and teaching good,  
 And reconciling all that ill and good  
 Unto the patience of a constant hope,—  
 Rise with thy daughters ! If sin came by thee,  
 And by sin, death,—the ransom-righteousness  
 The heavenly life and compensative rest  
 Shall come by means of thee. If woe by thee  
 Had issue to the world, thou shalt go forth  
 An angel of the woe thou didst achieve,  
 Found acceptable to the world instead  
 Of others of that name, of whose bright steps  
 Thy deed stripped bare the hills. Be satisfied ;  
 Something thou hast to bear through womanhood,  
 Peculiar suffering answering to the sin,—  
 Some pang paid down for each new human life,  
 Some weariness in guarding such a life,  
 Some coldness from the guarded, some mistrust  
 From those thou hast too well served, from those beloved  
 Too loyally some treason ; feebleness  
 Within thy heart, and cruelty without,  
 And pressures of an alien tyranny  
 With its dynastic reasons of larger bones  
 And stronger sinews But, go to ! thy love  
 Shall chant itself its own beatitudes  
 After its own life-working A child's kiss  
 Set on thy sighing lips, shall make thee glad ;  
 A poor man served by thee, shall make thee rich,  
 A sick man helped by thee, shall make thee strong ;

Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense  
Of service which thou renderest. Such a crown  
I set upon thy head,—Christ witnessing  
With looks of prompting love - to keep thee clear  
Of all reproach against the sin foregone,  
From all the generations which succeed.  
Thy hand which plucked the apple, I clasp close,  
Thy lips which spake wrong counsel, I kiss close,  
I bless thee in the name of Paradise  
And by the memory of Edenic joys  
Forfeit and lost,—by that last cypress tree  
Green at the gate, which thrilled as we came out,  
And by the blessed nightingale which threw  
Its melancholy music after us,—  
And by the flowers, whose spirits full of smells  
Did follow softly, plucking us behind  
Back to the gradual banks and vernal bowers  
And fourfold river-courses.—By all these,  
I bless thee to the contraries of these,  
I bless thee to the desert and the thorns,  
To the elemental change and turbulence,  
And to the roar of the estranged beasts,  
And to the solemn dignities of grief,—  
To each one of these ends,—and to their END  
Of Death and the hereafter.

*Lze.*

I accept

For me and for my daughters this high part  
Which lowly shall be counted. Noble work  
Shall hold me in the place of garden-rest,  
And in the place of Eden's lost delight  
Worthy endurance of permitted pain ;  
While on my longest patience there shall wait  
Death's speechless angel, smiling in the east  
Whence cometh the cold wind. I bow myself  
Humbly henceforward on the ill I did,  
That humbleness may keep it in the shade.

Shall it be so? shall I smile, saying so?  
 O Seed! O King! O God, who *shall* be seed,—  
 What shall I say? As Eden's fountains swelled  
 Brightly betwixt their banks, so swells my soul  
 Betwixt Thy love and power!

And, sweetest thoughts  
 Of foregone Eden! now, for the first time  
 Since God said 'Adam,' walking through the trees,  
 I dare to pluck you as I plucked erewhile  
 The lily or pink, the rose or heliotrope.  
 So pluck I you—so largely—with both hands,  
 And throw you forward on the outer earth  
 Wherein we are cast out, to sweeten it.

*Adam.* As Thou, Christ, to illumine it, holdest Heaven  
 Broadly over our heads.

*[The CHRIST is gradually transfigured during the following  
 phrases of dialogue, into humanity and suffering.]*

*Eve.* O Saviour Christ,  
 Thou standest mute in glory, like the sun!

*Adam.* We worship in Thy silence, Saviour Christ!

*Eve.* Thy brows grow grander with a forecast woe,—  
 Diviner, with the possible of death.

We worship in Thy sorrow, Saviour Christ!

*Adam.* How do Thy clear, still eyes transpierce our  
 souls,

As gazing *through* them toward the Father-throne  
 In a pathological, full Denty,  
 Serenely as the stars gaze through the air  
 Straight on each other!

*Eve.* O pathetic Christ,  
 Thou standest mute in glory, like the moon!

CHRIST. Eternity stands alway fronting God;  
 A stern colossal image, with blind eyes  
 And grand dim lips that murmur evermore  
 God, God, God! while the rush of life and death.

The roar of act and thought, of evil and good,  
 The avalanches of the ruining worlds  
 Tolling down space,—the new worlds' genesis  
 Budding in fire,—the gradual humming growth  
 Of the ancient atoms and first forms of earth,  
 The slow procession of the swathing seas  
 And firmamental waters,—and the noise  
 Of the broad, fluent strata of pure airs,—  
 All these flow onward in the intervals  
 Of that reiterated sound of—GOD!  
 Which WORD, innumerable angels straightway lift  
 Wide on celestial altitudes of song  
 And choral adoration, and then drop  
 The burden softly, shutting the last notes  
 In silver wings. Howbeit in the noon of time  
 Eternity shall wax as dumb as Death,  
 While a new voice beneath the spheres shall cry,  
 'God! why hast Thou forsaken me, my God?'  
 And not a voice in Heaven shall answer it

[*The transfiguration is complete in sadness.*]

*Adam.* Thy speech is of the Heavens, yet, O Christ,  
 Awfully human are Thy voice and face!

*Eve.* My nature overcomes me from Thine eyes.

CHRIST. In the set noon of time, shall one from Heaven,  
 An angel fresh from looking upon God,  
 Descend before a woman, blessing her  
 With perfect benediction of pure love,  
 For all the world in all its elements,  
 For all the creatures of earth, air, and sea,  
 For all men in the body and in the soul,  
 Unto all ends of glory and sanctity.

*Eve.* O pale, pathetic Christ—I worship Thee!  
 I thank Thee for that woman!

CHRIST. Then, at last,  
 I, wrapping round me your humanity,  
 Which being sustained, shall neither break nor burn

Beneath the fire of Godhead, will tread earth,  
And ransom you and it, and set strong peace  
Betwixt you and its creatures. With my pangs  
I will confront your sins ; and since those sins  
Have sunken to all Nature's heart from yours,  
The tears of my clean soul shall follow them  
And set a holy passion to work clear  
Absolute consecration. In my brow  
Of kingly whiteness, shall be crowned anew  
Your discrowned human nature. Look on me !  
As I shall be uplifted on a cross  
In darkness of eclipse and anguish dread,  
So shall I lift up in my pierced hands,  
Not into dark, but light—not unto death,  
But life,—beyond the reach of guilt and grief  
The whole creation. Henceforth in my name  
Take courage, O thou woman,—man, take hope !  
Your graves shall be as smooth as Eden's sward,  
Beneath the steps of your prospective thoughts ;  
And, one step past it, a new Eden-gate  
Shall open on a hinge of harmony  
And let you through to mercy. Ye shall fall  
No more, within that Eden, nor pass out  
Any more from it. In which hope, move on,  
First sinners and first mourners ! Live and love,—  
Doing both nobly, because lowly !  
Live and work, strongly,—because patiently !  
And, for the deed of death, trust it to God  
That it be well done, unrepented of,  
And not to loss ! And thence, with constant prayers  
Fasten your souls so high, that constantly  
The smile of your heroic cheer may float  
Above all floods of earthly agonies,  
Purification being the joy of pain !

*[The vision of CHRIST vanishes. ADAM and EVE stand in an  
ecstasy. The earth-zodiac fades away shade by shade,*



*as the stars, star by star, shine out in the sky; and the following chant from the two Earth Spirits (as they sweep back into the zodiac and disappear with it) accompanies the process of change.*

*Earth Spirits.*

By the mighty word thus spoken  
Both for living and for dying,  
We our homage-oath, once broken,  
Fasten back again in sighing ;  
And the creatures and the elements renew their covenanting.

Here, forgive us all our scorning ;  
Here, we promise milder duty :  
And the evening and the morning  
Shall re-organise in beauty  
A sabbath day of sabbath joy, for universal chanting.

And if, still, this melancholy  
May be strong to overcome us,  
If this mortal and unholy  
We still fail to cast out from us.  
If we turn upon you, unaware, your own dark influences,—

If ye tremble when surrounded  
By our forest pine and palm-trees,  
If we cannot cure the wounded  
With our gum-trees and our balm-trees,  
And if your souls all mournfully sit down among your  
senses,—

Yet, O mortals, do not fear us !  
We are gentle in our languor :  
Much more good ye shall have near us  
Than any pain or anger,  
And our God's refracted blessing in our blessing shall be  
given.

By the desert's endless vigil  
We will solemnize your passions,  
By the wheel of the black eagle  
We will teach you exaltations,  
When he sails against the wind, to the white spot up in  
heaven.

Ye shall find us tender nurses  
To your weariness of nature,  
And our hands shall stroke the curse's  
Dreary furrows from the creature,  
Till your bodies shall be smooth in death and straight and  
slumberful.

Then, a couch we will provide you  
Where no summer heats shall dazzle,  
Strewing on you and beside you  
Thyme and rosemary and basil,  
And the yew-tree shall grow overhead to keep all safe and  
cool.

Till the Holy blood awaited  
Shall be chrism around us running,  
Whereby, newly consecrated  
We shall leap up in God's sunning,  
To join the spheric company which purer worlds assemble :

While, renewed by new evangels,  
Soul-consummated, made glorious,  
Ye shall brighten past the angels,  
Ye shall kneel to Christ victorious,  
And the rays around his feet beneath your sobbing lips shall  
tremble.

*[The phantastic vision has all passed; the earth-zodiac has  
broken like a belt, and is dissolved from the desert. The  
Earth Spirits vanish, and the stars shine out above.]*

## CHORUS OF INVISIBLE ANGELS,

*While ADAM and EVE advance into the desert, hand in hand.*

Hear our heavenly promise  
Through your mortal passion !  
Love, ye shall have from us,  
In a pure relation.  
As a fish or bird  
Swims or flies, if moving,  
We unseen are heard  
To live on by loving  
Far above the glances  
Of your eager eyes,  
Listen ! we are loving  
Listen, through man's ignorances.  
Listen, through God's mysteries.  
Listen down the heart of things.—  
Ye shall hear our mystic wings  
Murmurous with loving.  
Through the opal door  
Listen evermore  
How we live by loving !

*First semichorus.*

When your bodies therefore  
Reach the grave their goal,  
Softly will we care for  
Each enfranchised soul.  
Softly and unlothly  
Through the door of opal  
Toward the heavenly people,  
Floated on a minor fine  
Into the full chant divine,  
We will draw you smoothly,—  
While the human in the minor  
Makes the harmony diviner.  
Listen to our loving !

*Second semichorus.*

There, a sigh of glory  
Shall breathe on you as you come,  
Ruffling round the doorway  
All the light of angeldom.  
From the empyrean centre  
Heavenly voices shall repeat,  
'Souls redeemed and pardoned, enter,  
For the chrism on you is sweet !'  
And every angel in the place  
Lowly shall bow his face,  
Folded fair on softened sounds,  
Because upon your hands and feet  
He images his Master's wounds.  
Listen to our loving !

*First semichorus.*

So, in the universe's  
Consummated undoing,  
Our seraphs of white mercies  
Shall hover round the ruin.  
Their wings shall stream upon the flame  
As if incorporate of the same  
In elemental fusion ;  
And calm their faces shall burn out  
With a pale and mastering thought,  
And a steadfast looking of desire  
From out between the clefts of fire,—  
While they cry, in the Holy's name,  
To the final Restitution.  
Listen to our loving !

*Second semichorus.*

So, when the day of God is  
To the thick graves accompted,  
Awaking the dead bodies  
The angel of the trumpet

Shall split and shatter the earth  
 To the roots of the grave  
 Which never before were slackened,  
 And quicken the charnel birth  
 With his blast so clear and brave  
 That the dead shall start and stand erect,  
 And every face of the burial-place  
 Shall the awful, single look reflect  
 Wherewith he them awakened.  
 Listen to our loving !

*First semichorus.*

But wild is the horse of Death.  
 He will leap up wild at the clamour  
 Above and beneath.  
 And where is his Tamer  
 On that last day,  
 When he crieth, Ha, ha !  
 To the trumpet's blare,  
 And paweth the earth's Aceldama ?  
 When he tosseth his head,  
 The drear-white steed,  
 And ghastlyly champeth the last moon-ray—  
 What angel there  
 Can lead him away,  
 That the living may rule for the Dead ?

*Second semichorus*

Yet a TAMER shall be found !  
 One more bright than seraph crowned,  
 And more strong than cherub bold,  
 Elder, too, than angel old,  
 By his grey eternities.  
 He shall master and surprise  
 The steed of Death.  
 For He is strong, and He is fain.  
 He shall quell him with a breath,  
 And shall lead him where He will,

With a whisper in the ear,  
Full of fear,  
And a hand upon the mane,  
Grand and still.

*First semichorus.*

Through the flats of Hades where the souls assemble  
He will guide the Death-steed calm between their ranks,  
While, like beaten dogs, they a little moan and tremble  
To see the darkness curdle from the horse's glittering  
flanks.

Through the flats of Hades where the dreary shade is,  
Up the steep of heaven will the Tamer guide the steed, —  
Up the spheric circles, euele above circle,  
We who count the ages, shall count the tolling tread—  
Every hoof-fall striking a blinder, blanker sparkle  
From the stony orbs, which shall show as they were dead.

*Second semichorus.*

All the way the Death-steed with tolling hoofs shall travel,  
Ashen grey the planets shall be motionless as stones,  
Loosely shall the systems eject their parts coeval,  
Stagnant in the spaces shall float the pallid moons :  
Suns that touch their apogees, reeling from their level,  
Shall run back on their axes, in wild, low broken tunes.

*Chorus.*

Up against the arches of the crystal ceiling,  
From the horse's nostrils shall steam the blurting breath :  
Up between the angels pale with silent feeling,  
Will the Tamer calmly lead the horse of Death.

*Semichorus.*

Cleaving all that silence, cleaving all that glory,  
Will the Tamer lead him straightway to the Throne ;  
' Look out, O Jehovah, to this I bring before Thee,  
With a hand nail-pierced, I who am Thy Son.'  
Then the Eye Divinest, from the deepest, flaming,  
On the mystic courser shall look out in fire :  
Blind the beast shall stagger where It overcame him,

Meek as lamb at pasture, bloodless in desire.  
Down the beast shall shiver,—slain amid the taming,—  
And, by Life essential, the phantasm Death expire.

*Chorus.*

Listen, man, through life and death,  
Through the dust and through the breath,  
Listen down the heart of things !  
Ye shall hear our mystic wings  
Murmurous with loving.

*A Voice from below.* Gabriel, thou Gabriel !

*A Voice from above.* What wouldst *thou* with me ?

*First Voice.* I heard thy voice sound in the angels' song  
And I would give thee question.

*Second Voice.* Question me !

*First Voice.* Why have I called thrice to my Morning Star  
And had no answer ? All the stars are out,  
And answer in their places. Only in vain  
I cast my voice against the outer rays  
Of my Star shut in light behind the sun.  
No more reply than from a breaking string,  
Breaking when touched. Or is she *not* my star ?  
Where *is* my Star—my Star ? Have ye cast down  
Her glory like my glory ? has she waxed  
Mortal, like Adam ? has she learnt to hate  
Like any angel ?

*Second Voice.* She is sad for thee.  
All things grow sadder to thee, one by one.

*Angel Chorus.*

Live, work on, O Earthy !  
By the Actual's tension  
Speed the arrow worthy  
Of a pure ascension !  
From the low earth round you,  
Reach the heights above you :  
From the stripes that wound you,  
Seek the loves that love you !

God's divinest burneth plain  
Through the crystal diaphane  
Of our loves that love you.

*First Voice.* Gabriel, O Gabriel!

*Second Voice.* What wouldst *thou* with me?

*First Voice.* Is it true, O thou Gabriel, that the crown  
Of sorrow which I claimed, another claims?  
That HE claims THAT too?

*Second Voice.* Lost one, it is true.

*First Voice.* That HE will be an exile from his heaven,  
To lead those exiles homeward?

*Second Voice.* It is true.

*First Voice.* That HE will be an exile by his will,  
As I by mine election?

*Second Voice.* It is true.

*First Voice.* That *I* shall stand sole exile finally,—  
Made desolate for fruition?

*Second Voice.* It is true.

*First Voice.* Gabriel!

*Second Voice.* I hearken.

*First Voice.* Is it true besides—  
Aright true - that mine orient Star will give  
Her name of 'Bright and Morning-Star' to HIM,—  
And take the fairness of his virtue back  
To cover loss and sadness?

*Second Voice.* It is true.

*First Voice.* Untrue. Untrue! O Morning-Star, O MINE,  
Who sittest secret in a veil of light  
Far up the starry spaces, say - *Untrue!*  
Speak but so loud as doth a wasted moon  
To Tyrrhene waters. I am Lucifer.

[*A pause. Silence in the stars.*]

All things grow sadder to me, one by one.

*Angel Chorus.*

Exiled human creatures,  
Let your hope grow larger,



Larger grows the vision  
 Of the new delight.  
 From this chain of Nature's  
 God is the Discharger,  
 And the Actual's prison  
 Opens to your sight.

*Semichorus.*

Calm the stars and golden  
 In a light exceeding  
 What their rays have measured  
 Let your feet fulfil !  
 These are stars beholden  
 By your eyes in Eden,  
 Yet, across the desert,  
 See them shining still !

*Chorus.*

Future joy and far light  
 Working such relations,  
 Hear us singing gently  
*Exiled is not lost !*  
 God, above the starlight,  
 God, above the patience,  
 Shall at last present ye  
 Guerdons worth the cost.  
 Patiently enduring,  
 Painfully surrounded,  
 Listen how we love you,  
 Hope the uttermost !  
 Waiting for that curing  
 Which exalts the wounded,  
 Hear us sing above you—  
 EXILED, BUT NOT LOST !

[*The stars shine on brightly while ADAM and EVE pursue their way into the far wilderness. There is a sound through the silence, as of the falling tears of an angel.*]

# THE SERAPHIM.

— 158 —

"I look for Angel's songs, and hear Him cry."

— GILES FLETCHER.

## PART THE FIRST.

*[It is the time of the Crucifixion; and the angels of heaven have departed towards the earth, except the two Seraphim, ADOR the Strong and ZERAH the Bright One.*

*The place is the outer side of the shut heavenly gate.]*

*Ador.* O SERAPHI, pause no more !

Beside this gate of heaven we stand alone.

*Zerah.* Of heaven !

*Ador.* Our brother hosts are gone—

*Zerah.* Are gone before.

*Ador.* And the golden harps the angels bore

To help the songs of their desire,

Still burning from their hands of fire,

Lie without touch or tone

Upon the glass-sea shore.

*Zerah.* Silent upon the glass-sea shore !

*Ador.* There the Shadow from the throne

Formless with infinity

Hovers o'er the crystal sea

Awfuller than light derived,

And red with those primæval heats

Whereby all life has lived.

*Zerah.* Our visible God, our heavenly seats !

*Ador.* Beneath us sinks the pomp angelical,

Cherub and seraph, powers and virtues, all,—

The roar of whose descent has died  
To a still sound, as thunder into rain.

Immeasurable space spreads magnified  
With that thick life, along the plane  
The worlds slid out on. What a fall!

And eddy of wings innumerable, crossed  
By trailing curls that have not lost  
The glitter of the God-smile shed  
On every prostrate angel's head !  
What gleaming up of hands that fling  
Their homage in retorted rays,  
From high instinct of worshipping,  
And habitude of praise !

*Zerah.* Rapidly they drop below us.  
Pointed palm and wing and hair  
Indistinguishable show us  
Only pulses in the air  
Throbbing with a fiery beat,  
As if a new creation heard  
Some divine and plastic word,  
And trembling at its new-found being,  
Awakened at our feet.

*Ador.* Zerah, do not wait for seeing !  
His voice, his, that thrills us so  
As we our harpstrings, uttered *Go*,  
*Behold the Holy in his wee !*  
And all are gone, save thee and—

*Zerah.* Thee !

*Ador.* I stood the nearest to the throne  
In hierarchical degree,  
What time the voice said *Go !*  
And whether I was moved alone  
By the tsorm-pathos of the tone  
Which swept through heaven the alien name of *wee*,  
Or whether the subtle glory broke  
Through my strong and shielding wings,

Bearing to my finite essence  
 Incapacious of their presence,  
 Infinite imaginings,  
 None knoweth save the Throned who spoke ;  
 But I who at creation stood upright  
 And heard the God-breath move  
 Shaping the words that lightened, ' Be there light,'  
 Nor trembled but with love,  
 Now fell down shudderingly,  
 My face upon the pavement whence I had towered,  
 As if in mine immortal overpowered  
 By God's eternity.

*Zerah.* Let me wait !—let me wait !—

*Ador.* Nay, gaze not backward through the gate !  
 God fills our heaven with God's own solitude  
 Till all the pavements glow.  
 His Godhead being no more subdued  
 By itself, to glories low  
 Which seraphs can sustain,  
 What if thou, in gazing so,  
 Shouldst behold but only one  
 Attribute, the veil undone --  
 Even that to which we dare to press  
 Nearest, for its gentleness—  
 Ay, his love !  
 How the deep ecstatic pain  
 Thy being's strength would capture !  
 Without language for the rapture,  
 Without music strong to come  
 And set the adoration free,  
 For ever, ever, wouldst thou be  
 Amid the general chorus dumb,  
 God-stricken to seraphic agony.  
 Or, brother, what if on thine eyes  
 In vision bare should rise  
 The life-fount whence his hand did gather

With solitary force  
 Our immortalities !  
 Straightway how thine own would wither,  
 Falter like a human breath,  
 And shrink into a point like death,  
 By gazing on its source ! –  
 My words have imaged dread.  
 Meekly hast thou bent thine head,  
 And dropt thy wings in languishment  
 Overclouding foot and face,  
 As if God's throne were eminent  
 Before thee, in the place.  
 Yet not – not so,  
 O loving spirit and meek, dost thou fulfil  
 The supreme Will.  
 Not for obeisance but obedience;  
 Give motion to thy wings ! Depart from hence !  
 The voice said ' Go ! '

*Zerah.* Beloved, I depart.

His will is as a spirit within my spirit,  
 A portion of the being I inherit.  
 His will is mine obedience. I resemble  
 A flame all undefiled though it tremble ;  
 I go and tremble. Love me, O beloved !  
 O thou, who stronger art,  
 And standest ever near the Infinite,  
 Pale with the light of Light,  
 Love me, beloved ! me, more newly made,  
 More feeble, more afraid ;  
 And let me hear with mine thy pinions moved,  
 As close and gentle as the loving are,  
 That love being near, heaven may not seem so far.

*Ador.* I am near thee and I love thee,  
 Were I loveless, from thee gone,  
 Love is round, beneath, above thee,  
 God, the omnipresent one.

Spread the wing, and lift the brow !

Well-beloved, what fearest thou ?

*Zerah.* I fear, I fear—

*Ador.* What fear ?

*Zerah.* The fear of earth,

*Ador.* Of earth, the God-created and God-praised

In the hour of birth ?

Where every night the moon in light

Doth lead the waters silver-faced ?

Where every day the sun doth lay

A rapture to the heart of all

The leafy and reeded pastoral,

As if the joyous shout which burst

From angel lips to see him first,

'Had left a silent echo in his ray ?

*Zerah.* Of earth—the God-created and God-curst,

Where man is, and the thorn.

Where sun and moon have borne

No light to souls forlorn.

Where Eden's tree of life no more uprears

Its spiral leaves and fruitage, but instead

The yew-tree bows its melancholy head

And all the undergrasses kills and seres.

*Ador.* Of earth the weak,

Made and unmade ?

Where men that faint, do strive for crowns that fade

Where, having won the profit which they seek,

They lie beside the sceptre and the gold

With fleshless hands that cannot wield or hold,

And the stars shine in their unwinking eyes ?

*Zerah.* Of earth the bold,

Where the blind matter wrings

An awful potency out of impotence,

Bowing the spiritual things

To the things of sense.

Where the human will replies



Of angels from an earthly mission,—  
 Strong one, even upon thy brow,  
 When, with task completed, given  
 Back to us in that transition,  
 I have beheld thee silent stand,  
 Abstracted in the seraph band,  
 Without a smile in heaven.

*Ador.* Then thou wast not one of those  
 Whom the loving Father chose  
 In visionary pomp to sweep  
 O'er Judæa's grassy places,  
 O'er the shepherds and the sheep,  
 Though thou art so tender?—dimming,  
 All the stars except one star  
 With their brighter kinder faces,  
 And using heaven's own tune in hymning,  
 While deep response from earth's own mountains ran,  
 'Peace upon earth, goodwill to man.'

*Zerah.* 'Glory to God' I said amen afar.  
 And those who from that earthly mission are,  
 Within mine ears have told  
 That the seven everlasting Spirits did hold  
 With such a sweet and prodigal constraint  
 The meaning yet the mystery of the song  
 What time they sang it, on their natures strong,  
 That, gazing down on earth's dark steadfastness  
 And speaking the new peace in promises,  
 The love and pity made their voices faint  
 Into the low and tender music, keeping  
 The place in heaven of what on earth is weeping.

*Ador.* Peace upon earth. Come down to it.

*Zerah.*

Ah me!

I hear thereof uncomprehendingly.  
 Peace where the tempest, where the sighing is,  
 And worship of the idol, 'stead of His'

*Ador.* Yea, peace, where He is.



*Zerah.*

He !

Say it again.

*Ador.* Where He is.*Zerah.*

Can it be

That earth retains a tree

Whose leaves, like Eden foliage can be swayed

By the breathing of His voice, nor shrink and fade ?

*Ador.* There is a tree !—it hath no leaf nor root ;

Upon it hangs a curse for all its fruit :

Its shadow on His head is laid.

For He, the crowned Son,

Has left His crown and throne,

Walks earth in Adam's clay,

Eve's snake to bruise and slay—

*Zerah.* Walks earth in clay ?*Ador.* And walking in the clay which He created,

He through it shall touch death.

What do I utter ? what conceive ? did breath

Of demon howl it in a blasphemy ?

Or was it mine own voice, informed, dilated

By the seven confluent Spirits ?—Speak—answer me !

*Who* said man's victim was his deity ?*Zerah.* Beloved, beloved, the word came forth from  
thee.

Thine eyes are rolling a tempestuous light

Above, below, around,

As putting thunder-questions without cloud,

Reverberate without sound,

To universal nature's depth and height.

The tremor of an inexpressive thought

Too self-amazed to shape itself aloud,

O'erruns the awful curving of thy lips ;

And while thine hands are stretched above,

As newly they had caught

Some lightning from the Throne, or showed the Lord

Some retributive sword,

Thy brows do alternate with wild eclipse  
 And radiance, with contrasted wrath and love,  
 As God had called thee to a seraph's part,  
 With a man's quailing heart.

*Ador.* O heart--O heart of man !

O ta'en from human clay

To be no seraph's but Jehovah's own !

Made holy in the taking,

And yet unseparate

From death's perpetual ban,

And human feelings sad and passionate ·

Still subject to the treacherous forsaking

Of other hearts, and its own steadfast pain.

O heart of man--of God ! which God has ta'en

From out the dust, with its humanity

Mournful and weak yet innocent around it,

And bade its many pulses beating lie

Beside that incommunicable stir

Of Deity wherewith He interwound it.

O man ! and is thy nature so defiled

That all that holy Heart's devout law-keeping,

And low pathetic beat in deserts wild,

And gushings pitiful of tender weeping

For traitors who consigned it to such woe--

That all could cleanse thee not, without the flow

Of blood, the life-blood--*His*--and streaming so ?

O earth the thundercleft, windshaken, where

The louder voice of ' blood and blood ' doth rise,

Hast thou an altar for this sacrifice ?

O heaven ! O vacant throne !

O crowned hierarchies that wear your crown

When *His* is put away !

Are ye unshamed that ye cannot dim

Your alien brightness to be liker him,

Assume a human passion, and down-lay

Your sweet secureness for congenial fears,

And teach your cloudless ever-burning eyes

The mystery of his tears ?

*Zerah.* I am strong, I am strong.

Were I never to see my heaven again,

I would wheel to earth like the tempest rain

Which sweeps there with an exultant sound

To lose its life as it reaches the ground.

I am strong, I am strong.

Away from mine inward vision swim

The shining seats of my heavenly birth,

I see but his, I see but him—

The Maker's steps on his cruel earth.

Will the bitter herbs of earth grow sweet

To me, as trodden by his feet ?

Will the vexed, accurst humanity,

As worn by him, begin to be

A'blesed, yea, a sacred thing

For love and awe and ministering ?

I am strong, I am strong.

By our angel ken shall we survey

His loving smile through his woeful clay ?

I am swift, I am strong,

The love is bearing me along.

*Ador.* One love is bearing us along.

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## PART THE SECOND.

[*Mid-air, above Judea. ADOR and ZERAH are a little apart from the visible angelic hosts.*]

*Ador.* BELOVED ! dost thou see ?—

*Zerah.* Thee,—thee.

Thy burning eyes already are

Grown wild and mournful as a star

Whose occupation is for aye

To look upon the place of clay

Whereon thou lookest now.  
 The crown is fainting on thy brow  
 To the likeness of a cloud,  
 The forehead's self a little bowed  
 From its aspect high and holy,  
 As it would in meekness meet  
 Some seraphic melancholy :  
 Thy very wings that lately flung  
 An outline clear, do flicker here  
 And wear to each a shadow hung,  
     Dropped across thy feet.  
 In these strange contrasting glooms  
 Stagnant with the scent of tombs,  
 Seraph faces, O my brother,  
 Show awfully to one another.

*Ador.* Dost thou see?

*Zerah.*                      Even so ; I see

Our empyreal company,  
 Alone the memory of their brightness  
     Left in them, as in thee.  
 The circle upon circle, tier on tier,  
     Piling earth's hemisphere  
     With heavenly infiniteness,  
     Above us and around,  
 Straining the whole horizon like a bow :  
 Their songful lips divorced from all sound,  
 A darkness gliding down their silvery glances,—  
 Bowing their steadfast solemn countenances  
 As if they heard God speak, and could not glow

*Ador.* Look downward ! dost thou see?

*Zerah.* And wouldst thou press *that* vision on my words?  
 Doth not earth speak enough  
 Of change and of undoing,  
 Without a seraph's witness ? Oceans rough  
 With tempest, pastoral swards  
 Displaced by fiery deserts, mountains ruing

The bolt fallen yesterday,  
 That shake their piny heads, as who would say  
 'We are too beautiful for our decay'—  
 Shall seraphs speak of these things? Let alone  
 Earth to her earthly moan!  
*Voice of all things.* Is there no moan but hers?  
*Ador.* Hearest thou the attestation  
 Of the roused universe  
 Like a desert lion shaking  
 Dews of silence from its mane?  
 With an irrepressive passion  
 Uprising at once,  
 Rising up and forsaking  
 Its solemn state in the circle of suns,  
 To attest the pain  
 Of him who stands (O patience sweet!)  
 In his own hand-prints of creation,  
 With human feet?  
*Voice of all things.* Is there no moan but ours?  
*Zerah.* Forms, Spaces, Motions wide,  
 O meek, insensate things,  
 O congregated matters! who inherit  
 Instead of vital powers,  
 Impulsions God-supplied;  
 Instead of influent spirit,  
 A clear informing beauty;  
 Instead of creature-duty,  
 Submission calm as rest.  
 Lights, without feet or wings,  
 In golden courses sliding!  
 Gloomis, stagnantly subsiding,  
 Whose lustrous heart away was prest  
 Into the argent stars!  
 Ye crystal, firmamental bars  
 That hold the skyey waters free  
 From tide or tempest's ecstasy!

Airs universal ! thunders lorn  
 That wait your lightnings in cloud-cave  
 Hewn out by the winds ! O brave  
 And subtle elements ! the Holy  
 Hath charged me by your voice with folly,\*  
 Enough, the mystic arrow leaves its wound.  
 Return ye to your silences inborn,  
 Or to your articulated sound.

*Ador.* Zerah !

*Zerah.* Wilt thou rebuke ?

God hath rebuked me, brother. I am weak.

*Ador.* Zerah, my brother Zerah ! could I speak  
 Of thee, 'twould be of love to thee.

*Zerah.* Thy look  
 Is fixed on earth, as mine upon thy face  
 Where shall I seek His ?

I have thrown

One look upon earth, but one,  
 Over the blue mountain-lines,  
 Over the forests of palms and pines,  
 Over the harvest-lands golden,  
 Over the valleys that fold in  
 The gardens and vines—

He is not there.

All these are unworthy  
 Those footsteps to bear,

Before which, bowing down  
 I would fain quench the stars of my crown

In the dark of the earthy.

Where shall I seek him ?

No reply ?

Hath language left thy lips, to place

Its vocal in thine eye ?

Ador, Ador ! are we come

To a double portent, that

\* "His angels He charged with folly."—*Job* iv. 18.

Dumb matter grows articulate  
 And songful seraphs dumb?  
 Ador, Ador !

*Ador.* I constrain  
 The passion of my silence. None  
 Of those places gazed upon  
 Are gloomy enow to fit his pain.  
 Unto him, whose forming word  
 Gave to Nature flower and sward,  
 She hath given back again  
 For the myrtle, the thorn,  
 For the sylvan<sup>1</sup> calm, the human scorn.  
 Still, still, reluctant seraph, gaze beneath !  
 There is a city——

*Zerah.* Temple and tower,  
 Palace and purple would droop like a flower,  
 (Or a cloud at our breath)  
 If he neared in his state  
 'The outermost gate.

*Ador.* Ah me, not so  
 In the state of a king did the victim go !  
 And THOU who hanigest mute of speech  
 'Twixt heaven and earth, with forehead yet  
 Stained by the bloody sweat,  
 God ! man ! Thou ha-t forgone thy throne in each.

*Zerah.* Thine eyes behold him ?

*Ador.* Yea, below.

Track the gazing of mine eyes,  
 Naming God within thine heart  
 That its weakness may depart  
 And the vision rise !  
 Seest thou yet, beloved ?

*Zerah.* I see  
 Beyond the city, crosses three ;  
 And mortals three that hang thereon  
 'Ghast and silent to the sun.

Round them blacken and welter and press  
 Staring multitudes whose father  
 Adam was, whose brows are dark  
 With his Cain's corroded mark,—  
 Who curse with looks. Nay—let me rather  
 Turn unto the wilderness !

*Ador.* Turn not ! God dwells with men.

*Zerah.*

Above

He dwells with angels, and they love.  
 Can these love ? With the living's pride  
 They stare at those who die, who hang  
 In their sight and die. They bear the streak  
 Of the crosses' shadow, black not wide,  
 To fall on their heads, as it swerves aside  
 When the victims' pang  
 Makes the dry wood creak.

*Ador.* The cross— the cross !

*Zerah.*

A woman kneels

The mid cross under,  
 With white lips asunder,  
 And motion on each.  
 They throb, as she feels,  
 With a spasm, not a speech ;  
 And her lids, close as sleep,  
 Are less calm, for the eyes  
 Have made room there to weep  
 Drop on drop—

*Ador.* Weep ? Weep blood,

All women, all men !  
 He sweated it, he,  
 For your pale womanhood  
 And base manhood. Agree  
 That these water-tears, then,  
 Are vain, mocking like laughter.  
 Weep blood ! Shall the flood

Of salt curses, whose foam is the darkness, on roll



Forward, on from the strand of the storm-beaten years,  
 And back from the rocks of the horrid hereafter,  
 And up, in a coil, from the present's wrath-spring,  
 Yea, down from the windows of heaven opening,  
 Deep calling to deep as they meet on His soul—

And men weep only tears?

*Zerah.* Little drops in the lapse!

And yet, Ador, perhaps

It is all that they can,

Tears! the lovingest man

Has no better bestowed

Upon man,

*Ador.* Nor on God.

*Zerah.* Do all-givers need gifts?

If the Giver said 'Give,' the first motion would slay

Our Immortals, the echo would ruin away

The same worlds which he made. Why, what angel uplifts

Such a music, so clear,

It may seem in God's ear

Worth more than a woman's hoarse weeping? And thus,

Pity tender as tears, I above thee would speak,

Thou woman that weepest! weep unscorned of us!

I, the tearless and pure, am but loving and weak.

*Ador.* Speak low, my brother, low,—and not of love

Or human or angelic! Rather stand

Before the throne of that Supreme above,

In whose infinitude the secrecies

Of thine own being lie hid, and lift thine hand

Exultant, saying, 'Lord God, I am wise!'—

Than utter *here*, 'I love.'

*Zerah.* And yet thine eyes

Do utter it. They melt in tender light,

The tears of heaven.

*Ador.* Of heaven. Ah me!

*Zerah.* Ador!

*Ador.* Say on!

*Zerah.* The crucified are three.  
Beloved, they are unlike.

*Ador.* Unlike.

*Zerah.* For one  
Is as a man who has sinned and still  
Doth wear the wicked will,  
The hard malign life-energy,  
Tossed outward, in the parting soul's disdain,  
On brow and lip that cannot change again.

*Ador.* And one—

*Zerah.* Has also sinned,  
And yet, (O marvel !) doth the Spirit-wind  
Blow white those waters? Death upon his face  
Is rather shine than shade,  
A tender shine by looks beloved made :  
He seemeth dying in a quiet place,  
And less by iron wounds in hands and feet  
Than heart-broke by new joy too sudden and sweet.

*Ador.* And ONE !—

*Zerah.* And ONE !—

*Ador.* Why dost thou pause ?

*Zerah.* God ! God !

Spirit of my spirit ! who movest  
Through seraph veins in burning deity  
To light the quenchless pulses !—

*Ador.* But hast trod  
The depths of love in thy peculiar nature,  
And not in any thou hast made and lovest  
In narrow seraph hearts !—

*Zerah.* Above, Creator !  
Within, Upholder !

*Ador.* And below, below,  
The creature's and the upholden's sacrifice !

*Zerah.* Why do I pause?—

*Ador.* There is a silentness  
That answers thee now.

That, like a brazen sound  
Excluding others, doth ensheathe us round,—  
Hear it. It is not from the visible skies  
Though they are still,  
Unconscious that their own dropped dew's express  
The light of heaven on every earthly hill.  
It is not from the hills, though calm and bare  
They, since their first creation,  
'Through midnight cloud or morning's glittering air  
Or the deep deluge blindness, toward the place  
Whence thrilled the mystic word's creative grace,  
And whence again shall come  
The word that uncreates,  
Have lift their brows in voiceless expectation.  
It is not from the places that entomb  
Man's dead, though common Silence there dilates  
Her soul to grand proportions, worthily  
To fill life's vacant room.  
Not there : not there.  
Not yet within those chambers lieth He,  
A dead one in his living world, his south  
And west winds blowing over earth and sea,  
And not a breath on that creating mouth.  
But now,—a silence keeps  
(Not death's, nor sleep's)  
The lips whose whispered word  
Might roll the thunders round reverberated.  
Silent art thou, O my Lord,  
Bowing down thy stricken head !  
Fearest thou, a groan of thine  
Would make the pulse of thy creation fail  
As thine own pulse?—would rend the veil  
Of visible things and let the flood  
Of the unseen Light, the essential God,  
Rush in to overwhelm the undivine ?  
Thy silence, to my thinking, is as dread.

*Zerah.* O silence !

*Ador.* Doth it say to thee—the NAME,  
Slow-learning seraph ?

*Zerah.* I have learnt.

*Ador.* The flame  
Perishes in thine eyes.

*Zerah.* He opened his,  
And looked. I cannot bear --

*Ador.* Their agony ?

*Zerah.* Their love. God's depth is in them. From his  
brows

White, terrible in meekness, didst thou see  
The lifted eyes unclose ?

He is God, seraph ! Look no more on me,  
O God—I am not God.

*Ador.* The loving is  
Sublimed within them by the sorrowful,  
In heaven we could sustain them.

*Zerah.* Heaven is dull,  
Mine Ador, to man's earth. The light that burns

In fluent, reflux motion

Along the crystal ocean ;

The springing of the golden harps between

The bowery wings, in fountains of sweet sound

The winding, wandering music that returns

Upon itself, exultingly self-bound

In the great spheric round

Of everlasting praises ;

The God-thoughts in our midst that intervene,

Visibly flashing from the supreme throne

Full in seraphic faces

Till each astonishes the other, grown

More beautiful with worship and delight—

My heaven ! my home of heaven ! my infinite

Heaven-choirs ! what are ye to this dust and death,

This cloud, this cold, these tears, this failing breath,

Where God's immortal love now issueth  
In this MAN'S woe?

*Ador.* His eyes are very deep yet calm.

*Zerah.*

No more

On *me*, Jehovah-man—

*Ador.* Calm-deep. They show  
A passion which is tranquil. They are seeing  
No earth, no heaven, no men that slay and curse,  
No seraphs that adore ;

Their gaze is on the invisible, the dread,  
The things we cannot view or think or speak,  
Because we are too happy, or too weak,—  
The sea of ill, for which the universe  
With all its piled space, can find no shore,  
With all its life, no living foot to tread.  
But he, accomplished in Jehovah-being,

Sustains the gaze adown,

Conceives the vast despair,

And feels the billowy griefs come up to drown,  
Nor fears, nor faints, nor fails, till all be finished.

*Zerah.* Thus, do I find Thee thus? My undiminished  
And undiminshable God !—my God !

The echoes are still tremulous along  
The heavenly mountains, of the latest song  
Thy manifested glory swept abroad  
In rushing past our lips . they echo aye

'Creator, thou art strong !

Creator, thou art blessed over all.'

By what new utterance shall I now recall,  
Unteaching the heaven-echoes? dare I say,  
'Creator, thou art feebler than thy work !  
Creator, thou art sadder than thy creature !

A worm, and not a man,

Yea, no worm, but a curse?'

I dare not so mine heavenly phrase reverse.  
Albeit the piercing thorn and thistle-fork  
Whose seed disordered ran

From Eve's hand trembling when the curse did reach her)  
 Be garner'd darklier in thy soul, the rod  
 That smites thee never blossoming, and thou  
 Grief-bearer for thy world, with unkinged brow—  
 I leave to men their song of Ichabod :

I have an angel-tongue—I know but praise.

*Ador.* Hereafter shall the blood-bought captives raise  
 The passion-song of blood.

*Zerah.* And *we*, extend  
 Our holy vacant hands towards the Throne,  
 Crying 'We have no music.'

*Ador.* Rather, blend  
 Both musics into one,  
 The sanctities and sanctified above  
 Shall each to each, with lifted looks serene,  
 Their shining faces lean,  
 And mix the adoring breath  
 And breathe the full thanksgiving.

*Zerah.* But the love—  
 The love, mine *Ador* !

*Ador.* Do we love not ?

*Zerah.* Yea,  
 But not as man shall ! not with life for death,  
 New-throbbing through the startled being ; not  
 With strange astonished smiles, that ever may  
 Gush passionate like tears and fill their place :  
 Nor yet with speechless memories of what  
 Earth's winters were, enverduring the green  
 Of every heavenly palm  
 Whose windless, shadeless calm  
 Moves only at the breath of the Unseen.  
 Oh, not with this blood on us—and this face,—  
 Still, haply, pale with sorrow that it bore  
 In our behalf, and tender evermore  
 With nature all our own, upon us gazing--  
 Nor yet with these forgiving hands upraising

Their unreproachful wounds, alone to bless !  
 Alas, Creator ! shall we love Thee less  
 Than mortals shall ?

*Ador.*                      Amen ! so let it be.

We love in our proportion, to the bound  
 Thine infinite our finite set around,  
 And that is finitely,—thou, infinite  
 And worthy infinite love ! And our delight  
 Is, watching the dear love poured out to thee  
 From ever fuller chalice. Blessed they,  
 Who love thee more than we do : blessed we,  
 Viewing that love which shall exceed even this,  
 And winning in the sight a double bliss  
 For all so lost in love's supremacy.  
 The bliss is better. Only on the sad

Cold earth there are who say

It seemeth better to be great than glad.

The bliss is better. Love him more, O man,

Than sinless seraphs can !

*Zerah.* Yea, love him more !

*Voices of the angelic multitude.* Yea, more !

*Ador.*    The loving word

Is caught by those from whom we stand apart.

For silence hath no deepness in her heart

Where love's low name low breathed would not be heard

By angels, clear as thunder.

*Angelic voices.*                      Love him more !

*Ador.* Sweet voices, swooning o'er

The music which ye make !

Albeit to love there were not ever given

A mournful sound when uttered out of heaven,

That angel-sadness ye would fitly take.

Of love be silent now ! we gaze adown

Upon the incarnate Love who wears no crown.

*Zerah.* No crown ! the woe instead

Is heavy on his head,

Pressing inward on his brain  
 With a hot and clinging pain  
 Till all tears are prest away.  
 And clear and calm his vision may  
 Peruse the black abyss.  
 No rod, no sceptre is  
 Holden in his fingers pale ;  
 They close instead upon the nail,  
 Concealing the sharp dole,  
 Never stirring to put by  
 The fair hair peaked with blood,  
 Drooping forward from the rood  
 Helplessly, heavily  
 On the cheek that waxeth colder,  
 Whiter ever, and the shoulder  
 Where the government was laid.  
 His glory made the heavens afraid ;  
 Will he not unearth this cross from its hole ?  
 His pity makes his piteous state ;  
 Will he be uncompassionate  
 Alone to his proper soul ?  
 Yea, will he not lift up  
 His lips from the bitter cup,  
 His brows from the dreary weight,  
 His hand from the clenching cross,  
 Crying, ' My Father, give to me  
 Again the joy I had with thee  
 Or ere this earth was made for loss ? '  
 No stir : no sound.  
 The love and woe being interwound  
 He cleaveth to the woe ;  
 And putteth forth heaven's strength below,  
 To bear.

*Ador.* And that creates his anguish now,  
 Which made his glory there.

*Zerah.* Shall it need be so ?



Awake, thou Earth ! behold.  
 Thou, uttered forth of old  
 In all thy life-emotion,  
 In all thy vernal noises,  
 In the rollings of thine ocean,  
 Leaping founts, and rivers running,—  
 In thy woods' prophetic heaving  
 Ere the rains a stroke have given,  
 In thy winds' exultant voices  
 When they feel the hills anear,  
 In the firmamental sunning,  
 And the tempest which rejoices  
 Thy full heart with an awful cheer.  
 Thou, uttered forth of old  
 And with all thy music rolled  
 In a breath abroad  
 By the breathing God,—  
 Awake ! He is here ! behold !  
 Even *thou*—

                  beseems it good  
 'To thy vacant vision dim,  
 That the deadly ruin should,  
 For thy sake, encompass him ?  
 That the Master-word should lie  
 A mere silence, while his own  
 Processive harmony,  
 The faintest echo of his lightest tone,  
 Is sweeping in a choral triumph by ?  
 Awake ! emit a cry !  
 And say, albeit used  
 From Adam's ancient years  
 To falls of acrid tears,  
 To frequent sighs unloosed,  
 Caught back to press again  
 On bosoms zoned with pain—  
 To corse still and sullen

The shine and music dulling  
 With closed eyes and ears  
 That nothing sweet can enter,  
 Commoving thee no less  
 With that forced quietness  
 Than the earthquake in thy centre—  
 Thou hast not learnt to bear  
 This new divine despair !  
 These tears that sink into thee,  
 These dying eyes that view thee,  
 This dropping blood from lifted rood,  
 They darken and undo thee.  
 Thou canst not presently sustain this corse—  
 Cry, cry, thou hast not force !  
 Cry, thou wouldst fainer keep  
 Thy hopeless charnels deep,  
 Thyself a general tomb  
 Where the first and the second Death  
 Sit gazing face to face  
 And mar each other's breath,  
 While silent bones through all the place  
 'Neath sun and moon do faintly glisten  
 And seem to lie and listen  
 For the tramp of the coming Doom.  
 Is it not meet  
 That they who erst the Eden fruit did eat,  
 Should champ the ashes ?  
 That they who wrap them in the thunder-cloud  
 Should wear it as a shroud,  
 Perishing by its flashes ?  
 That they who vexed the lion, should be rent ?  
 Cry, cry ' I will sustain my punishment,  
 The sin being mine ; but take away from me  
 This visioned Dread—this Man—this Deity !'  
*The Earth.* I have groaned ; I have travailed : I am weary,  
 I am blind with my own grief, and cannot see,

As clear-eyed angels can, his agony,  
 And what I see I also can sustain,  
 Because his power protects me from his pain.  
 I have groaned ; I have travailed : I am dreary,  
 Harkening the thick sobs of my children's heart :  
     How can I say ' Depart '

To that Atoner making calm and free ?

Am I a God as he,

To lay down peace and power as willingly ?

*Ador.* He looked for some to pity. There is none.

All pity is within him and not for him

His earth is iron under him, and o'er him

His skies are brass.

His seraphs cry ' Alas '

With hallelujah voice that cannot weep

And man, for whom the dreadful work is done . . .

*Scornful Voices from the Earth* If verily this be the  
 Eternal's son—

*Ador.* Thou hearest. Man is grateful.

*Zerah.*

Can I hear

Nor darken into man and cease for ever

My seraph-smile to wear ?

Was it for such,

It pleased him to overleap

His glory with his love and sever

From the God-light and the throne

And all angels bowing down,

For whom his every look did touch

New notes of joy on the unworn string

Of an eternal worshipping ?

For such, he left his heaven ?

There, though never bought by blood

And tears, we gave him gratitude :

We loved him there, though unforgiven.

*Ador.* The light is riven

Above, around,

And down in lurid fragments flung,  
That catch the mountain-peak and stream  
With momentary gleam,  
Then perish in the water and the ground.

**River and waterfall.**

Forest and wilderness.

Mountain and city, are together wrung  
 Into one shape, and that is shapelessness :

The darkness stands for all.

*Zerah.* The pathos hath the day undone :

'The death-look of His eyes

Hath overcome the sun

And made it sicken in its narrow skies.

*Ador.* Is it to death? He dieth

*Zerah.*

Through the dark

He still, he only, is discernible—

'The naked hands and feet transfixed stark.

The countenance of patient anguish white,

Do make themselves a light

More dreadful than the glooms which round them dwell,

And therein do they shine.

*Ador.*

God ! Father-God !

Perpetual Radiance on the radiant throne !

Uplift the hds of inward deity,

## Flashing abroad

Thy burning Infinite.

Light up this dark where there is nought to see

Except the unimagined agony

Upon the sinless forehead of the Son !

*Zerah.* God, tarry not ! Behold, enow

Hath he wandered as a stranger,

Sorrowed as a victim. Thou

Appear for him, O Father !

Appear for him, Avenger !

Appear for him, just One and holy One,

For he is holy and just !

At once the darkness and dishonour rather  
 To the ragged jaws of hungry chaos rake,  
 And hurl aback to ancient dust  
 These mortals that make blasphemies  
 With their made breath, this earth and skies  
 That only grow a little dim,  
 Seeing their curse on him.  
 But him, of all forsaken,  
 Of creature and of brother,  
 Never wilt thou forsake !

Thy living and thy loving cannot slacken  
 Their firm essential hold upon each other,  
 And well thou dost remember how his part  
 Was still to lie upon thy breast and be  
 Partaker of the light that dwelt in thee

Ere sun or seraph shone ;  
 And how while silence trembled round the throne  
 Thou countedst by the beatings of his heart  
 The moments of thine own eternity.

Awaken,  
 O right hand with the lightnings ! Again gather  
 His glory to thy glory ! What stranger,  
 What ill supreme in evil, can be thrust  
 Between the faithful Father and the Son ?

Appear for him, O Father !  
 Appear for him, Avenger !  
 Appear for him, just one and holy one,  
 For he is holy and just !

*Ador.* Thy face upturned toward the throne is dark ;  
 Thou hast no answer, Zerah.

*Zerah.* No reply,  
 O unforsaking Father ?

*Ador.* Hark !  
 Instead of downward voice, a cry  
 Is uttered from beneath.

*Zerah.* And by a sharper sound than death,

Mine immortality is riven.  
The heavy darkness which doth tent the sky  
Floats backward as by a sudden wind :

But I see no light behind,  
But I feel the farthest stars are all  
Stricken and shaken,  
And I know a shadow sad and broad  
Doth fall—doth fall  
On our vacant thrones in heaven.

*Voice from the Cross.* MY GOD, MY GOD,  
WHY HAST THOU ME FORSAKEN ?

*The Earth.* Ah me, ah me, ah me ! the dreadful why !  
My sin is on thee, sinless one ! Thou art  
God-orphaned, for my burden on thy head.  
Dark sin, white innocence, endurance dread !  
Be still, within your shrouds, my buried dead ;  
Nor work with this quick horror round mine heart.

*Zerah.* He hath forsaken *him*. I perish.

*Ador.* Hold  
Upon his name ! we perish not. Of old  
His will—

*Zerah.* I seek his will. Seek, seraphim !  
My God, my God ! where is it ? Doth that curse  
Reverberate spare us, seraph or universe ?

*He hath forsaken him.*

*Ador.* He cannot fail.

*Angel Voices.* We faint, we droop,  
Our love doth tremble like fear.

*Voices of Fallen Angels from the earth.* Do we prevail ?  
Or are we lost ? Hath not the ill we did

Been heretofore our good ?  
Is it not ill that one, all sinless, should  
Hang heavy with all curses on a cross ?  
Nathless, that cry ! With huddled faces hid  
Within the empty graves which men did scoop  
To hold more damned dead, we shudder through

What shall exalt us or undo,

Our triumph, or our loss.

*Voice from the Cross.* IT IS FINISHED.

*Zerah.*

Hark, again !

Like a victor, speaks the slain.

*Angel Voices.* Finished be the trembling vain !

*Ador.* Upward, like a well-loved son,

Looketh He, the orphaned one.

*Angel Voices.* Finished is the mystic pain.

*Voices of Fallen Angels.* His deathly forehead at the word,

Gleameth like a seraph sword.

*Angel Voices.* Finished is the demon reign.

*Ador.* His breath, as living God, createth,

His breath, as dying man, completeth.

*Angel Voices.* Finished work his hands sustain.

*The Earth.* In mine ancient sepulchres

Where my kings and prophets freeze,

Adam dead four thousand years,

Unwakened by the universe's

Everlasting moan,

Aye his ghastly silence mocking—

Unwakened by his children's knocking

At his old sepulchral stone,

'Adam, Adam, all this curse is

Thine and on us yet ! --

Unwakened by the ceaseless tears

Wherewith they made his cerement wet,

'Adam, must thy curse remain ?'—

Starts with sudden life and hears

Through the slow dripping of the caverned eaves,—

*Angel Voices.* Finished is his bane.

*Voice from the Cross.* FATHER ! MY SPIRIT TO THINE  
HANDS IS GIVEN.

*Ador.* Hear the wailing winds that be

By wings of unclean spirits made !

They, in that last look, surveyed

The love they lost in losing heaven,  
 And passionately flee  
 With a desolate cry that cleaves  
 The natural storms—though *they* are lifting  
 God's strong cedar-roots like leaves,  
 And the earthquake and the thunder,  
 Neither keeping either under,  
 Roar and hurtle through the glooms—  
 And a few pale stars are drifting  
 Past the dark, to disappear,  
 What time, from the splitting tombs  
 Gleamingly the dead arise,  
 Viewing with their death-calmed eyes  
 The elemental strategies,  
 To witness, victory is the Lord's.  
 Hear the wail o' the spirits ! hear !  
*Zerah.* I hear alone the memory of his words.

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 EPILOGUE.

## I.

My song is done.  
 My voice that long hath faltered shall be still.  
 The mystic darkness drops from Calvary's hill  
 Into the common light of this day's sun

## II.

I see no more thy cross, O holy Slain !  
 I hear no more the horror and the coil  
 Of the great world's turmoil  
 Feeling thy countenance *too still*,—nor yell  
 Of demons sweeping past it to their prison.  
 The skies that turned to darkness with thy pain  
 Make now a summer's day ;  
 And on my changed ear that sabbath bell  
 Records how CHRIST IS RISEN.



## III.

And I—ah! what am I  
To counterfeit, with faculty earth-darkened,  
Seraphic brows of light  
And seraph language never used nor harkened?  
Ah me! what word that seraphs say, could come  
From mouth so used to sighs, so soon to lie  
Sighless, because then breathless, in the tomb?

## IV.

Bright ministers of God and grace—of grace  
Because of God! whether ye bow adown  
In your own heaven, before the living face  
Of him who died and deathless wears the crown,  
Or whether at this hour ye haply are  
Anear, around me, hiding in the night  
Of this permitted ignorance your light,  
This feebleness to spare,—  
Forgive me, that mine earthly heart should dare  
Shape images of unincarnate spirits  
And lay upon their burning lips a thought  
Cold with the weeping which mine earth inherits.  
And though ye find in such hoarse music, wrought  
To copy yours, a cadence all the while  
Of sin and sorrow—only pitying smile!  
Ye know to pity, well.

## V.

I too may haply smile another day  
At the far recollection of this lay,  
When God may call me in your midst to dwell  
To hear your most sweet music's miracle  
And see your wondrous faces. May it be!  
For his remembered sake, the Slain on rood,  
Who rolled his earthly garment red in blood  
(Treading the wine-press) that the weak, like me,  
Before his heavenly throne should walk in white.

## A VISION OF POETS.



"O Sacred Essence, lighting me this hour,  
How may I lightly stile thy great power?

*Echo.*

Power.

Power! but of whence? under the greenwood spraye?  
Or liv'st in Heaven? saye.

*Echo.*

In Heavens aye.

In Heavens aye! tell, may I it obtayne  
By alms, by fasting, prayer,—by paine?

*Echo.*

By paine.

Show me the paine, it shall be undergone :  
I to mine end will still go on.

*Echo.*

Go on."

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

A POET could not sleep aright,  
For his soul kept up too much light  
Under his eyelids for the night.

And thus he rose disquieted  
With sweet rhymes ringing through his head,  
And in the forest wandered

Where, sloping up the darkest glades,  
The moon had drawn long colonnades  
Upon whose floor the verdure fades

To a faint silver, pavement fair  
The antique wood-nymphs scarce would dare  
To foot-print o'er, had such been there.

And rather sit by breathlessly,  
With fear in their large eyes, to see  
The consecrated sight. But HE

The poet who, with spirit-kiss  
Familiar, had long claimed for his  
Whatever earthly beauty is,

Who also in his spirit bore  
A beauty passing the earth's store,  
Walked calmly onward evermore.

His aimless thoughts in metre went,  
Like a babe's hand without intent  
Drawn down a seven-stringed instrument :

Nor jarred it with his humour as,  
With a faint stirring of the grass,  
An apparition fair did pass.

He might have feared another time,  
But all things far and strange did chime  
With his thoughts then, as rhyme to rhyme

An angel had not startled him,  
Alighted from heaven's burning rim  
To breathe from glory in the Dim ;

Much less a lady, riding slow  
Upon a palfrey white as snow,  
And smooth as a snow-cloud could go.

Full upon his she turned her face,  
'What ho, sir poet ! dost thou pace  
Our woods at night in ghostly chace

'Of some fair Dryad of old tales  
Who chants between the nightingales  
And over sleep by song prevails ?'

She smiled ; but he could see arise  
Her soul from far adown her eyes,  
Prepared as if for sacrifice.

She looked a queen who seemeth gay  
From royal grace alone. ' Now, nay,'  
He answered, ' slumber passed away,

' Compelled by instincts in my head  
That I should see to-night, instead  
Of a fair nymph, some fairer Dread.'

She looked up quickly to the sky  
And spake : ' The moon's regality  
Will hear no praise, She is as I.

' She is in heaven, and I on earth ;  
This is my kingdom : I come forth  
To crown all poets to their worth.'

He brake in with a voice that mourned ;  
' To their worth, lady ? ' They are scorned  
By men they sing for, till inured.

' To their worth ? Beauty in the mind  
Leaves the hearth cold, and love-refined  
Ambitions make the world unkind.

' The boor who ploughs the daisy down,  
The chief, whose mortgage of renown,  
Fixed upon graves, has bought a crown—

' Both these are happier, more approved  
Than poets ! why should I be moved  
In saying, both are more beloved ?'

' The south can judge not of the north,'  
She resumed calmly ; ' I come forth  
To crown all poets to their worth.

'Yea, verily, to anoint them all  
With blessed oils which surely shall  
Smell sweeter as the ages fall.'

'As sweet,' the poet said, and rung  
A low sad laugh, 'as flowers are, sprung  
Out of their graves when they die young ;

'As sweet as window-eglantine,  
Some bough of which, as they decline,  
The hired nurse gathers at their sign :

'As sweet, in short, as perfumed shroud  
Which the gay Roman maidens sewed  
For English Keats, singing aloud.'

The lady answered, 'Yea, as sweet !  
The things thou namest being complete  
In fragrance, as I measure it.

'Since sweet the death-clothes and the knell  
Of him who having lived, dies well ;  
And wholly sweet the asphodel

'Stirred softly by that foot of his,  
When he treads brave on all that is,  
Into the world of souls, from this.

'Since sweet the tears, dropped at the door  
Of tearless Death, and even before :  
Sweet, consecrated evermore.

'What, dost thou judge it a strange thing  
That poets, crowned for vanquishing,  
Should bear some dust from out the ring ?

'Come on with me, come on with me ;  
And learn in coming : let me free  
Thy spirit into verity.'

She ceased : her palfrey's paces sent  
No separate noises as she went ;  
'Twas a bee's hum, a little spent.

And while the poet seemed to tread  
Along the drowsy noise so made,  
The forest heaved up overhead

Its billowy foliage through the air,  
And the calm stars did far and spare  
O'erswim the masses everywhere

Save when the overtopping pines  
Did bar their tremulous light with lines  
All fixed and black. Now the moon shines

A broader glory ! You may see  
The trees grow rarer presently ;  
The air blows up more fresh and free .

Until they come from dark to light,  
And from the forest to the sight  
Of the large heaven-heart, bare with night,

A fiery throb in every star,  
Those burning arteries that are  
The conduits of God's life afar.

A wild brown moorland underneath,  
And four pools breaking up the heath  
With white low gleamings, blank as death.

Beside the first pool, near the wood,  
A dead tree in set horror stood,  
Peeled and disjointed, stark as rood ,

Since thunder-stricken, years ago,  
Fixed in the spectral strain and throe  
Wherewith it struggled from the blow .

A monumental tree, alone,  
That will not bend in storms, nor groan,  
But break off sudden like a stone.

Its lifeless shadow lies oblique  
Upon the pool where, javelin-like,  
The star rays quiver while they strike.

'Drink,' said the lady, very still—  
'Be holy and cold.' He did her will,  
And drank the starry water chill.

The next pool they came near unto  
Was bare of trees : there, only grew  
Straight flags and lilies just a few

Which sullen on the water sate,  
And leant their faces on the flat,  
As weary of the starlight-state.

'Drink,' said the lady, grave and slow—  
'*World's use* behoveth thee to know.'  
He drank the bitter wave below.

The third pool, girt with thorny bushes,  
And flaunting weeds, and reeds and rushes  
That winds sang through in mournful gushes,

Was whitely smeared in many a round  
By a slow slime ; the starlight swound  
Over the ghastly light it found.

'Drink,' said the lady, sad and slow—  
'*World's love* behoveth thee to know.'  
He looked to her, commanding so ;

Her brow was troubled, but her eye  
Struck clear to his soul. For all reply  
He drank the water suddenly,—

Then, with a deathly sickness, passed  
Beside the fourth pool and the last,  
Where weights of shadow were downcast

From yew and alder and rank trails  
Of nightshade clasping the trunk-scales  
And flung across the intervals

From yew to yew : who dares to stoop  
Where those dank branches overdroop,  
Into his heart the chill strikes up,

He hears a silent gliding coil,  
The snakes strain hard against the soil,  
His foot slips in their slimy oil,

And toads seem crawling on his hand,  
And clinging bats but dimly scanned  
Full in his face their wings expand.

A paleness took the poet's cheek :  
'Must I drink *here*?' he seemed to seek  
The lady's will with utterance meek :

'Ay, ay,' she said, 'it so must be ;'  
(And this time she spake cheerfully)  
'Behoves thee know *World's cruelty*.'

He bowed his forehead till his mouth  
Curved in the wave, and drank unloth  
As if from rivers of the south ;

His lips sobbed through the water rank,  
His heart paused in him while he drank,  
His brain beat heart-like, rose and sank,

And he swooned backward to a dream  
Wherein he lay 'twixt gloom and gleam,  
With Death and Life at each extreme :



And spiritual thunders, born of soul  
Not cloud, did leap from mystic pole  
And o'er him roll and counter-roll,

Crushing their echoes reboant  
With their own wheels. Did Heaven so grant  
His spirit a sign of covenant ?

At last came silence. A slow kiss  
Did crown his forehead after this ;  
His eyelids flew back for the bliss—

The lady stood beside his head,  
Smiling a thought, with hair disspread ;  
The moonshine seemed dishevelled

In her sleek tresses manifold  
Like Danae's in the rain of old,  
That dripped with melancholy gold :

But SHE was holy, pale and high  
As one who saw an ecstasy  
Beyond a foretold agony.

' Rise up ! ' said she with voice where song  
Eddied through speech, ' rise up ; be strong :  
And learn how right avenges wrong.'

The poet rose up on his feet :  
He stood before an altar set  
For sacrament with vessels meet

And mystic altar-lights which shine  
As if their flames were crystalline  
Carved flames that would not shrink or pine.

The altar filled the central place  
Of a great church, and toward its face  
Long aisles did shoot and interlace ;

And from it a continuous mist  
Of incense (round the edges kissed  
By a yellow light of amethyst)

Wound upward slowly and throbbingly,  
Cloud within cloud, right silverly,  
Cloud above cloud, victoriously,—

Broke full against the arched roof,  
And thence refracting eddied off  
And floated through the marble woof

Of many a fine-wrought architrave,  
Then, poising its white masses brave,  
Swept solemnly down aisle and nave

Where now in dark and now in light  
The countless columns, glimmering white,  
Seemed leading out to the Infinite :

Plunged half-way up the shaft they showed,  
In that pale shifting incense-cloud  
Which flowed them by and overflowed

Till mist and marble seemed to blend  
And the whole temple, at the end,  
With its own incense to distend,—

The arches like a giant's bow  
To bend and slacken,—and below,  
The niched saints to come and go :

Alone amid the shifting scene  
That central altar stood serene  
In its clear steadfast taper-sheen.

Then first, the poet was aware  
Of a chief angel standing there  
Before that altar, in the glare

His eyes were dreadful, for you saw  
That *they* saw God ; his lips and jaw  
Grand-made and strong, as Sinai's law

They could enunciate and refrain  
From vibratory after-pain,  
And his brow's height was sovereign :

On the vast background of his wings  
Rises his image, and he flings  
From each plumed arc pale glitterings

And fiery flakes (as beateth more  
Or less, the angel-heart) before  
And round him upon roof and floor,

Edging with fire the shifting fumes,  
While at his side 'twixt lights and glooms  
The phantasm of an organ booms.

Extending from which instrument  
And angel, right and left-way bent,  
The poet's sight grew sentient

Of a strange company around  
And toward the altar ; pale and bound  
With bay above the eyes profound.

Deathful their faces were, and yet  
The power of life was in them set—  
Never forgot nor to forget :

Sublime significance of mouth,  
Dilated nostril full of youth,  
And forehead royal with the truth.

These faces were not multiplied  
Beyond your count, but side by side  
Did front the altar, glorified,

Still as a vision, yet exprest  
Full as an action—look and geste  
Of buried saint, in risen rest.

The poet knew them. Faint and dim  
His spirit seemed to sink in him—  
Then, like a dolphin, change and swim

The current : these were poets true,  
Who died for Beauty, as martyrs do  
For Truth—the ends being scarcely two.

God's prophets of the Beautiful  
These poets were ; of iron rule,  
The rugged cilix, serge of wool.

Here Homer, with the broad suspense  
Of thunderous brows, and lips intense  
Of garrulous god-innocence.

There Shakespeare, on whose forehead climb  
The crowns o' the world : O eyes sublime  
With tears and laughters for all time !

Here Æschylus, the women swooned  
To see so awful when he frowned  
As the gods did : he standeth crowned.

Euripides, with close and mild  
Scholastic lips, that could be wild,  
And laugh or sob out like a child

Even in the classes. Sophocles,  
With that king's look which down the trees  
Followed the dark effigies

Of the lost Theban. Hesiod old,  
Who, somewhat blind and deaf and cold,  
Cared most for gods and bulls. And bold

Electric Pindar, quick as fear,  
With race-dust on his cheeks, and clear  
Slant startled eyes that seem to hear

The chariot rounding the last goal,  
To hurtle past it in his soul.  
And Sappho, with that gloriole

Of ebon hair on calmed brows—  
O poet-woman ! none forgoes  
The leap, attaining the repose.

Theocritus, with glittering locks  
Dropt sideways, as betwixt the rocks  
He watched the visionary flock—

And Aristophanes, who took  
The world with mirth, and laughter-struck  
The hollow caves of Thought and woke

The infinite echoes hid in each.  
And Virgil, shade of Mantuan beech  
Did help the shade of bay to reach

And knit around his forehead high :  
For his gods wore less majesty  
Than his brown bees hummed deathlessly.

Lucretius, nobler than his mood,  
Who dropped his plummet down the broad  
Deep universe and said 'No God'—

Finding no bottom : he denied  
Divinely the divine, and died  
Chief poet on the Tiber-side

By grace of God : his face is stern  
As one compelled, in spite of scorn,  
To teach a truth he would not learn.

And Ossian, dimly seen or guessed ;  
Once counted greater than the rest,  
When mountain winds blew out his vest.

And Spenser drooped his dreaming head  
(With languid sleep-smile you had said  
From his own verse engendered)

On Ariosto's, till they ran  
Their curls in one : the Italian  
Shot nimbler heat of bolder man

From his fine lids. And Dante stern  
And sweet, whose spirit was an urn  
For wine and milk poured out in turn.

Hard-souled Alfieri ; and fancy-willed  
Boiardo, who with laughter filled  
The pauses of the jostled shield.

And Berni, with a hand stretched out  
To sleek that storm. And, not without  
The wreath he died in and the doubt

He died by, Tasso, bard and lover,  
Whose visions were too thin to cover  
The face of a false woman over.

And soft Racine ; and grave Corneille,  
The orator of rhymes, whose wail  
Scarce shook his purple. And Petrarch pale,

From whose brain-lighted heart were thrown  
A thousand thoughts beneath the sun,  
Each lucid with the name of One.

And Camoens, with that look he had,  
Compelling India's Genius sad  
From the wave through the *Lusiad*,—

The murmurs of the storm-cape ocean  
Indrawn in vibrative emotion  
Along the verse. And, while devotion

In his wild eyes fantastic shone  
Under the tonsure blown upon  
By airs celestial, Calderon.

And bold De Vega, who breathed quick  
Verse after verse, till death's old trick  
Put pause to life and rhetoric.

And Goethe, with that reaching eye  
His soul reached out from, far and high,  
And fell from inner entity

And Schiller, with heroic front  
Worthy of Plutarch's kiss upon 't,  
Too large for wreath of modern wont.

And Chaucer, with his infantine  
Familiar clasp of things divine ;  
That mark upon his lip is wine.

Here, Milton's eyes strike piercing-dim ;  
The shapes of suns and stars did swim  
Like clouds from them, and granted him

God for sole vision. Cowley, there,  
Whose active fancy debonair  
Drew straws like amber --foul to fair.

Drayton and Browne, with smiles they drew  
From outward nature, still kept new  
From their own inward nature true.

And Marlowe, Webster, Fletcher, Ben,  
Whose fire-hearts sowed our furrows when  
The world was worthy of such men.

And Burns, with pungent passionings  
Set in his eyes : deep lyric springs  
Are of the fire-mount's issuings.

And Shelley, in his white ideal,  
All statue-blind. And Keats the real  
Adonis with the hymeneal

Fresh vernal buds half sunk between  
His youthful curls, kissed straight and sheen  
In his Rome-grave, by Venus queen.

And poor, proud Byron, sad as grave  
And salt as life ; forlornly brave,  
And quivering with the dart he drave

And visionary Coleridge, who  
Did sweep his thoughts as angels do  
Their wings with cadence up the Blue.

These poets faced (and many more)  
The lighted altar looming o'er  
The clouds of incense dim and hoar :

And all their faces, in the lull  
Of natural things, looked wonderful  
With life and death and deathless rule.

All, still as stone and yet intense ;  
As if by spirit's vehemence  
That stone were carved and not by sense.

But where the heart of each should beat,  
There seemed a wound instead of it,  
From whence the blood dropped to their feet

Drop after drop—dropped heavily,  
As century follows century  
Into the deep eternity.



Then said the lily—and her word  
 Came distant, as wide waves were stirred  
 Between her and the ear that heard,

' *World's use* is cold, *world's love* is vain,  
*World's cruelty* is bitter bane,  
 But pain is not the fruit of pain.

' Harken, O poet, whom I led  
 From the dark wood : dismissing dread,  
 Now hear this angel in my stead.

' His organ's clavier strikes along  
 These poets' hearts, sonorous, strong,  
 They gave him without count of wrong,—

' A diapason whence to guide  
 Up to God's feet, from these who died,  
 An anthem fully glorified -

' Whereat God's blessing, IBARAK (יְבָרַךְ)  
 Breathes back this music, folds it back  
 About the earth in vapoury rack,

' And men walk in it, crying " Lo  
 The world is wider, and we know  
 The very heavens look brighter so :

' " The stars move statelier round the edge  
 Of the silver spheres, and give in pledge  
 Their light for nobler privilege .

' " No little flower but joys or grieves,  
 Full life is rustling in the sheaves,  
 Full spirit sweeps the forest-leaves."

' So works this music on the earth,  
 God so admits it, sends it forth  
 To add another worth to worth—

'A new creation-bloom that rounds  
The old creation and expounds  
His Beautiful in tuneful sounds.

'Now harken !' Then the poet gazed  
Upon the angel glorious-faced  
Whose hand, majestically raised,

Floated across the organ-keys,  
Like a pale moon o'er murmuring seas,  
With no touch but with influences :

Then rose and fell (with swell and swoond  
Of shapeless noises wandering round  
A concord which at last they found)

'Those mystic keys : the tones were mixed,  
Dim, faint, and thrilled and throbb'd betwixt  
The incomplete and the unfixed :

And therein mighty minds were heard  
In mighty musings, mly stirred,  
And struggling outward for a word :

Until these surges, having run  
Thus way and that, gave out as one  
An Aphrodite of sweet tune,

A Harmony that, finding vent,  
Upward in grand ascension went,  
Winged to a heavenly argument,

Up, upward like a saint who strips  
The shroud back from his eyes and lips,  
And rises in apocalypse :

A harmony sublime and plain,  
Which cleft (as flying swan, the rain, —  
Throwing the drops off with a strain

Of her white wing) those undertones  
Of perplexed chords, and soared at once  
And struck out from the starry thrones

Their several silver octaves as  
It passed to God. The music was  
Of divine stature ; strong to pass :

And those who heard it, understood  
Something of life in spirit and blood,  
Something of nature's fair and good :

And while it sounded, those great souls  
Did thrill as racers at the goals  
And burn in all their aureoles ;

But she the lady, as vapour-bound,  
Stood calmly in the joy of sound,  
Like Nature with the showers around :

And when it ceased, the blood which fell  
Again, alone grew audible,  
Tolling the silence as a bell.

The sovran angel lifted high  
His hand, and spake out sovranly :  
' Tried poets, harken and reply !

' Give me true answers. If we grant  
That not to suffer, is to want  
The conscience of the jubilant,—

' If ignorance of anguish is  
*But* ignorance, and mortals miss  
Far prospects, by a level bliss,—

' If, as two colours must be viewed  
In a visible image, mortals should  
Need good and evil, to see good,—

' If to speak nobly, comprehends  
To feel profoundly,—if the ends  
Of power and suffering, Nature blends,—

' If poets on the tripod must  
Writhe like the Pythian to make just  
Their oracles and merit trust,—

' If every vatic word that sweeps  
To change the world must pale their lips  
And leave their own souls in eclipse,—

' If to search deep the universe  
Must pierce the searcher with the curse,  
Because that bolt (in man's reverse)

' Was shot to the heart o' the wood and lies  
Wedged deepest in the best,— if eyes  
That look for visions and surprise

' From influent angels, must shut down  
Their eyelids first to sun and moon,  
The head asleep upon a stone,—

' If ONE who did redeem you back,  
By His own loss, from final wrack,  
Did consecrate by touch and track

' Those temporal sorrows till the taste  
Of brackish waters of the waste  
Is salt with tears He dropt too fast,—

' If all the crowns of earth must wound  
With prickings of the thorns He found,—  
If saddest sighs swell sweetest sound,—

' What say ye unto this?—refuse  
This baptism in salt water?—choose  
Calm breasts, mute lips, and labour loose?

'Or, O ye gifted givers ' ye  
Who give your liberal hearts to me  
To make the world this harmony,

'Are ye resigned that they be spent  
To such world's help?'

The Spirits bent  
Their awful brows and said 'Content.'

Content ! it sounded like *amen*  
Said by a choir of mourning men ,  
An affirmation full of pain

And patience,-- ay, of glorving  
And adoration, as a king  
Might seal an oath for governing.

Then said the angel- and his face  
Lightened abroad until the place  
Grew larger for a moment's space,--

The long aisles flashing out in light,  
And nave and transept, columns white  
And arches crossed, being clear to sight

As if the roof were off and all  
Stood in the noon-sun,—'Lo, I call  
To other hearts as liberal.

'This pedal strikes out in the air :  
My instrument has room to bear  
Still fuller strains and perfecter.

'Herein is room, and shall be room  
While Time lasts, for new hearts to come  
Consummating while they consume.

'What living man will bring a gift  
Of his own heart and help to lift  
The tune?—The race is to the swift.'

So asked the angel. Straight the while,  
A company came up the aisle  
With measured step and sorted smile ;

Cleaving the incense-clouds that rise,  
With winking unaccustomed eyes  
And love-locks smelling sweet of spice.

One bore his head above the rest  
As if the world were dispossessed,  
And one did pillow chin on breast,

Right languid, an as he should faint ;  
One shook his curls across his paint  
And moralised on worldly taint ;

One, slanting up his face, did wink  
The salt rheum to the eyelid's brink,  
To think— O gods ! or—not to think.

Some trod out stealthily and slow,  
As if the sun would fall in snow  
If they walked to instead of fro ;

And some, with conscious ambling free,  
Did shake their bells right daintily  
On hand and foot, for harmony ;

And some composing sudden sighs  
In attitudes of point-device,  
Rehearsed impromptu agonies.

And when this company drew near  
The spirits crowned, it might appear  
Submitted to a ghastly fear ;

As a sane eye in master-passion  
Constrains a maniac to the fashion  
Of hideous maniac imitation

In the least geste—the dropping low  
O' the lid, the wrinkling of the brow,  
Exaggerate with mock and mow, —

So mastered was that company  
By the crowned vision utterly,  
Swayed to a maniac mockery.

One dulled his eyeballs, as they ached  
With Homer's forehead, though he lacked  
An inch of any ; and one racked

His lower lip with restless tooth,  
As Pindar's rushing words forsooth  
Were pent behind it ; one his smooth

Pink cheeks, did rumple passionate  
Like Æschylus, and tried to prate  
On trolling tongue of fate and fate ;

One set her eyes like Sappho's—or  
Any light woman's ; one forbore  
Like Dante, or any man as poor

In mirth, to let a smile undo  
His hard-shut lips ; and one that drew  
Sour humours from his mother, blew

His sunken cheeks out to the size  
Of most unnatural jollities,  
Because Anacreon looked jest-wise ;

So with the rest : it was a sight  
A great world-laughter would requite,  
Or great world-wrath, with equal right.

Out came a speaker from that crowd  
To speak for all, in sleek and proud  
Exordial periods, while he bowed

His knee before the angel—' Thus,  
O angel who hast called for us,  
We bring thee service emulous,

' Fit service from sufficient soul,  
Hand-service to receive world's dole,  
Lip-service in world's ear to roll

' Adjusted concords soft enow  
To hear the wine-cups passing, through,  
And not too grave to spoil the show :

' Thou, certes, when thou askest more,  
O sapient angel, leanest o'er  
The window-sill of metaphor.

' To give our hearts up? fie ! that rage  
Barbaric antedates the age ;  
It is not done on any stage.

' Because your scald or gleeman went  
With seven or nine-stringed instrument  
Upon his back, - must ours be bent ?

' We are not pilgrims, by your leave ;  
No, nor yet martyrs ; if we grieve,  
It is to rhyme to summer eve :

' And if we labour, it shall be  
As suiteth best with our degree,  
In after-dinner reverie.'

More yet that speaker would have said,  
Poising between his smiles fair-fed  
Each separate phrase till finished ,

But all the foreheads of those born  
And dead true poets flashed with scorn  
Betwixt the bay leaves round them worn,



Ay, jetted such brave fire that they,  
The new-come, shrank and paled away  
Like leaden ashes when the day

Strikes on the hearth. A spirit-blast,  
A presence known by power, at last  
Took them up mutely : they had passed.

And he our pilgrim-poet saw  
Only their places, in deep awe,  
What time the angel's smile did draw

His gazing upward. Smiling on,  
The angel in the angel shone,  
Revealing glory in benison ,

Till, ripened in the light which shut  
The poet in, his spirit mute  
Dropped sudden as a perfect fruit :

He fell before the angel's feet,  
Saying, ' If what is true is sweet,  
In something I may compass it :

' For, where my worthiness is poor,  
My will stands richly at the door  
To pay shortcomings evermore.

' Accept me therefore : not for price  
And not for pride my sacrifice  
Is tendered, for my soul is nice

' And will beat down those dusty seeds  
Of bearded corn if she succeeds  
In soaring while the covey feeds.

' I soar, I am drawn up like the lark  
To its white cloud : so high my mark,  
Albeit my wing is small and dark.

' I ask no wages, seek no fame :  
Sew me, for shroud round face and name,  
God's banner of the onflamme.

' I only would have leave to loose  
(In tears and blood if so He choose)  
Mine inward music out to use ;

' I only would be spent- in pain  
And loss, perchance, but not in vain—  
Upon the sweetness of that strain ;

' Only project beyond the bound  
Of mine own life, so lost and found,  
My voice and live on in its sound ;

' Only embrace and be embraced  
By fiery ends, whereby to waste,  
And light God's future with my past.'

The angel's smile grew more divine,  
The mortal speaking ; ay, its shine  
Swelled fuller, like a choir-note fine,

Till the broad glory round his brow  
Did vibrate with the light below ;  
But what he said, I do not know.

Nor know I if the man who prayed,  
Rose up accepted, unforbade,  
From the church-floor where he was laid ;

Nor if a listening life did run  
Through the king-poets, one by one  
Rejoicing in a worthy son -

My soul, which might have seen, grew blind  
By what it looked on : I can find  
No certain count of things behind.

I saw alone, dim, white and grand  
As in a dream, the angel's hand  
Stretched forth in gesture of command

Straight through the haze. And so, as erst,  
A strain more noble than the first  
Mused in the organ, and outburst .

With giant march from floor to roof  
Rose the full notes, now parted off  
In pauses massively aloof

Like measured thunders, now rejoined  
In concords of mysterious kind  
Which fused together sense and mind,

Now flashing sharp on sharp along  
Exultant in a mounting throng,  
Now dying off to a low song

Fed upon minors, wavelike sounds  
Re-eddying into silver rounds,  
Enlarging liberty with bounds :

And every rhythm that seemed to close  
Survived in confluent underflows  
Symphonious with the next that rose.

Thus the whole strain being multiplied  
And greatened, with its glorified  
Wings shot abroad from side to side,

Waved backward (as a wind might wave  
A Brocken mist and with as brave  
Wild roaring) arch and architrave,

Aisle, transept, column, marble wall,—  
Then swelling outward, prodigal  
Of aspiration beyond thrall,

Soared, and drew up with it the whole  
Of this said vision, as a soul  
Is raised by a thought. And as a scroll

Of bright devices is unrolled  
Still upward with a gradual gold,  
So rose the vision manifold,

Angel and organ, and the round  
Of spirits, solemnised and crowned ;  
While the freed clouds of incense wound

Ascending, following in their track,  
And glimmering faintly like the rack  
O' the moon in her own light cast back

And as that solemn dream withdrew,  
The lady's kiss did fall anew  
Cold on the poet's brow as dew.

And that same kiss which bound him first  
Beyond the senses, now reversed  
Its own law and most subtly pierced

His spirit with the sense of things  
Sensual and present. Vanishings  
Of glory with Æolian wings

Struck him and passed : the lady's face  
Did melt back in the chrysopras  
Of the orient morning sky that was

Yet clear of lark and there and so  
She melted as a star might do,  
Still smiling as she melted slow :

Smiling so slow, he seemed to see  
Her smile the last thing, gloriously  
Beyond her, far as memory.

Then he looked round : he was alone.  
He lay before the breaking sun,  
As Jacob at the Bethel stone.

And thought's entangled skein being wound.  
He knew the moorland of his swound,  
And the pale pools that smeared the ground .

The far wood-pines like offing ships ;  
The fourth pool's yew anear him drips,  
*World's cruelty* attaints his lips,

And still he tastes it, bitter still ;  
Through all that glorious possible  
He had the sight of present ill.

Yet rising calmly up and slowly  
With such a cheer as scorneth folly,  
A mild delightsome melancholy,

He journeyed homeward through the wood  
And prayed along the solitude  
Betwixt the pines, ' O God, my God ! '

The golden morning's open flowings  
Did sway the trees to murmurous bowings,  
In metric chant of blessed poems.

And passing homeward through the wood  
He prayed along the solitude,  
' THOU, Poet-God, art great and good !

' And though we must have, and have had  
Right reason to be earthly sad,  
" THOU, Poet-God, art great and glad." '

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## CONCLUSION.

Life treads on life, and heart on heart ;  
We press too close in church and mart  
To keep a dream or grave apart :

And I was 'ware of walking down  
That same green forest where had gone  
The poet-pilgrim. One by one

I traced his footsteps. From the east  
A red and tender radiance pressed  
Through the near trees, until I guessed

The sun behind shone full and round ;  
While up the leafiness profound  
A wind scarce old enough for sound

Stood ready to blow on me when  
I turned that way, and now and then  
The birds sang and brake off again

To shake their pretty feathers dry  
Of the dew sliding droppingly  
From the leaf-edges and apply

Back to their song : 'twixt dew and bird  
So sweet a silence ministered,  
God seemed to use it for a word,

Yet morning souls did leap and run  
In all things, as the least had won  
A joyous insight of the sun,

And no one looking round the wood  
Could help confessing as he stood,  
*This Poet-God is glad and good.*

But hark ! a distant sound that grows,  
A heaving, sinking of the boughs,  
A rustling murmur, not of those

A breezy noise which is not breeze !  
And white-clad children by degrees  
Steal out in troops among the trees,

Fair little children morning-bright,  
With faces grave yet soft to sight,  
Expressive of restrained delight.

Some plucked the palm-boughs within reach,  
And others leapt up high to catch  
The upper boughs and shake from each

A rain of dew till, wetted so,  
The child who held the branch let go  
And it swang backward with a flow

Of faster drippings. 'Then I knew  
The children laughed ; but the laugh flew  
From its own chirrup as might do

A frightened song-bird ; and a child  
Who seemed the chief said very mild,  
'Hush ! keep this morning undefiled.'

His eyes rebuked them from calm spheres ;  
His soul upon his brow appears  
In waiting for more holy years.

I called the child to me, and said,  
'What are your palms for ?' 'To be spread,'  
He answered, 'on a poet dead.

'The poet died last month, and now  
The world which had been somewhat slow  
In honouring his living brow,

'Commands the palms ; they must be strown  
On his new marble very soon,  
In a procession of the town.'

I sighed and said, 'Did he foresee  
Any such honour?' 'Verily  
I cannot tell you,' answered he.

'But this I know, I fain would lay  
My own head down, another day,  
As *he* did,—with the fame away.

'A hly, a friend's hand had plucked,  
Lay by his death-bed, which he looked  
As deep down as a bee had sucked,

'Then, turning to the lattice, gazed  
O'er hill and river and upraised  
His eyes illumined and amazed

'With the world's beauty, up to God,  
Re-offering on their iris broad  
The images of things bestowed

'By the chief Poet. "God!" he cried,  
"Be praised for anguish which has tried,  
For beauty which has satisfied:

' "For this world's presence half within  
And half without me—thought and scene—  
This sense of Being and Having been.

' "I thank Thee that my soul hath room  
For Thy grand world: both guests may come—  
Beauty, to soul—Body, to tomb.

' "I am content to be so weak:  
Put strength into the words I speak,  
And I am strong in what I seek.

' "I am content to be so bare  
Before the archers, everywhere  
My wounds being stroked by heavenly air



“ I laid my soul before Thy feet  
That images of fair and sweet  
Should walk to other men on it.

“ I am content to feel the step  
Of each pure image : let those keep  
To mandragore who care to sleep.

“ I am content to touch the brink  
Of the other goblet and I think  
My bitter drink a wholesome drink.

“ Because my portion was assigned  
Wholesome and bitter, Thou art kind,  
And I am ble-sed to my mind.

“ Gifted for giving, I receive  
The maythorn and its scent outgive :  
I grieve not that I once did grieve.

“ In my large joy of sight and touch  
Beyond what others count for such,  
I am content to suffer much.

“ *I know*—is all the mourner saith,  
Knowledge by suffering entereth,  
And Life is perfected by Death.”

The child spake nobly : strange to hear  
His infantine soft accents clear  
Charged with high meanings, did appear ;

And fair to see, his form and face  
Winged out with whiteness and pure grace  
From the green darkness of the place.

Behind his head a palm-tree grew ;  
An orient beam which pierced it through  
Transversely on his forehead drew

The figure of a palm-branch brown  
Traced on its brightness up and down  
In fine fair lines,—a shadow-crown :

Guido might paint his angels so—  
A little angel, taught to go  
With holy words to saints below—

Such innocence of action yet  
Significance of object met  
In his whole bearing strong and sweet.

And all the children, the whole band,  
Did round in rosy reverence stand,  
Each with a palm-bough in his hand.

'And so he died,' I whispered. 'Nay,  
Not so,' the childish voice did say,  
'That poet turned him first to pray

'In silence, and God heard the rest  
'Twixt the sun's footsteps down the west.  
Then he called one who loved him best,

'Yea, he called softly through the room  
(His voice was weak yet tender)—"Come,"  
He said, "come nearer! Let the bloom

"Of Life grow over, undemied,  
This bridge of Death, which is not wide—  
I shall be soon at the other side.

"Come, kiss me!" So the one in truth  
Who loved him best,—in love, not ruth,  
Bowed down and kissed him mouth to mouth :

'And in that kiss of love was won  
Life's manumission. All was done :  
The mouth that kissed last, kissed *alone*.

' But in the former, confluent kiss,  
The same was sealed, I think, by His,  
To words of truth and uprightness.'

The child's voice trembled, his lip shook  
Like a rose leaning o'er a brook,  
Which vibrates though it is not struck.

' And who,' I asked, a little moved  
Yet curious-eyed, ' was this that loved  
And kissed him last, as it behoved ?'

' I,' softly said the child ; and then,  
' I,' said he louder, once again :  
' His son, my rank is among men :

' And now that men exalt his name  
I come to gather palms with them,  
That holy love may hallow fame.

' He did not die alone, nor should  
His memory live so, 'mid these rude  
World-praisers—a worse solitude

' Me, a voice calleth to that tomb  
Where these are strewing branch and bloom,  
Saying, " Come nearer : " and I come.

' Glory to God ! ' resumed he,  
And his eyes smiled for victory  
O'er their own tears which I could see

Fallen on the palm, down cheek and chin—  
' That poet now has entered in  
The place of rest which is not sin.

' And while he rests, his songs in troops  
Walk up and down our earthly slopes,  
Companioned by diviner hopes.'

' But *thou*,' I murnured to engage  
The child's speech farther—' hast an age  
Too tender for this orphanage.'

' Glory to God—to God !' he saith,  
' KNOWLEDGE BY SUFFERING ENTERETH,  
AND LIFE IS PERFECTED BY DEATH.'



## THE ROMAUNT OF THE PAGE.

— 127 —

A KNIGHT of gallant deeds  
And a young page at his side,  
From the holy war in Palestine  
Did slow and thoughtful ride,  
As each were a palmer and told for beads  
The dews of the eventide.

'O young page,' said the knight,  
'A noble page art thou !  
Thou fearest not to steep in blood  
The curls upon thy brow ;  
And once in the tent, and twice in the fight,  
Didst ward me a mortal blow.'

'O brave knight,' said the page,  
'Or ere we hither came,  
We talked in tent, we talked in field,  
Of the bloody battle-game ;  
But here, below this greenwood bough,  
I cannot speak the same.

'Our troop is far behind,  
The woodland calm is new ;  
Our steeds, with slow grass-muffled hoofs,  
Tread deep the shadows through ;  
And, in my mind, some blessing kind  
Is dropping with the dew.

'The woodland calm is pure—  
I cannot choose but have  
A thought from these, o' the beechen-trees,  
Which in our England wave,  
And of the little finches fine  
Which sang there while in Palestine  
The warrior-hilt we drave.

'Methinks, a moment gone,  
I heard my mother pray !  
I heard, sir knight, the prayer for me  
Wherein she passed away ;  
And I know the heavens are leaning down  
To hear what I shall say.'

The page spake calm and high,  
As of no mean degree ;  
Perhaps he felt in nature's broad  
Full heart, his own was free :  
And the knight looked up to his lifted eye,  
Then answered smilingly

'Sir page, I pray your grace !  
Certes, I meant not so  
To cross your pastoral mood, sir page,  
With the crook of the battle-bow ;  
But a knight may speak of a lady's face,  
I ween, in any mood or place,  
If the grasses die or grow.

'And this I meant to say—  
My lady's face shall shine  
As ladies' faces use, to greet  
My page from Palestine ;  
Or, speak she fair or prank she gay,  
She is no lady of mine.

‘And this I meant to fear—  
 Her bower may suit thee ill ;  
 For, sooth, in that same field and tent,  
 Thy *talk* was somewhat still :  
 And fitter thy hand for my knightly spear  
 Than thy tongue for my lady’s will !’

Slowly and thankfully  
 ‘The young page bowed his head ;  
 His large eyes seemed to muse a smile,  
 Until he blushed instead,  
 And no lady in her bower, *pardie*,  
 Could blush more sudden red :  
 ‘Sir knight,—thy lady’s bower to me  
 Is suited well,’ he said.

*Beati, beati, mortui !*

From the convent on the sea,  
 One mile off, or scarce so nigh,  
 Swells the dudge as clear and high  
 As if that, over brake and lea,  
 Bodily the wind did carry  
 The great altar of St. Mary,  
 And the fifty tapers burning o’er it,  
 And the Lady Abbess dead before it,  
 And the chanting nuns whom yesterweek  
 Her voice did charge and bless,—  
 Chanting steady, chanting meek,  
 Chanting with a solemn breath,  
 Because that they are thinking less  
 Upon the dead than upon death.

*Beati, beati, mortui !*

Now the vision in the sound  
 Wheeleth on the wind around ;  
 Now it sweepeth back, away—  
 The uplands will not let it stay

To dark the western sun :  
*Mortui* !—away at last,—  
Or ere the page's blush is past !  
And the knight heard all, and the page heard none.

‘ A boon, thou noble knight,  
If ever I served thee !  
Though thou art a knight and I am a page,  
Now grant a boon to me ;  
And tell me sooth, if dark or bright,  
If little loved or loved aright  
Be the face of thy ladye.’

Gloomily looked the knight --  
‘ As a son thou hast served me,  
And would to none I had granted boon  
Except to only thee !  
For haply then I should love aright,  
For then I should know if dark or bright  
Were the face of my ladye.

‘ Yet it ill suits my knightly tongue  
To grudge that granted boon,  
That heavy price from heart and life  
I paid in silence down ;  
The hand that claimed it, cleared in fine  
My father's fame : I swear by mine,  
That price was nobly won !

‘ Earl Walter was a brave old earl,  
He was my father's friend ;  
And while I rode the lists at court  
And little guessed the end,  
My noble father in his shroud  
Against a slanderer lying loud.  
He rose up to defend.



' Oh, calm below the marble grey  
My father's dust was strown !  
Oh, meek above the marble grey  
His image prayed alone !  
The slanderer lied : the wretch was brave—  
For, looking up the minster-nave,  
He saw my father's knightly glaive  
Was changed from steel to stone.

' Earl Walter's glaive was steel,  
With a brave old hand to wear it,  
And dashed the lie back in the mouth  
Which lied against the godly truth  
And against the knightly merit :  
The slanderer, 'neath the avenger's heel,  
Struck up the dagger in appeal  
From stealthy lie to brutal force—  
And out upon the traitor's corse  
Was yielded the true spirit.

' I would mine hand had fought that fight  
And justified my father !  
I would mine heart had caught that wound  
And slept beside him rather !  
I think it were a better thing  
Than murdered friend and marriage-ring  
Forced on my life together.

Wail shook Earl Walter's house ;  
His true wife shed no tear ;  
She lay upon her bed as mute  
As the earl did on his bier :  
Till—" Ride, ride fast," she said at last,  
" And bring the avenged's son anear !  
Ride fast, ride free, as a dart can flee,  
For white of blee with waiting for me  
Is the corse in the next chambère."

' I came, I knelt beside her bed ;  
Her calm was worse than strife.  
" My husband, for thy father dear,  
Gave freely when thou wast not here  
His own and eke my life.  
A boon ! Of that sweet child we make  
An orphan for thy father's sake,  
Make thou, for ours, a wife."

' I said, " My steed neighs in the court,  
My bark rocks on the brine,  
And the warrior's vow I am under now  
To free the pilgrim's shrine :  
But fetch the ring and fetch the priest  
And call that daughter of thine,  
And rule she wide from my castle on Nyde  
While I am in Palestine."

' In the dark chambère, if the bride was fair,  
Ye wis, I could not see,  
But the steed thrice neighed, and the priest fast **prayed**,  
And wedded fast were we,  
Her mother smiled upon her bed  
As at its side we knelt to wed,  
And the bride rose from her knee  
And kissed the smile of her mother dead,  
Or ever she kissed me.

' My page, my page, what grieves thee so,  
'That the tears run down thy face?'—  
' Alas, alas ! mine own sister  
Was in thy lady's case :  
But *she* laid down the silks she wore  
And followed him she wed before,  
Disguised as his true servitor,  
'To the very battle-place.

And wept the page, but laughed the knight,  
A careless laugh laughed he :  
' Well done it were for thy sistèr,  
But not for my ladye !  
My love, so please you, shall requite  
No woman, whether dark or bright,  
Unwomaned if she be.'

' The page stopped weeping, and smiled cold—  
' Your wisdom may declare  
That womanhood is proved the best  
By golden brooch and glossy vest  
The mincing ladies wear ;  
Yet is it proved, and was of old,  
Anear as well, I dare to hold,  
By truth, or by despair.'

He smiled no more, he wept no more,  
But passionate he spake—  
' Oh, womanly she prayed in tent,  
When none beside did wake !  
Oh, womanly she paled in fight,  
For one beloved's sake !—  
And her little hand, defiled with blood,  
Her tender tears of womanhood  
Most woman-pure did make !'

— ' Well done it were for thy sistèr,  
Thou tellest well her tale !  
But for my lady, she shall pray  
I' the kirk of Nydesdale.  
Not dread for me but love for me  
Shall make my lady pale ;  
No casque shall hide her woman's tear—  
It shall have room to trickle clear  
Behind her woman's veil '

— 'But what if she mistook thy mind  
And followed thee to strife,  
Then kneeling did entreat thy love  
As Paynins ask for life?'

— 'I would forgive, and evermore  
Would love her as my servitor,  
But little as my wife.

'Look up—there is a small bright cloud  
Alone amid the skies '  
So high, so pure, and so apart,  
A woman's honour lies.'  
The page looked up—the cloud was sheen—  
A sadder cloud did rush, I ween,  
Betwixt it and his eyes

Then dimly dropped his eyes away  
From welkin unto hill—  
Ha! who rides there?—the page is 'ware,  
Though the cry at his heart is still.  
And the page seeth all and the knight seeth none,  
Though banner and spear do fleck the sun,  
And the Saracens ride at will.

He speaketh calm, he speaketh low,—  
'Ride fast, my master, ride,  
Or ere within the broadening dark  
The narrow shadows hide.'  
'Yea, fast, my page, I will do so,  
And keep thou at my side.

'Now nay, now nay, ride on thy way,  
Thy faithful page precede.  
For I must loose on saddle-bow  
My battle-casque that galls, I trow,  
The shoulder of my steed,  
And I must pray, as I did vow,  
For one in bitter need

' Ere night I shall be near to thee,—

Now ride, my master, ride !

Ere night, as parted spirits cleave

To mortals too beloved to leave,

I shall be at thy side.'

The knight smiled free at the fantasy,

And adown the dell did ride.

Had the knight looked up to the page's face,

No smile the word had won ,

Had the knight looked up to the page's face,

I ween he had never gone :

Had the knight looked back to the page's geste,

I ween he had turned anon,

For dread was the woe in the face so young,

And wild was the silent geste that flung

Casque, sword to earth, as the boy down-sprung

And stood—alone, alone.

He clenched his hands as if to hold

His soul's great agony—

' Have I renounced my womanhood,

For wifehood unto *thee*,

And is this the last, last look of thine

That ever I shall see ?

' Yet God thee save, and may'st thou have

A lady to thy mind,

More woman-proud and half as true

As one thou leav'st behind !

And God me take with HIM to dwell—

For HIM I cannot love too well,

As I have loved my kind.'

SHE looketh up, in earth's despair,

The hopeful heavens to seek ;

That little cloud still floateth there,

Whereof her loved did speak :

How bright the little cloud appears !  
Her eyelids fall upon the tears,  
And the tears down either cheek.

The tramp of hoof, the flash of steel —  
The Paynims round her coming !  
The sound and sight have made her calm,—  
False page, but truthful woman ;  
She stands amid them all unmoved :  
A heart once broken by the loved  
Is strong to meet the foeman.

Ho, Christian page ! art keeping sheep,  
From pouring wine-cups resting ? '—  
' I keep my master's noble name,  
For warring, not for feasting ;  
And if that here Sir Hubert were,  
My master brave, my master dear,  
Ye would not stav the questing.'

' Where is thy master, scornful page,  
That we may slay or bind him ? '—  
' Now search the lea and search the wood  
And see if ye can find him !  
Nathless, as hath been often tried,  
Your Paynim heroes faster ride  
Before him than behind him.'

' Give smother answers, lying page  
Or perish in the lying ! '—  
' I trow that if the warrior brand  
Beside my foot, were in my hand,  
"Twere better at replying !'  
They cursed her deep, they smote her low,  
They cleft her golden ringlets through :  
The Loving is the Dying.

She felt the scimitar gleam down,  
 And met it from beneath  
 With smile more bright in victors  
 Than any sword from sheath, —  
 Which flashed across her lip serene,  
 Most like the spirit-light between  
 The darks of life and death.

*Ingemisco, ingemisco !*

From the convent on the sea,  
 Now it sweepeth solemnly,  
 As over wood and over lea  
 Bodily the wind did carry  
 The great altar of St. Mary,  
 And the fifty tapers paling o'er it,  
 And the Lady Abbess stark before it,  
 And the weary nuns with hearts that faintly  
 Beat along their voices faintly—

*Ingemisco, ingemisco !*

Dirge for abbess laid in shroud  
 Sweepeth o'er the shroudless dead,  
 Page or lady, as we said,  
 With the dews upon her head,  
 All as sad if not as loud.

*Ingemisco, ingemisco !*

Is ever a lament begun  
 By any mourner under sun,  
 Which, ere it endeth, suits but *one* ?

# THE LAY OF THE BROWN ROSARY.

—\*—

## FIRST PART.

'ONORA, Onora,'—her mother is calling,  
She sits at the lattice and hears the dew falling  
Drop after drop from the sycamores laden  
With dew as with blossom, and calls home the maiden,  
    'Night cometh, Onora.'

She looks down the garden-walk caverned with trees,  
To the limes at the end where the green arbour is—  
'Some sweet thought or other may keep where it found her  
While, forgot or unseen in the dreamlight around her,  
    Night cometh—Onora!'

She looks up the forest whose alleys shoot on  
Like the mute minster-aisles when the anthem is done,  
And the choristers sitting with faces aslant  
Feel the silence to consecrate more than the chant—  
    'Onora, Onora!'

And forward she looketh across the brown heath—  
'Onora, art coming?'—what is it she seeth?  
Nought, nought but the grey border-stone that is wist  
To dilate and assume a wild shape in the mist—  
    'My daughter!' Then over

The casement she leaneth, and as she doth so  
She is 'ware of her little son playing below :



‘ Now where is Onora ? ’ He hung down his head  
 And spake not, then answering blushed scarlet-red,—  
 ‘ At the tryst with her lover.’

But his mother was wroth : in a sternness quoth she,  
 ‘ As thou play’st at the ball art thou playing with me ?  
 When we know that her lover to battle is gone,  
 And the saints know above that she loveth but one  
 And will ne’er wed another ? ’

Then the boy wept aloud ; ’twas a fair sight yet sad  
 To see the tears run down the sweet blooms he had  
 He stamped with his foot, said—‘ The saints know I lied  
 Because truth that is wicked is fittest to hide.  
 Must I utter it, mother ? ’

In his vehement childhood he hurried within  
 And knelt at her feet as in prayer against sin,  
 But a child at a prayer never sobbeth as he—  
 ‘ Oh, she sits with the nun of the brown rosary,  
 At nights in the ruin —

‘ The old convent ruin the ivy rots off,  
 Where the owl hoots by day and the toad is sun-proof,  
 Where no singing birds build and the trees gaunt and grey  
 As in stormy sea-coasts appear blasted one way—  
 But is *this* the wind’s doing ?

‘ A nun in the east wall was buried alive  
 Who mocked at the priest when he called her to shrive,  
 And shrieked such a curse as the stone took her breath,  
 The old abbess fell backwards and swooned unto death  
 With an Ave half-spoken.

‘ I tried once to pass it, myself and my hound,  
 Till, as fearing the lash, down he shivered to ground—  
 A brave hound, my mother ! a brave hound, ye wot !  
 And the wolf thought the same with his fangs at her throat  
 In the pass of the Brocken.

' At dawn and at eve, mother, who sitteth there  
 With the brown rosary never used for a prayer?  
 Stoop low, mother, low ! If we went there to see,  
 What an ugly great hole in that east wall must be  
     At dawn and at even !

' Who meet there, my mother, at dawn and at even ?  
 Who meet by that wall, never looking to heaven ?  
 O sweetest my sister, what doeth with *thee*  
 The ghost of a nun with a brown rosary  
     And a face turned from heaven ?

' St. Agnes o'erwatcheth my dreams and erewhile  
 I have felt through mine eyelids the warmth of her smile ;  
 But last night, as a sadness like pity came o'er her,  
 She whispered—" Sav *two* prayers at dawn for Onora :  
     The Tempted is sinning." '

' Onora, Onora ! ' they heard her not coming,  
 Not a step on the grass, not a voice through the gloaming ;  
 But her mother looked up, and she stood on the floor  
 Fair and still as the moonlight that came there before,  
     And a smile just beginning .

It touches her lips but it dares not arise  
 To the height of the mystical sphere of her eyes,  
 And the large musing eyes, neither joyous nor sorry,  
 Sing on like the angels in separate glory  
     Between clouds of amber ;

For the hair droops in clouds amber-coloured till stirred  
 Into gold by the gesture that comes with a word ;  
 While— O soft !—her speaking is so interwound  
 Of the dim and the sweet, 'tis a twilight of sound  
     And floats through the chamber.

' Since thou shrivest my brother, fair mother,' said she,  
 ' I count on thy priesthood for marrying of me ,

172 THE LAY OF THE BROWN ROSARY.

And I know by the hills that the battle is done,  
That my lover rides on, will be here with the sun,  
'Neath the eyes that behold thee.'

Her mother sate silent—too tender, I wis,  
Of the smile her dead father smiled dying to kiss :  
But the boy started up pale with tears, passion-wrought—  
'O wicked fair sister, the hills utter nought !  
If he cometh, who told thee ?'

'I know by the hills,' she resumed calm and clear,  
'By the beauty upon them, that HE is anear :  
Did they ever look so since he bade me adieu ?  
Oh, love in the waking, sweet brother, is true  
As St. Agnes in sleeping !'

Half-ashamed and half-softened the boy did not speak,  
And the blush met the lashes which fell on his cheek :  
She bowed down to kiss him : dear saints, did he see  
Or feel on her bosom the BROWN ROSARY,  
That he shrank away weeping ?

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SECOND PART.

*A bed. ONORA sleeping. Angels, but not near.*

*First Angel.*

Must we stand so far, and she  
So very fair ?

*Second Angel.*

As bodies be.

*First Angel.*

And she so mild ?

*Second Angel.*

As spirits when  
'They meeken, not to God, but men.

*First Angel.*

And she so young, that I who bring  
 Good dreams for saintly children, might  
 Mistake that small soft face to-night,  
 And fetch her such a blessed thing  
 That at her waking she would weep  
 For childhood lost anew in sleep.  
 How hath she sinned?

*Second Angel.*

In bartering love ;  
 God's love for man's.

*First Angel.*

We may reprove  
 The world for this, not only her :  
 Let me approach to breathe away  
 This dust o' the heart with holy air.

*Second Angel.*

Stand off! She sleeps, and did not pray.

*First Angel.*

Did none pray for her?

*Second Angel.*

Ay, a child,—  
 Who never, praying, wept before :  
 While, in a mother undefiled,  
 Prayer goeth on in sleep, as true  
 And pauseless as the pulses do.

*First Angel.*

Then I approach.

*Second Angel.*

It is not WILLED.

*First Angel.*

One word : is she redeemed?

*Second Angel.*

No more !

The place is filled.

[Angels *vanish*.

*Evil Spirit in a Nun's garb by the bed.*

Forbear that dream—forbear that dream ! too near to heaven  
 it leaned.

*Onora in sleep.*

Nay, leave me this—but only this ! 'tis but a dream, sweet fiend !

*Evil Spirit.*

Is is a *thought*.

*Onora in sleep.*

A sleeping thought—most innocent of good !  
It doth the Devil no harm, sweet fiend ! it cannot if it would.  
I say in it no holy hymn, I do no holy work,  
I scarcely hear the sabbath-bell that chimeth from the kirk.

*Evil Spirit.*

Forbear that dream—forbear that dream !

*Onora in sleep.*

Nay, let me dream at least.

That far-off bell, it may be took for viol at a feast :  
I only walk among the fields, beneath the autumn-sun,  
With my dead father, hand in hand, as I have often done.

*Evil Spirit.*

Forbear that dream—forbear that dream !

*Onora in sleep.*

Nay, sweet fiend, let me go :

I never more can walk with *him*, oh, never more but so !  
For they have tied my father's feet beneath the kirk-yard  
stone,

Oh, deep and straight, oh, very straight ! they move at  
nights alone :

And then he calleth through my dreams, he calleth tenderly,  
' Come forth, my daughter, my beloved, and walk the fields  
with me ! '

*Evil Spirit.*

Forbear that dream, or else disprove its pureness by a sign.

*Onora in sleep.*

Speak on, thou shalt be satisfied my word shall answer  
thine.

I heard a bird which used to sing when I a child was praying,  
I see the poppies in the corn I used to sport away in :

What shall I do—tread down the dew and pull the blossoms  
blowing ?

Or clap my wicked hands to fright the finches from the  
rowen ?

*Evil Spirit.*

Thou shalt do something harder still. Stand up where thou  
dost stand

Among the fields of Dreamland with thy father hand in hand,  
And clear and slow repeat the vow, declare its cause and kind,  
Which not to break, in sleep or wake thou bearest on thy  
mind.

*Onora in sleep.*

I bear a vow of sinful kind, a vow for mournful cause ;  
I vowed it deep, I vowed it strong, the spirits laughed  
applause

The spirits trailed along the pines low laughter like a  
breeze,

While, high atween their swinging tops, the stars appeared  
to freeze.

*Evil Spirit.*

More calm and free, speak out to me why such a vow was  
made.

*Onora in sleep.*

Because that God decreed my death and I shrank back  
afraid.

Have patience, O dead father mine ! I did not fear to die—

I wish I were a young dead child and had thy company !

I wish I lay beside thy feet, a buried three-year child,

And wearing only a kiss of thine upon my lips that smiled !

The linden-tree that covers thee might so have shadowed  
twain,

For death itself I did not fear—'tis love that makes the pain :  
Love feareth death. I was no child, I was betrothed that  
day ;

I wore a troth-kiss on my lips I could not give away.

How could I bear to lie content and still beneath a stone,

And feel mine own betrothed go by—alas ! no more mine

own—

Go leading by in wedding pomp some lovely lady brave,  
 With cheeks that blushed as red as rose, while mine were  
     white in grave?

How could I bear to sit in heaven, on e'er so high a throne,  
 And hear him say to her—to *her*! that else he loveth none?  
 Though e'er so high I sate above, though e'er so low he  
     spake,

As clear as thunder I should hear the new oath he might  
     take,

'That hers, forsooth, were heavenly eyes—ah me, while very  
     dim

Some heavenly eyes (indeed of heaven!) would darken down  
     to *him*!

*Evil Spirit.*

Who told thee thou wast called to death?

*Onora in sleep.*

I sate all night beside thee:

The grey owl on the ruined wall shut both his eyes to hide  
     thee,

And ever he flapped his heavy wing all brokenly and weak.  
 And the long grass waved against the sky, around his gasp-  
     ing beak:

I sate beside thee all the night, while the moonlight lay  
     forlorn

Strewn round us like a dead world's shroud in ghastly frag-  
     ments torn:

And through the night, and through the hush, and over the  
     flapping wing,

We heard beside the Heavenly Gate the angels murmuring:  
 We heard them say 'Put day to day, and count the days to  
     seven,

And God will draw Onora up the golden stairs of heaven:  
 And yet the Evil ones have leave that purpose to defer,  
 For if she has no need of HIM, He has no need of her.'

*Evil Spirit.*

Speak out to me, speak bold and free.

*Onora in sleep.*

And then I heard thee say—  
'I count upon my rosary brown the hours thou hast to  
stay!

Yet God permits us Evil ones\* to put by that decree,  
Since if thou hast no need of HIM, He has no need of thee :  
And if thou wilt forgo the sight of angels, verily  
Thy true love gazing on thy face shall guess what angels be ;  
Nor bride shall pass, save thee' . . . Alas!—my father's  
hand's a-cold,

The meadows seem . . .

*Evil Spirit*

Forbear the dream, or let the vow be told.

*Onora in sleep.*

I vowed upon thy rosary brown, this string of antique beads,  
By charnel lichens overgrown, and dank among the weeds,  
This rosary brown which is thine own,—lost soul of buried  
nun !

Who, lost by vow, wouldst render now all souls alike un-  
done,—

I vowed upon thy rosary brown,—and, till such vow should  
break,

A pledge always of living days 'twas hung around my neck—  
I vowed to thee on rosary, (dead father, look not so !),

*I would not thank God in my weal, nor seek God in my woe.*

*Evil Spirit.*

And canst thou prove . . .

*Onora in sleep.*

O love, my love ! I felt him near again !  
I saw his steed on mountain-head, I heard it on the  
plain !

Was this no weal for me to feel ? Is greater weal than this ?  
Yet when he came, I wept his name—and the angels heard  
but *his*.

*Evil Spirit.*

Well done, well done !



*Onora in sleep.*

Ah me, the sun ! the dreanlight 'gins to pine,—  
Ah me, how dread can look the Dead ! Arount thee, father  
mine !

She starteth from slumber, she sitteth upright,  
And her breath comes in sobs, while she stares through the  
night ;

There is nought ; the great willow, her lattice before,  
Large-drawn in the noon, lieth calm on the floor :  
But her hands tremble fast as their pulses and, free  
From the death-clasp, close over—the BROWN ROSARY.

— --

### THIRD PART.

'Tis a morn for a bridal ; the merry bride bell  
Rings clear through the green-wood that skirts the chapelle,  
And the priest at the altar awaiteth the bride,  
And the sacristans slyly are jesting aside  
At the work shall be doing ;

While down through the wood rides that fair company,  
The youths with the courtship, the maids with the glee,  
Till the chapel-cross opens to sight, and at once  
All the maids sigh demurely and think for the nonce,  
' And so endeth a wooing ! '

And the bride and the bridegroom are leading the way,  
With his hand on her rein, and a word yet to say ;  
Her dropt eyelids suggest the soft answers beneath,  
And the little quick smiles come and go with her breath  
When she sigheth or speaketh.

And the tender bride-mother breaks off unaware  
From an Ave, to think that her daughter is fair,  
Till in nearing the chapel and glancing before,  
She seeth her little son stand at the door :

Is it play that he seeketh ?

Is it play, when his eyes wander innocent-wild  
 And sublimed with a sadness unfitting a child?  
 He trembles not, weeps not; the passion is done,  
 And calmly he kneels in their midst, with the sun  
     On his head like a glory.

'O fair-featured maids, ye are many!' he cried,  
 'But in fairness and vileness who matcheth the bride?  
 O brave-hearted youths, ye are many! but whom  
 For the courage and woe can ye match with the groom  
     As ye see them before ye?'

Out spake the bride's mother, 'The vileness is thine  
 If thou shame thine own sister, a bride at the shrine!  
 Out spake the bride's lover, 'The vileness be mine  
 If he shame mine own wife at the hearth or the shrine  
     And the charge be unproved.

'Bring the charge, prove the charge, brother! speak it  
     aloud:  
 Let thy father and hers hear it deep in his shroud!  
 - 'O father, thou seest, for dead eyes can see,  
 How she wears on her bosom a BROWN ROSARY,  
     O my father beloved!'

Then outlaughed the bridegroom, and outlaughed withal  
 Both maidens and youths by the old chapel-wall:  
 'So she weareth no love-gift, kind brother,' quoth he,  
 'She may wear an she listeth a brown rosary,  
     Like a pure-hearted lady.'

Then swept through the chapel the long bridal train;  
 Though he spake to the bride she replied not again:  
 On, as one in a dream, pale and stately she went  
 Where the altar-lights burn o'er the great sacrament,  
     Faint with daylight, but steady.

But her brother had passed in between them and her  
 And calmly knelt down on the high altar-stair—

Of an infantine aspect so stern to the view  
 'That the priest could not smile on the child's eyes of blue  
     As he would for another.

He knelt like a child marble-sculptured and white  
 That seems kneeling to pray on the tomb of a knight,  
 With a look taken up to each iris of stone  
 From the greatness and death where he kneeleth, but none  
     From the face of a mother.

'In your chapel, O priest, ye have wedded and shriven  
 Fair wives for the hearth, and fair sinners for heaven ;  
 But this fairest my sister, ye think now to wed,  
 Bid her kneel where she standeth, and shrive her instead :  
     O shrive her and wed not !'

In tears, the bride's mother,—' Sir priest, unto thee  
 Would he lie, as he lied to this fair company.  
 In wrath, the bride's lover,—' 'The lie shall be clear !  
 Speak it out, boy ! the saints in their niches shall **hear** :  
     Be the charge proved or said not !'

Then serene in his childhood he lifted his face,  
 And his voice sounded holy and fit for the place,—  
 'Look down from your niches, ye still saints, and see  
 How she wears on her bosom a BROWN ROSARY !  
     Is it used for the praying ?'

The youths looked aside—to laugh there were a sin—  
 And the maidens' lips trembled from smiles shut within :  
 Quoth the priest, 'Thou art wild, pretty boy ! Blessed she  
 Who prefers at her bridal a brown rosary  
     To a worldly arraying.'

The bridegroom spake low and led onward the bride  
 And before the high altar they stood side by side :  
 The rite-book is opened, the rite is begun,  
 They have knelt down together to rise up as one.  
     Who laughed by the altar ?

The maidens looked forward, the youths looked around,  
 The bridegroom's eye flashed from his prayer at the sound ;  
 And each saw the bride, as if no bride she were,  
 Gazing cold at the priest without gesture of prayer,  
     As he read from the psalter.

The priest never knew that she did do, but still  
 He felt a power on him too strong for his will,  
 And whenever the Great Name was there to be read,  
 His voice sank to silence—THAT could not be said,  
     Or the air could not hold it.

'I have sinned,' quoth he, 'I have sinned, I wot'—  
 And the tears ran adown his old cheeks at the thought :  
 They dropped fast on the book, but he read on the same,  
 And aye was the silence where should be the NAME,—  
     As the choristers told it.

The rite-book is closed, and the rite being done  
 They who knelt down together arise up as one :  
 Fair riseth the bride—Oh, a fair bride is she,  
 But for all (think the maidens) that brown rosary,  
     No saint at her praying !

What aileth the bridegroom? He glares blank and wide ;  
 Then suddenly turning he kisseth the bride ;  
 His lips stung her with cold ; she glanced upwardly mute :  
 'Mine own wife,' he said, and fell stark at her foot  
     In the word he was saying.

They have lifted him up, but his head sinks away,  
 And his face showeth bleak in the sunshine and grey.  
 Leave him now where he lieth—for oh, never more  
 Will he kneel at an altar or stand on a floor !  
     Let his bride gaze upon him.

Long and still was her gaze while they chafed him there  
 And breathed in the mouth whose last life had kissed her.

But when they stood up—only *they* ! with a start  
 The shriek from her soul struck her pale lips apart :  
     She has lived, and forgone him !

And low on his body she droppeth adown -  
 ‘ Didst call me thine own wife, beloved—thine own ?  
 Then take thine own with thee ! thy coldness is warm  
 To the world’s cold without thee ! Come, keep me from  
     harm  
     In a calm of thy teaching.’

She looked in his face earnest-long, as in sooth  
 There were hope of an answer, and then kissed his mouth ;  
 And with head on his bosom, wept, wept bitterly,—  
 ‘ Now, O God, take pity—take pity on me !  
     God, hear my beseeching !’

She was ‘ware of a shadow that crossed where she lay,  
 She was ‘ware of a presence that withered the day :  
 Wild she sprang to her feet,—‘ I surrender to *thee*  
 The broken vow’s pledge, the accursed rosary,—  
     I am ready for aying !’

She dashed it in scorn to the marble-paved ground  
 Where it fell mute as snow, and a weird music-sound  
 Crept up, like a chill, up the aisles long and dim,—  
 As the fiends tried to mock at the choristers’ hymn  
     And moaned in the trying.

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#### FOURTH PART.

Onora looketh listlessly adown the garden walk :  
 ‘ I am weary, O my mother, of thy tender talk.  
 I am weary of the trees a-waving to and fro,  
 Of the steadfast skies above, the running brooks below.  
 All things are the same but I,—only I am dreary,  
 And, mother, of my dreariness behold me very weary.

'Mother, brother, pull the flowers I planted in the spring  
And smiled to think I should smile more upon their  
gathering :

The bees will find out other flowers—oh, pull them, dearest  
mine,

And carry them and carry me before St. Agnes' shrine.'

—Whereat they pulled the summer flowers she planted in  
the spring,

And her and them all mournfully to Agnes' shrine did bring.

She looked up to the pictured saint and gently shook her  
head--

'The picture is too calm for *me*--too calm for *me*,' she said :

'The little flowers we brought with us, before it we may lay,  
For those are used to look at heaven,-- but *I* must turn  
away,

Because no sinner under sun can dare or bear to gaze  
On God's or angel's holiness, except in Jesu's face.'

She spoke with passion after pause--'And were it wisely  
done

If we who cannot gaze above, should walk the earth alone?

If we whose virtue is so weak should have a will so strong,

And stand blind on the rocks to choose the right path from  
the wrong?

To choose perhaps a love-lit hearth, instead of love and  
heaven,--

A single rose, for a rose-tree which beareth seven times  
seven?

A rose that droppeth from the hand, that fadeth in the  
breast,--

Until, in grieving for the worst, we learn what is the best !'

Then breaking into tears,--'Dear God,' she cried, 'and  
must we see

All blissful things depart from us ere we go to **THEE**?

We cannot guess Thee in the wood or hear Thee in the  
wind?

Our cedars must fall round us ere we see the light behind?

Ay sooth, we feel too strong, in weal, to need Thee on that  
road,

But woe being come, the soul is dumb that crieth not on  
"God."

Her mother could not speak for tears; she ever mused  
thus,

'*The bees will find out other flowers*,-- but what is left  
for us ?'

But her young brother stayed his sobs and knelt beside her  
knee,

—'Thou sweetest sister in the world, hast never a word  
for me ?'

She passed her hand across his face, she pressed it on his  
cheek,

So tenderly, so tenderly— she needed not to speak.

The wreath which lay on shrine that day, at vespers bloomed  
no more.

The woman fair who placed it there, had died an hour  
before :

Both perished mute for lack of root, earth's nourishment to  
reach.

O reader, breathe (the ballad saith) some sweetness out of  
each !



## RHYME OF THE DUCHESS MAY.



To the belfry, one by one, went the ringers from the sun,

*Toll slowly.*

And the oldest ringer said, 'Ours is music for the dead

When the rebecks are all done.

Six abeles i' the churchyard grow on the north side in a row,

*Toll slowly.*

And the shadows of their tops rock across the little slopes

Of the grassy graves below.

On the south side and the west a small river runs in haste,

*Toll slowly.*

And between the river flowing and the fair green trees  
a-growing,

Do the dead lie at their rest.

On the east I sate that day, up against a willow grey :

*Toll slowly.*

Through the rain of willow-branches I could see the low  
hill-ranges

And the river on its way.

There I sate beneath the tree, and the bell tolled solemnly,

*Toll slowly.*

While the trees' and river's voices flowed between the solemn  
noises,—

Yet death seemed more loud to me.



There I read this ancient rhyme, while the bell did all the  
time

*Toll slowly.*

And the solemn knell fell in with the tale of life and sin,  
Like a rhythmic fate sublime.

### The Rhyme.

Broad the forest stood (I read) on the hills of Linteged,

*Toll slowly.*

And three hundred years had stood, mute adown each hoary  
wood.

Like a full heart having prayed.

And the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west

*Toll slowly.*

And but little thought was theirs of the silent antique years,  
In the building of their nest.

Down the sun dropt large and red on the towers of  
Linteged,—

*Toll slowly.*

Lance and spear upon the height, bristling strange in fiery  
light,

While the castle stood in shade.

There the castle stood up black, with the red sun at its back,

*Toll slowly.*

Like a sullen smouldering pyre with a top that flickers fire  
When the wind is on its track.

And five hundred archers tall did besiege the castle wall,

*Toll slowly.*

And the castle, seethed in blood, fourteen days and nights  
had stood,

And to-night was near its fall,

Yet thereunto, blind to doom, three months since, a bride  
did come,

*Toll slowly.*

One who proudly trod the floors and softly whispered in the  
doors,

‘ May good angels bless our home.’

Oh, a bride of queenly eyes, with a front of constancies,

*Toll slowly.*

Oh, a bride of cordial mouth where the untired smile of youth  
Did light outward its own sighs !

’Twas a Duke’s fair orphan-girl, and her uncle’s ward—the  
Earl,

*Toll slowly.*

Who betrothed her twelve years old, for the sake of dowry  
gold,

To his son Lord Leigh the churl.

But what time she had made good all her years of  
womanhood,

*Toll slowly.*

Unto both these lords of Leigh spake she out right sovarily,  
‘ My will runneth as my blood.’

‘ And while this same blood makes red this same right  
hand’s veins,’ she said,

*Toll slowly.*

‘ ’Tis my will, as lady free, not to wed a Lord of Leigh,  
But Sir Guy of Lanteged.’

The old Earl he smiled smooth, then he sighed for wilful  
youth, —

*Toll slowly.*

‘ Good my niece, that hand withal looketh somewhat soft  
and small

For so large a will, in sooth.’

She too smiled by that same sign, but her smile was cold  
and fine,—

*Toll slowly.*

' Little hand clasps muckle gold, or it were not worth the hold  
Of thy son, good uncle mine !

Then the young lord jerked his breath, and sware thickly in  
his teeth,

*Toll slowly.*

' He would wed his own betrothed, an she loved him an she  
loathed,

Let the life come or the death.'

Up she rose with scornful eyes, as her father's child might  
rise,—

*Toll slowly.*

' Thy hound's blood, my lord of Leigh, stains thy knightly  
heel,' quoth she,

' And he moans not where he lies .

' But a woman's will dies hard, in the hall or on the sward'—

*Toll slowly.*

' By that grave, my lords, which made me orphaned girl  
and dowered lady,

I deny you wife and ward !'

Unto each she bowed her head and swept past with lofty  
tread.

*Toll slowly.*

Ere the midnight-bell had ceased, in the chapel had the  
priest

Blessed her, bride of Linteged.

Fast and fain the bridal train along the night-storm rode  
amain .

*Toll slowly.*

Hard the steeds of lord and serf struck their hoofs out on  
the turf,

In the pauses of the rain.

Fast and fain the kinsmen's train along the storm pursued  
amain,

*Toll slowly.*

Steed on steed-track, dashing off,—thickening, doubling,  
hoof on hoof,

In the pauses of the rain.

And the bridegroom led the flight on his red-roan steed of  
might,

*Toll slowly.*

And the bride lay on his arm, still, as if she feared no harm,  
Smiling out into the night.

'Dost thou fear?' he said at last: 'Nay,' she answered him  
in haste,—

*Toll slowly.*

'Not such death as we could find—only life with one behind.  
Ride on fast as fear, ride fast!'

Up the mountain wheeled the steed—girth to ground, and  
fetlocks spread,—

*Toll slowly*

Headlong bounds, and rocking flanks,—down he staggered,  
down the banks,

To the towers of Lanteged.

High and low the serfs looked out, red the flambeaus  
tossed about,

*Toll slowly.*

In the courtyard rose the cry, 'Live the Duchess and Sir  
Guy!'

But she never heard them shout.

On the steed she dropped her cheek, kissed his mane and  
kissed his neck,—

*Toll slowly.*

'I had happier died by thee than lived on, a Lady Leigh,'  
Were the first words she did speak.

But a three months' joyaunce lay 'twixt that moment and  
to-day,—

*Toll slowly.*

When five hundred archers tall stand beside the castle wall,  
To recapture Duchess May.

And the castle standeth black with the red sun at its back,

*Toll slowly.*

And a fortnight's siege is done, and, except the duchess,  
none,

Can misdoubt the coming wrack.

Then the captain, young Lord Leigh, with his eyes so  
grey of blee,

*Toll slowly.*

And thin lips, that scarcely sheathe the cold white gnashing  
of his teeth,

Gnashed in smiling, absently,

Cried aloud, 'So goes the day, bridegroom fair of Duchess  
May!'

*Toll slowly.*

'Look thy last upon that sun! if thou seest to-morrow's  
one,

'Twill be through a foot of clay.

'Ha, fair bride! Dost hear no sound save that moaning  
of the hound?'

*Toll slowly.*

'Thou and I have parted troth, yet I keep my vengeance-  
oath,

And the other may come round.

'Ha! thy will is brave to dare, and thy new love past com-  
pare,'—

*Toll slowly.*

'Yet thine old love's faulchion brave is as strong a thing  
to have,

As the will of lady fair.

'Peck on blindly, netted dove! If a wife's name thee be-  
hove,'

*Toll slowly.*

'Thou shalt wear the same to-morrow, ere the grave has  
hid the sorrow

Of thy last ill-mated love.

'O'er his fixed and silent mouth, thou and I will call back  
troth ;'

*Toll slowly.*

'He shall altar be and priest,—and he will not cry at least

"I forbid you, I am loth !

'I will wring thy fingers pale in the gauntlet of my mail,'

*Toll slowly.*

"Little hand and muckle gold" close shall lie within my  
hold,

As the sword did, to prevail.'

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,

*Toll slowly.*

Oh, and laughed the Duchess May, and her soul did put  
away

All his boasting, for a jest.

In her chamber did she sit, laughing low to think of it,—

*Toll slowly.*

'Tower is strong and will is free : thou canst boast, my lord  
of Leigh,

But thou boastest little wit.'

In her tire-glass gazed she, and she blushed right womanly :

*Toll slowly.*

She blushed half from her disdain, half her beauty was so  
plain,

—'Oath for oath, my lord of Leigh !

Straight she called her maidens in—'Since ye gave me  
blame herein,'

*Toll slowly.*

'That a bridal such as mine should lack gauds to make it  
fine,

Come and shrive me from that sin.

'It is three months gone to-day since I gave mine hand  
away :'

*Toll slowly.*

'Bring the gold and bring the gem, we will keep bride-  
state in them,

While we keep the foe at bay.

On your arms I loose mine hair ; comb it smooth and  
crown it fair,'

*Toll slowly.*

'I would look in purple-pall from this lattice down the wall,  
And throw scorn to one that's there !'

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west :

*Toll slowly.*

On the tower the castle's lord leant in silence on his sword,  
With an anguish in his breast.

With a spirit-laden weight did he lean down passionate :

*Toll slowly.*

They have almost sapped the wall, - they will enter there  
withal

With no knocking at the gate.

Then the sword he leant upon, shivered, snapped upon  
the stone,—

*Toll slowly.*

'Sword,' he thought, with inward laugh, 'ill thou servest  
for a staff

When thy nobler use is done !

'Sword, thy nobler use is done ! tower is lost, and shame begun !'—

*Toll slowly.*

'If we met them in the breach, hilt to hilt or speech to speech,

We should die there, each for one.

'If we met them at the wall, we should singly, vainly fall,'

*Toll slowly.*

'But if I die here alone,— then I die who am but one,  
And die nobly for them all.

'Five true friends he for my sake in the moat and in the brake,'

*Toll slowly.*

'Thirteen warriors lie at rest with a black wound in the breast,

And not one of these will wake.

'So, no more of this shall be ! heart-blood weighs too heavily,'—

*Toll slowly.*

'And I could not sleep in grave, with the faithful and the brave

Heaped around and over me.

'Since young Clare a mother hath, and young Ralph a plighted faith,'

*Toll slowly.*

'Since my pale young sister's cheeks blush like rose when Ronald speaks,

Albeit never a word she saith—

'These shall never die for me : life-blood falls too heavily :'

*Toll slowly.*

'And if I die here apart, o'er my dead and silent heart  
They shall pass out safe and free.



'When the foe hath heard it said—"Death holds Guy of  
Linteged,"

*Toll slowly.*

'That new corse new peace shall bring, and a blessed,  
blessed thing

Shall the stone be at its head.

'Then my friends shall pass out free, and shall bear my  
memory,

*Toll slowly.*

'Then my foes shall sleek their pride, soothing fair my  
widowed bride

Whose sole sin was love of me :

'With their words all smooth and sweet, they will front her  
and entreat,'

*Toll slowly.*

'And their purple pall will spread underneath her fainting  
head

While her tears drop over it.

'She will weep her woman's tears, she will pray her woman's  
prayers,'

*Toll slowly.*

'But her heart is young in pain, and her hopes will spring  
again

By the suntime of her years.

'Ah, sweet May! ah, sweetest grief!—once I vowed thee  
my belief,'

*Toll slowly.*

'That thy name expressed thy sweetness,—May of poets,  
in completeness!

Now my May-day seemeth brief.'

All these silent thoughts did swim o'er his eyes grown  
strange and dim,

*Toll slowly.*

Till his true men in the place, wished they stood there face  
to face

With the foe instead of him.

'One last oath, my friends, that wear faithful hearts to do  
and dare !'

*Toll slowly.*

'Tower must fall and bride be lost—swear me service worth  
the cost !'

Bold they stood around to swear.

'Each man clasp my hand and swear by the deed we failed  
in there,'

*Toll slowly.*

'Not for vengeance, not for right, will ye strike one blow  
to-night !'

Pale they stood around to swear.

'One last boon, young Ralph and Clare ! faithful hearts to  
do and dare !'

*Toll slowly.*

'Bring that steed up from his stall, which she kissed before  
you all,

Guide him up the turret-stair.

'Ye shall harness him aright, and lead upward to this  
height ;'

*Toll slowly.*

'Once in love and twice in war, hath he borne me strong  
and far :

He shall bear me far to-night.'

Then his men looked to and fro, when they heard him  
speaking so,

*Toll slowly.*

'Las ! the noble heart,' they thought, 'he in sooth is grief-  
distraught '

Would we stood here with the foe !

But a fire flashed from his eye, 'twixt their thought and their  
reply, —

*Toll slowly.*

'Have ye so much time to waste? We who ride here, must  
ride fast

As we wish our foes to fly.'

They have fetched the steed with care, in the harness he did  
wear,

*Toll slowly.*

Past the court and through the doors, across the rushes of  
the floors,

But they goad him up the stair,

Then from out her bower chambère, did the Duchess May  
repair.

*Toll slowly.*

'Tell me now what is your need,' said the lady, 'of this  
steed,

That ye goad him up the stair?'

Calm she stood; unbodkined through, fell her dark hair to  
her shoe;

*Toll slowly.*

And the smile upon her face, ere she left the tiring-glass,  
Had not time enough to go.

'Get thee back, sweet Duchess May! hope is gone like  
yesterday,'

*Toll slowly.*

'One half-hour completes the breach, and thy lord grows  
wild of speech—

Get thee in, sweet lady, and pray!

'In the east tower, high st o. all, loud he cries for steed from  
stall:'

*Toll slowly.*

"He would ride as far," quoth he, "as for love and victory,  
Though he rides the castle-wall."

' And we fetch the steed from stall, up where never a hoof  
did fall '

*Toll slowly.*

' Wifely prayer meets deathly need : may the sweet Heavens  
hear thee plead

If he rides the castle-wall ! '

Low she dropt her head, and lower, till her hair coiled on  
the floor,

*Toll slowly.*

And tear after tear ycu heard, fall distinct as any word

Which you might be listening for.

' Get thee in, thou soft ladye ! here is never a place for  
thee ! '

*Toll slowly.*

' Braid thine hair and clasp thy gown, that thy beauty in its  
moan

• May find grace with Leigh of Leigh. '

She stood up in bitter case, with a pale yet steady face,

*Toll slowly.*

Like a statue thunderstruck, which, though quivering,  
seems to look

Right against the thunder-place.

And her foot trod in, with pride, her own tears i' the stone  
beside,--

*Toll slowly.*

' Go to, faithful friends, go to ! judge no more what ladies  
do,

No, nor how their lords may ride ! '

Then the good steed's rein she took, and his neck did kiss  
and stroke :

*Toll slowly.*

Soft he neighed to answer her, and then followed up the  
stair

For the love of her sweet look '

Oh, and steeply, steeply wound up the narrow stair around,  
*Toll slowly.*

Oh, and closely, closely speeding, step by step beside her  
 treading  
 Did he follow, meek as hound.

On the east tower, high'st of all,—there, where never a hoof  
 did fall, —  
*Toll slowly.*

Out they swept, a vision steady, noble steed and lovely  
 lady,  
 Calm as if in bower or stall.

Down she knelt at her lord's knee, and she looked up silently,  
*Toll slowly.*

And he kissed her twice and thrice, for that look within her  
 eyes  
 Which he could not bear to see.

Quoth he, 'Get thee from this strife, and the sweet saints  
 bless thy life !'  
*Toll slowly.*

'In this hour I stand in need of my noble red-roan steed,  
 But no more of my noble wife.'

Quoth she, 'Meekly have I done all thy biddings under sun ;'  
*Toll slowly.*

'But by all my womanhood, which is proved so, true and  
 good,  
 I will never do this one.

'Now by womanhood's degree and by wifehood's verity,  
*Toll slowly.*

'In this hour if thou hast need of thy noble red-roan steed,  
 Thou hast also need of *me*.

' By this golden ring ye see on this lifted hand pardie,'

*Toll slowly.*

' If, this hour, on castle-wall can be room for steed from stall,

Shall be also room for *me*.

' So the sweet saints with me be,' (did she utter solemnly)

*Toll slowly.*

' If a man, this eventide, on this castle-wall will ride,

He shall ride the same with *me*.'

Oh, he sprang up in the selle and he laughed out bitter-well,—

*Toll slowly.*

' Wouldst thou ride among the leaves, as we used on other eves,

To hear chime a vesper-bell?'

She clung closer to his knee—' Ay, beneath the cypress-tree I'

*Toll slowly.*

' Mock me not, for otherwhere than along the greenwood fair

Have I ridden fast with thee.

' Fast I rode with new-made vows from my angry kinsman's house :'

*Toll slowly.*

' What, and would you men should reckon that I dared more for love's sake

As a bride than as a spouse?

' What, and would you it should fall, as a proverb, before all,'

*Toll slowly.*

' That a bride may keep your side while through castle-gate you ride,

Yet eschew the castle wall?'

Ho ! the breach yawns into ruin and roars up against her  
suing,

*Toll slowly.*

With the inarticulate din and the dreadful falling in—  
Shrieks of doing and undoing :

Twice he wrung her hands in twain, but the small hands  
closed again.

*Toll slowly.*

Back he reined the steed—back, back ! but she trailed along  
his track

With a frantic clasp and strain.

Evermore the foemen pour through the crash of window and  
door,

*Toll slowly.*

And the shouts of Leigh and Leigh, and the shrieks of  
'kill !' and 'flee !'

Strike up clear amid the roar.

Thrice he wrung her hands in twain, but they closed and  
clung again,

*Toll slowly.*

While she clung, as one, withstood, clasps a Christ upon  
the rood,

In a spasm of deathly pain.

She clung wild and she clung mute with her shuddering lips  
half-shut ;

*Toll slowly.*

Her head fallen as half in swoond, hair and knee swept on  
the ground,

She clung wild to stirrup and foot.

Back he reined his steed back-thrown on the slippery coping-  
stone :

*Toll slowly.*

Back the iron hoofs did grind on the battlement behind

Whence a hundred feet went down :

And his heel did press and goad on the quivering flank  
bestrode,—

*Toll slowly.*

‘Friends and brothers, save my wife! Pardon, sweet, in  
change for life,—

But I ride alone to God.’

Straight as if the Holy name had upbreathed her like a  
flame,

*Toll slowly.*

She upsprang, she rose upright, in his selle she sate in sight,  
By her love she overcame.

And her head was on his breast where she smiled as one at  
rest,—

*Toll slowly.*

‘Ring,’ she cried, ‘O vesper-bell in the beechwood’s old  
chappelle—

But the passing-bell rings best!’

They have caught out at the rein which Sir Guy threw loose  
—in vain,

*Toll slowly.*

For the horse in stark despair, with his front hoofs poised in  
air,

On the last verge rears amain.

Now he hangs, he rocks between, and his nostrils curdle in,

*Toll slowly.*

Now he shivers head and hoof and the flakes of foam  
fall off,

And his face grows fierce and thin:

And a look of human woe from his staring eyes did go,

*Toll slowly.*

And a sharp cry uttered he, in a foretold agony  
Of the headlong death below,—



And, 'Ring, ring, thou passing-bell,' still she cried, 'i' the  
old chapelle !'

*Toll slowly.*

Then back-toppling, crashing back—a dead weight flung  
out to wrack,  
Horse and riders overfell.

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,

*Toll slowly.*

And I read this ancient Rhyme, in the churchyard, while  
the chime

Slowly tolled for one at rest.

The abeles moved in the sun, and the river smooth did run,

*Toll slowly.*

And the ancient Rhyme rang strange, with its passion and  
its change,

Here, where all done lay undone.

And beneath a willow tree I a little grave did see,

*Toll slowly.*

Where was graved,—HERE UNDEFILED, LIETH MAUD, A  
THREE-YEAR CHILD.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED, FORTY-THREE.

Then, O spirits, did I say, ye who rode so fast that day,

*Toll slowly.*

Did star-wheels and angel wings with their holy winnowings  
Keep beside you all the way ?

Though in passion ye would dash with a blind and heavy  
crash,

*Toll slowly.*

Up against the thick-bossed shield of God's judgment in the  
field,—

Though your heart and brain were rash,—

Now, your will is all unwilling, now, your pulses are all  
stilled,

*Toll slowly.*

Now, ye lie as meek and mild (whereso laid) as Maud the  
child,

Whose small grave was lately filled.

Beating heart and burning brow, ye are very patient now,

*Toll slowly.*

And the children might be bold to pluck the kingcups from  
your mould

Ere a month had let them grow.

And you let the goldfinch sing in the alder near in spring,

*Toll slowly.*

Let her build her nest and sit all the three weeks out on it,  
Murmuring not at anything.

In your patience ye are strong, cold and heat ye take not  
wrong,

*Toll slowly.*

When the trumpet of the angel blows eternity's evangel,  
Time will seem to you not long.

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,

*Toll slowly.*

And I said in underbreath,—All our life is mixed with death,  
And who knoweth which is best?

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,

*Toll slowly.*

And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our  
incompleteness,—

Round our restlessness, His rest.

THE  
ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.



'So the dreams depart,  
So the fading phantoms flee,  
And the sharp reality  
Now must act its part.'

WESTWOOD'S 'BEADS FROM A ROSARY.'

LITTLE Ellie sits alone  
    'Mid the beeches of a meadow  
        By a stream-side on the grass,  
And the trees are showering down  
    Doubles of their leaves in shadow  
        On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by,  
    And her feet she has been dipping  
        In the shallow water's flow :  
Now she holds them nakedly  
    In her hands, all sleek and dripping,  
        While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,  
    And the smile she softly uses  
        Fills the silence like a speech  
While she thinks what shall be done,  
    And the sweetest pleasure chooses  
        For her future within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile  
    Chooses—' I will have a lover,  
        Riding on a steed of steeds :

He shall love me without guile,  
And to *him* I will discover  
The swan's nest among the reeds.

' And the steed shall be red-roan,  
And the lover shall be noble,  
With an eye that takes the breath :  
And the lute he plays upon  
Shall strike ladies into trouble,  
As his sword strikes men to death.

' And the steed it shall be shod  
All in silver, housed in azure,  
And the mane shall swim the wind ;  
And the hoofs along the sod  
Shall flash onward and keep measure,  
'Till the shepherds look behind.

' But my lover will not prize  
All the glory that he rides in,  
When he gazes in my face :  
He will say, " O Love, thine eyes  
Build the shrine my soul abides in,  
And I kneel here for thy grace !"

' Then, ay, then he shall kneel low,  
With the red-roan steed anear him  
Which shall seem to understand,  
Till I answer, " Rise and go !  
For the world must love and fear him  
Whom I gift with heart and hand."

' Then he will arise so pale,  
I shall feel my own lips tremble  
With a *yes* I must not say,  
Nathless maiden-brave, " Farewell,"  
I will utter, and dissemble—  
" Light to-morrow with to-day !"

' Then he'll ride among the hills  
 To the wide world past the river,  
 There to put away all wrong ;  
 To make straight distorted wills,  
 And to empty the broad quiver  
 Which the wicked bear along.

' Three times shall a young foot-page  
 Swim the stream and climb the mountain  
 And kneel down beside my feet —

" Lo, my master sends this gage,  
 Lady, for thy pity's counting !  
 What wilt thou exchange for it ? "

' And the first time I will send  
 A white rosebud for a guerdon,  
 And the second time, a glove ;  
 But the third time — I may bend  
 From my pride, and answer — " Pardon,  
 If he comes to take my love. "

' Then the young foot-page will run,  
 Then my lover will ride faster,  
 Till he kneeleth at my knee :

" I am a duke's eldest son,  
 'Thousand serfs do call me master,  
 But, O Love, I love but *thee* ! "

' He will kiss me on the mouth  
 Then, and lead me as a lover  
 Through the crowds that praise his deeds :  
 And, when soul-tied by one troth,  
 Unto *him* I will discover  
 That swan's nest among the reeds. '

Little Ellie, with her smile  
 Not yet ended, rose up gaily,  
 Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,

And went homeward, round a mile,  
Just to see, as she did daily,  
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,  
Winding up the stream, light-hearted,  
Where the osier pathway leads,  
Past the boughs she stoops— and stops.  
Lo, the wild swan had deserted,  
And a rat had gnawed the reeds,

Ellie went home sad and slow.  
If she found the lover ever,  
With his red-roan steed of steeds,  
Sooth I know not ; but I know  
She could never show him—never,  
That swan's nest among the reeds !



## BERTHA IN THE LANE.

- 256 -

PUT the broidery-frame away,  
For my sewing is all done :  
The last thread is used to-day,  
And I need not join it on.  
Though the clock stands at the noon,  
I am weary. I have sewn,  
Sweet, for thee, a wedding-gown.

Sister, help me to the bed,  
And stand near me, Dearest-sweet.  
Do not shrink nor be afraid,  
Blushing with a sudden heat !  
No one standeth in the street ?—  
By God's love I go to meet,  
Love I thee with love complete.

Lean thy face down ; drop it in  
These two hands, that I may hold  
"Twixt their palms thy cheek and chin,  
Stroking back the curls of gold :  
'Tis a fair, fair face, in sooth—  
Larger eyes and redder mouth  
Than mine were in my first youth.

Thou art younger ny seven years—  
Ah !—so bashful at my gaze,  
That the lashes, hung with tears,  
Grow too heavy to upraise ?  
I would wound thee by no touch  
Which thy shyness feels as such.  
Dost thou mind me, Dear, so much ?

Have I not been nigh a mother  
To thy sweetness—tell me, Dear?  
Have we not loved one another  
Tenderly, from year to year,  
Since our dying mother mild  
Said with accents undefiled,  
'Child, be mother to this child'!

Mother, mother, up in heaven,  
Stand up on the jasper sea,  
And be witness I have given  
All the gifts required of me,—  
Hope that blessed me, bliss that crowned,  
Love that left me with a wound,  
Life itself that turneth round!

Mother, mother, thou art kind,  
Thou art standing in the room,  
In a molten glory shrined  
That rays off into the gloom!  
But thy smile is bright and bleak  
Like cold waves—I cannot speak,  
I sob in it, and grow weak.

Ghostly mother, keep aloof  
One hour longer from my soul,  
For I still am thinking of  
Earth's warm-beating joy and dole!  
On my finger is a ring  
Which I still see glittering  
When the night hides everything.

Little sister, thou art pale!  
Ah, I have a wandering brain—  
But I lose that fever-bale,  
And my thoughts grow calm again.



Lean down closer—closer still !  
I have words thine ear to fill,  
And would kiss thee at my will.

Dear, I heard thee in the spring,  
Thee and Robert—through the trees,—  
When we all went gathering  
Boughs of May-bloom for the bees.  
Do not start so ! think instead  
How the sunshine overhead  
Seemed to trickle through the shade,

What a day it was, that day !  
Hills and vales did openly  
Seem to heave and throb away  
At the sight of the great sky :  
And the silence, as it stood  
In the glory's golden flood,  
Audibly did bud, and bud.

Through the winding hedgerows green,  
How we wandered, I and you,  
With the bowery tops shut in,  
And the gates that showed the view !  
How we talked there ; thrushes soft  
Sang our praises out, or oft  
Bleatings took them from the croft :

Till the pleasure grown too strong  
Left me muter evermore,  
And, the winding road being long,  
I walked out of sight, before,  
And so, wrapt in musings fond,  
Issued (past the wayside pond)  
On the meadow-lands beyond.

I sate down beneath the beech  
Which leans over to the lane,

And the far sound of your speech  
Did not promise any pain ;  
And I blessed you full and free,  
With a smile stooped tenderly  
O'er the May-flowers on my knee.

But the sound grew into word  
As the speakers drew more near—  
Sweet, forgive me that I heard  
What you wished me not to hear.  
Do not weep so, do not shake,  
Oh,—I heard thee, Bertha, make  
Good true answers for my sake.

Yes, and HE too ! let him stand  
In thy thoughts, untouched by blame,  
Could he help it, if my hand  
He had claimed with hasty claim ?  
That was wrong perhaps—but then  
Such things be--and will, again.  
Women cannot judge for men.

Had he seen thee when he swore  
He would love but me alone ?  
Thou wast absent, sent before  
To our kin in Sidmouth town.  
When he saw thee who art best  
Past compare, and loveliest,  
He but judged thee as the rest.

Could we blame him with grave words,  
Thou and I, Dear, if we might ?  
Thy brown eyes have looks like birds  
Flying straightway to the light :  
Mine are older. — Hush ! — look out—  
Up the street ! Is none without ?  
How the poplar swings about !

And that hour—beneath the beech,  
When I listened in a dream,  
And he said in his deep speech  
That he owed me all *esteem*,—  
Each word swam in on my brain  
With a dim, dilating pain,  
Till it burst with that last strain.

I fell flooded with a dark,  
In the silence of a swoon.  
When I rose, still cold and stark,  
There was night ; I saw the moon  
And the stars, each in its place,  
And the May-blooms on the grass,  
Seemed to wonder what I was.

And I walked as if apart  
From myself, when I could stand,  
And I pitied my own heart,  
As if I held it in my hand,  
Somewhat coldly, with a sense  
Of fulfilled benevolence,  
And a ' Poor thing ' negligence.

And I answered coldly too,  
When you met me at the door ;  
And I only *heard* the dew  
Dripping from me to the floor :  
And the flowers I bade you see,  
Were too withered for the bee,—  
As my life, henceforth, for me.

Do not weep so—Dear—heart-warm !  
All was best as it befell,  
If I say he did me harm,  
I speak wild,—I am not well.

All his words were kind and good—  
*He esteemed me.* Only, blood  
Runs so faint in womanhood !

Then I always was too grave,—  
Liked the saddest ballad sung,—  
With that look, besides, we have  
In our faces, who die young.  
I had died, Dear, all the same ;  
Life's long, joyous, jostling game  
Is too loud for my meek shame.

We are so unlike each other,  
Thou and I, that none could guess  
We were children of one mother,  
But for mutual tenderness.  
Thou art rose-lined from the cold,  
And meant verily to hold  
Life's pure pleasures manifold.

I am pale as crocus grows  
Close beside a rose-tree's root !  
Whosoe'er would reach the rose,  
Treads the crocus under foot.  
I, like May-bloom on thorn-tree,  
Thou, like merry summer-bee,—  
Fit that I be plucked for thee !

Yet who plucks me?—no one mourns,  
I have lived my season out,  
And now die of my own thorns  
Which I could not live without.  
Sweet, be merry ! How the light  
Comes and goes ! If it be night,  
Keep the candles in my sight.

Are there footsteps at the door?  
Look out quickly. Yea, or nay?

Some one might be waiting for  
Some last word that I might say,  
Nay? So best!—So angels would  
Stand off clear from deathly road,  
Not to cross the sight of God.

Colder grow my hands and feet.  
When I wear the shroud I made,  
Let the folds lie straight and neat,  
And the rosemary be spread,  
That if any friend should come,  
(To see *thee*, Sweet!) all the room  
May be lifted out of gloom.

And, dear Bertha, let me keep  
On my hand this little ring,  
Which at nights, when others sleep,  
I can still see glittering.  
Let me wear it out of sight,  
In the grave,—where it will light  
All the dark up, day and night.

On that grave drop not a tear!  
Else, though fathom-deep the place,  
Through the woollen shroud I wear  
I shall feel it on my face.  
Rather smile there, blessed one,  
Thinking of me in the sun,  
Or forget me—smiling on!

Art thou near me? nearer! so—  
Kiss me close upon the eyes,  
That the earthly light may go  
Sweetly, as it used to rise  
When I watched the morning grey  
Strike, betwixt the hills, the way  
He was sure to come that day.

So,—no more vain words be said !  
The hosannas nearer roll.  
Mother, smile now on thy dead,  
I am death-strong in my soul.  
Mystic Dove alit on cross,  
Guide the poor bird of the snows  
Through the snow-wind above loss !

Jesus, Victim, comprehending  
Love's divine self-abnegation,  
Cleanse my love in its self-spending,  
And absorb the poor libation !  
Wind my thread of life up higher,  
Up, through angels' hands of fire !  
I aspire while I expire.



# LADY GERALDINE'S COURTSHIP.

A ROMANCE OF THE AGES

—

*A Poet writes to his Friend. PLACE—A Room in Wycombe Hall. TIME—Late in the evening.*

DEAR my friend and fellow-student, I would lean my spirit  
o'er you !

Down the purple of this chamber tears should scarcely run  
at will.

I am humbled who was humble. Friend, I bow my head  
before you :

You should lead me to my peasants, but their faces are too  
still.

There's a lady, an earl's daughter,—she is proud and she is  
noble,

And she treads the crimson carpet and she breathes the  
perfumed air,

And a kingly blood sends glances up, her princely eye to  
trouble,

And the shadow of a monarch's crown is softened in her  
hair.

She has halls among the woodlands, she has castles by the  
breakers,

She has farms and she has manors, she can threaten and  
command,

And the palpitating engines snort in steam across her acres,  
As they mark upon the blasted heaven the measure of the land.

There are none of England's daughters who can show a  
 prouder presence ;  
 Upon princely suitors praying, she has looked in her disdain  
 She was sprung of English nobles, I was born of English  
 peasants ;  
 What was / that I should love her, save for competence to  
 pain ?

I was only a poor poet, made for singing at her casement,  
 As the finches or the thrushes, while she thought of other  
 things.  
 Oh, she walked so high above me, she appeared to my  
 abasement,  
 In her lovely silken murmur, like an angel clad in wings !

Many vassals bow before her as her carriage sweeps their  
 door-ways ;  
 She has blest then little children, as a priest or queen were  
 she :  
 Far too tender, or too cruel far, her smile upon the poor was,  
 For I thought it was the same smile which she used to smile  
 on *me*.

She has voters in the commons, she has lovers in the palace,  
 And of all the fair court-ladies, few have jewels half as fine ;  
 Oft the prince has named her beauty 'twixt the red wine and  
 the chalice :  
 Oh, and what was / to love her ? my beloved, my Geraldine !

Yet I could not choose but love her : I was born to poet-uses,  
 To love all things set above me, all of good and all of fair.  
 Nymphs of mountain, not of valley, we are wont to call the  
 Muses ;  
 And in nympholeptic climbing, poets pass from mount to star.

And because I was a poet, and because the public praised me,  
 With a critical deduction for the modern writer's fault,



I could sit at rich men's tables,—though the courtesies that  
 raised me,  
 Still suggested clear between us the pale spectrum of the salt.

And they praised me in her presence ;—‘ Will your book  
 appear this summer ? ’

Then returning to each other—‘ Yes, our plans are for the  
 moors. ’

Then with whisper dropped behind me—‘ There he is ! the  
 latest comer. ’

Oh, she only likes his verses ! what is over, she endures.

‘ Quite low-born, self-educated ! somewhat gifted though by  
 nature,

And we make a point of asking him,—of being very kind.

You may speak, he does not hear you ! and besides, he writes  
 no satire,—

All these serpents kept by charmers leave the natural sting  
 behind. ’

I grew scornfuller, grew colder, as I stood up there among  
 them,

Till as frost intense will burn you, the cold scorning scorched  
 my brow ;

When a sudden silver speaking, gravely cadenced, over-rung  
 them,

And a sudden silken stirring touched my inner nature  
 through.

I looked upward and beheld her : with a calm and regnant  
 spirit,

Slowly round she swept her eyelids, and said clear before  
 them all—

‘ Have you such superfluous honour, sir, that able to confer it  
 You will come down, Mister Bertram, as my guest to  
 Wycombe Hall ? ’

Here she paused ; she had been paler at the first word of her speaking,  
 But because a silence followed it, blushed somewhat, as for shame,  
 Then, as scorning her own feeling, resumed calmly—' I am seeking  
 More distinction than these gentlemen think worthy of my claim.

' Ne'ertheless, you see, I seek it—not because I am a woman.'  
 (Here her smile sprang like a fountain and, so, overflowed her mouth)  
 ' But because my woods in Sussex have some purple shades at gloaming  
 Which are worthy of a king in state, or poet in his youth.

' I invite you, Mister Bertram, to no scene for worldly speeches—  
 Sir, I scarce should dare—but only where God asked the thrushes first .  
 And if *you* will sing beside them, in the covert of my beeches,  
 I will thank you for the woodlands,—for the human world, at worst.'

Then she smiled around right childly, then she gazed around right queenly,  
 And I bowed—I could not answer ; alternated light and gloom -  
 While as one who quells the lions, with a steady eye serenely,  
 She, with level fronting eyelids, passed out stately from the room.

Oh, the blessed woods of Sussex, I can hear them still around me,  
 With their leafy tide of greenery still rippling up the wind.

Oh, the cursèd woods of Sussex ! where the hunter's arrow  
 found me,  
 When a fair face and a tender voice had made me mad and  
 blind !

In that ancient hall of Wycombe thronged the numerous  
 guests invited,  
 And the lovely London ladies trod the floors with gliding  
 feet ,  
 And their voices low with fashion, not with feeling, softly  
 freighted  
 All the air about the windows with elastic laughter sweet.

For at eve the open windows flung their light out on the  
 terrace  
 Which the floating orbs of curtains did with gradual shadow  
 sweep,  
 While the swans upon the river, fed at morning by the  
 heiress,  
 Trembled downward through their snowy wings at music in  
 their sleep.

And there evermore was music, both of instrument and  
 singing,  
 Till the finches of the shrubberies grew restless in the dark ;  
 But the cedars stood up motionless, each in a moonlight-  
 ringing,  
 And the deer, half in the glimmer, strewed the hollows of  
 the park.

And though sometimes she would bind me with her silver-  
 corded speeches  
 To commix my words and laughter with the converse and  
 the jest,  
 Oft I sat apart and, gazing on the river through the beeches,  
 Heard, as pure the swans swam down it, her pure voice o'er-  
 float the rest.

In the morning, horn of huntsman, hoof of steed and laugh  
of rider,

Spread out cheery from the court-yard till we lost them in  
the hills,

While herself and other ladies, and her suitors left beside her,  
Went a-wandering up the gardens through the laurels and  
abeles.

Thus, her foot upon the new-mown grass, bareheaded, with  
the flowing

Of the virginal white vesture gathered closely to her throat,  
And the golden ringlets in her neck just quickened by her  
going,

And appearing to breathe sun for air, and doubting if to  
float,--

With a bunch of dewy maple, which her right hand held  
above her,

And which trembled a green shadow in betwixt her and the  
skies,

As she turned her face in going, thus, she drew me on to  
love her,

And to worship the divineness of the smile hid in her eyes.

For her eyes alone smile constantly ; her lips have serious  
sweetness,

And her front is calm, the dimple rarely ripples on the cheek ;  
But her deep blue eyes smile constantly, as if they in  
discreetness

Kept the secret of a happy dream she did not care to speak.

Thus she drew me the first morning, out across into the  
garden,

And I walked among her noble friends and could not keep  
behind.

Spake she unto all and unto me--' Behold, I am the warden  
Of the song-birds in these lindens, which are cages to their  
mind.

'But within this swarded circle into which the lime-walk  
brings us,  
Whence the beeches, rounded greenly, stand away in  
reverent fear,  
I will let no music enter, saving what the fountain sings us  
Which the lilies round the basin may seem pure enough to  
hear.

'The live air that waves the lilies waves the slender jet of  
water  
Like a holy thought sent feebly up from soul of fasting saint :  
Whereby lies a marble Silence, sleeping, (Lough the sculptor  
wrought her)  
So asleep she is forgetting to say Hush!—a fancy quaint.

'Mark how heavy white her eyelids! not a dream between  
them lingers ;  
And the left hand's index droppeth from the lips upon the  
cheek :  
While the right hand,—with the symbol-rose held slack  
within the fingers,—  
Has fallen backward in the basin—yet this Silence will not  
speak !

'That the essential meaning growing may exceed the special  
symbol,  
Is the thought as I conceive it : it applies more high and low.  
Our true noblemen will often through right nobleness grow  
humble,  
And assert an inward honour by denying outward show.'

'Nay, your silence,' said I, 'truly, holds her symbol rose  
but slackly,  
Yet *she holds it*, or would scarcely be a Silence to our ken :  
And your nobles wear their ermine on the outside, or walk  
blackly  
In the presence of the social law as mere ignoble men.

'Let the poets dream such dreaming! madam, in these  
British islands

'Tis the substance that wanes ever, 'tis the symbol that exceeds.  
Soon we shall have nought but symbol: and, for statues  
like this Silence,  
Shall accept the rose's image—in another case, the weed's.'

'Not so quickly,' she retorted,—'I confess, where'er you go,  
you  
Find for things, names—shows for actions, and pure gold  
for honour clear.

But when all is run to symbol in the Social, I will throw you  
The world's book which now reads drily, and sit down  
with Silence here.'

Half in playfulness she spoke, I thought, and half in in-  
dignation,  
Friends who listened, laughed her words off, while her  
lovers deemed her fair:  
A fair woman, flushed with feeling, in her noble-lighted  
station  
Near the statue's white reposing—and both bathed in sunny  
air!

With the trees round, not so distant but you heard their  
vernal murnur,  
And beheld in light and shadow the leaves in and outward  
move,  
And the little fountain leaping toward the sun-heart to be  
warmer,  
Then recoiling in a tremble from the too much light above.

'Tis a picture for remembrance. And thus, morning after  
morning,  
Did I follow as she drew me by the spirit to her feet.  
Why, her greyhound followed also! dogs—we both were  
dogs for scorning

To be sent back when she pleased it and her path lay through  
the wheat.

And thus, morning after morning, spite of vows and spite of  
sorrow,

Did I follow at her drawing, while the week-days passed along,  
Just to feed the swans this noontide, or to see the fawns  
to-morrow,

Or to teach the hill-side echo some sweet Tuscan in a song.

Ay, for sometimes on the hill-side, while we sat down in  
the gowans,

With the forest green behind us and its shadow cast before,  
And the river running under, and across it from the rowans  
A brown partridge whirring near us till we felt the air it  
bore,--

There, obedient to her praying, did I read aloud the poems  
Made to Tuscan flutes, or instruments more various of our  
own ;

Read the pastoral parts of Spenser, or the subtle inter-  
flowings

Found in Petrarch's sonnets—here's the book, the leaf is  
folded down !

Or at times a modern volume, Wordsworth's solemn-  
thoughted idyl,

Howitt's ballad-verse, or Tennyson's enchanted reverie,—  
Or from Browning some 'Pomegranate,' which, if cut deep  
down the middle,

Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity.

Or at times I read there, hoarsely, some new poem of my  
making :

Poets ever fail in reading their own verses to their worth,  
For the echo in you breaks upon the words which you are  
speaking,

And the chariot wheels jar in the gate through which you  
drive them forth.

After, when we were grown tired of books, the silence round  
 us flinging  
 A slow arm of sweet compression, felt with beatings at the  
 breast,  
 She would break out on a sudden in a gush of woodland  
 singing,  
 Like a child's emotion in a god—a naiad tired of rest.

Oh, to see or hear her singing! scarce I know which is  
 divinest,  
 For her looks sing too—she modulates her gestures on the  
 tune,  
 And her mouth stirs with the song, like song; and when the  
 notes are finest,  
 'Tis the eyes that shoot out vocal light and seem to swell  
 them on.

Then we talked—oh, how we talked! her voice, so cadenced  
 in the talking,  
 Made another singing—of the soul! a music without bars:  
 While the leafy sounds of woodlands, humming round where  
 we were walking,  
 Brought interposition worthy-sweet,—as skies about the stars.

And she spake such good thoughts natural, as if she always  
 thought them;  
 She had sympathies so rapid, open, free as bird on branch,  
 Just as ready to fly east as west, whichever way besought  
 them,  
 In the birchen-wood a chirrup, or a cock-crow in the grange.

In her utmost lightness there is truth—and often she speaks  
 lightly,  
 Has a grace in being gay which even mournful souls approve,  
 For the root of some grave earnest thought is understruck so  
 rightly  
 As to justify the foliage and the waving flowers above.



And she talked on—*we* talked, rather ! upon all things,  
substance, shadow,  
Of the sheep that browsed the grasses, of the reapers in the  
corn,  
Of the little children from the schools, seen winding through  
the meadow,  
Of the poor rich world beyond them, still kept poorer by its  
scorn.

So, of men, and so, of letters—books are men of higher  
stature,  
And the only men that speak aloud for future times to hear ;  
So, of mankind in the abstract, which grows slowly into  
nature,  
Yet will lift the cry of 'progress,' as it trod from sphere to  
sphere.

And her custom was to praise me when I said,—'The Age  
culls simples,  
With a broad clown's back turned broadly to the glory of  
the stars.  
We are gods by our own reck'ning, and may well shut up  
the temples,  
And wield on, amid the incense-steam, the thunder of our  
cars.

'For we throw out acclamations of self-thanking, self-  
admiring,  
With, at every mile run faster,—"O the wondrous wondrous  
age!"  
Little thinking if we work our SOULS as nobly as our iron.  
Or if angels will commend us at the goal of pilgrimage.

'Why, what *is* this patient entrance into nature's deep  
resources  
But the child's most gradual learning to walk upright without  
bane?

When we drive out, from the cloud of steam, majestic  
white horses,  
Are we greater than the first men who led black ones by the  
mane?

'If we trod the deeps of ocean, if we struck the stars in rising,  
If we wrapped the globe intensely with one hot electric breath,  
'Twere but power within our tether, no new spirit-power  
comprising,

And in life we were not greater men, nor bolder men in death.'

She was patient with my talking; and I loved her, loved her  
certes

As I loved all heavenly objects, with uplifted eyes and hands;  
As I loved pure inspirations, loved the graces, loved the  
virtues,

In a Love content with writing his own name on desert sands.

Or at least I thought so, purely; thought no idiot Hope was  
rausing

Any crown to crown Love's silence, silent Love that sate  
alone:

Out, alas! the stag is like me, he that tries to go on grazing,  
With the great deep gun-wound in his neck, then reels with  
sudden moan.

It was thus I reeled. I told you that her hand had many  
sutors,

But she smiles them down imperially as Venus did the waves,  
And with such a gracious coldness that they cannot press  
their futures

On the present of her courtesy, which yieldingly enslaves.

And this morning as I sat alone within the inner chamber  
With the great saloon beyond it, lost in pleasant thought  
serene,

For I had been reading Camões, that poem you remember  
Which his lady's eyes are praised in as the sweetest ever seen.

And the book lay open, and my thought flew from it, taking  
from it

A vibration and impulsion to an end beyond its own,  
As the branch of a green osier, when a child would overcome it,  
Springs up freely from his claspings and goes swinging in  
the sun.

As I mused I heard a murmur ; it grew deep as it grew  
longer,  
Speakers using earnest language—' Lady Geraldine, you  
*would !*'

And I heard a voice that pleaded, ever on in accents stronger,  
As a sense of reason gave it power to make its rhetoric good.

Well I knew that voice ; it was an earl's, of soul that  
matched his station,  
Soul completed into lordship, might and right read on his  
brow ;

Very finely courteous ; far too proud to doubt his domination  
Of the common people, he atones for grandeur by a bow.

High straight forehead, nose of eagle, cold blue eyes of less  
expression

Than resistance, coldly casting off the looks of other men,  
As steel, arrows ; unelastic lips which seem to taste possession  
And be cautious lest the common air should injure or distract.

For the rest, accomplished, upright,—ay, and standing by  
his order

With a bearing not ungraceful ; fond of art and letters too ;  
Just a good man made a proud man,—as the sandy rocks  
that border

A wild coast, by circumstances, in a regnant ebb and flow.

Thus, I knew that voice, I heard it, and I could not help  
the hearkening :

In the room I stood up blindly, and my burning heart within

Seemed to seethe and fuse my senses till they ran on all sides  
darkening,

And scorched, weighed like melted metal round my feet that  
stood therein.

And that voice, I heard it pleading, for love's sake, for  
wealth, position,

For the sake of liberal uses and great actions to be done—

And she interrupted gently, 'Nay, my lord, the old tradition  
Of your Normans, by some worthier hand than mine is,  
should be won.'

'Ah, that white hand!' he said quickly,—and in his he  
either drew it

Or attempted—for with gravity and instance she replied,

'Nay indeed, my lord, this talk is vain, and we had best  
eschew it

And pass on, like friends, to other points less easy to decide.'

What he said again, I know not ; it is likely that his trouble  
Worked his pride up to the surface, for she answered in slow  
scorn,

'And your lordship judges rightly. Whom I marry, shall be  
noble,

Ay, and wealthy. I shall never blush to think how he was  
born.'

There, I maddened ! her words stung me. Life swept  
through me into fever,

And my soul sprang up astonished, sprang full-statured in  
an hour.

Know you what it is when anguish, with apocalyptic NEVER,  
To a Pythian height dilates you, and despair sublimates to  
power?

From my brain the soul-wings budded, waved a flame about  
my body,

Whence conventions coiled to ashes. I felt self-drawn out,  
as man,

From amalgamate false natures, and I saw the skies grow  
     ruddy  
 With the deepening feet of angels, and I knew what spirits  
     can.

I was mad, inspired—say either ! (anguish worketh inspira-  
     tion)

Was a man or beast—perhaps so, for the tiger roars when  
     speared ;

And I walked on, step by step along the level of my pas-  
     sion—

Oh my soul ! and passed the doorway to her face, and never  
     feared.

*He* had left her, peradventure, when my footstep proved my  
     coming,

But for *her*--she half arose, then sate, grew scarlet and grew  
     pale

Oh, she trembled ! 'tis so always with a worldly man or woman  
 In the presence of true spirits, what else *can* they do but  
     quail ?

Oh, she fluttered like a tame bird, in among its forest-  
     brothers

Far too strong for it ; then drooping, bowed her face upon  
     her hands ;

And I spake out wildly, fiercely, brutal truths of her and  
     others .

*I*, she planted in the desert, swathed her, windlike, with my  
     sands.

I plucked up her social fictions, bloody-rooted though leaf-  
     verdant,

Trod them down with words of shaming,—all the purple  
     and the gold,

All the ' landed stakes ' and lordships, all that spirits pure  
     and ardent

Are cast out of love and honour because chancing not to hold.

'For myself I do not argue, said I, 'though I love you, madam,  
But for better souls that nearer to the height of yours have  
trod :

And this age shows, to my thinking, still more infidels to Adam  
Than directly, by profession, simple infidels to God.

'Yet, O God, I said, 'O grave,' I said, 'O mother's heart  
and bosom,

With whom first and last are equal, saint and corpse and  
little child '

We are fools to your deductions, in these figments of heart-  
closing ;

We are traitors to your causes, in these sympathies defiled.

'Learn more reverence, madam, not for rank or wealth--  
*that* needs no learning.

*That* comes quickly, quick as sin does, ay, and culminates to  
sin ,

But for Adam's seed, MAN ! 'Trust me, tis a clay above  
your scorning,

With God's image stamped upon it, and God's kindling  
breath within.

'What right have you, madam, gazing in your palace mirror  
daily,

Getting so by heart your beauty which all others must adore,  
While you draw the golden ringlets down your fingers, to  
vow gaily

You will wed no man that's only good to God, and nothing  
more ?

'Why, what right have you, made fair by that same God, the  
sweetest woman

Of all women He has fashioned, with your lovely spirit-face  
Which would seem too near to vanish if its smile were not so  
human,

And your voice of holy sweetness, turning common words to  
grace,

'What right *can* you have, God's other works to scorn,  
despise, revile them  
In the gross, as mere men, broadly—not as *noble* men, for-  
sooth,—  
As mere Pariahs of the outer world, forbidden to assoil them  
In the hope of living, dying, near that sweetness of your  
mouth?

'Have you any answer, madam? If my spirit were less  
earthly,  
If its instrument were gifted with a better silver string,  
I would kneel down where I stand, and say—Behold me! I  
am worthy  
Of thy loving, for I love thee. I am worthy as a king.

'As it is—your ermined pride, I swear, shall feel this stain  
upon her,  
That I, poor, weak, tost with passion, scorned by me and  
you again,  
Love you, madam, dare to love you, to my grief and your  
dishonour,  
To my endless desolation, and your impotent disdain!'

More mad words like these—mere madness! friend, I need  
not write them fuller,  
For I hear my hot soul dropping on the lines in showers of  
tears.  
Oh, a woman! friend, a woman! why, a beast had scarce  
been duller  
Than roar bestial loud complaints against the shining of the  
spheres.

But at last there came a pause. I stood all vibrating with  
thunder  
Which my soul had used. The silence drew her face up like  
a call.

Could you guess what word she uttered? She looked up, as  
 if in wonder,  
 With tears beaded on her lashes, and said—' Bertram ! ' it  
 was all.

If she had cursed me, and she might have, or if even with  
 queenly bearing  
 Which at need is used by women, she had risen up and said,  
 ' Sir, you are my guest, and therefore I have given you a full  
 hearing ' .  
 Now, beseech you, choose a name exacting somewhat less,  
 instead ! '—

I had borne it : but that ' Bertram '—why, it lies there on the  
 paper  
 A mere word, without her accent, and you cannot judge the  
 weight  
 Of the calm which crushed my passion . I seemed drowning  
 in a vapour ,  
 And her gentleness destroyed me whom her scorn made  
 desolate.

So, struck backward and exhausted by that inward flow of  
 passion  
 Which had rushed on, sparing nothing, into forms of abstract  
 truth,  
 By a logic agonizing through unseemly demonstration,  
 And by youth's own anguish turning grimly grey the hairs of  
 youth,—

By the sense accursed and instant, that if even I spake  
 wisely  
 I spake basely-- using truth, if what I spake indeed was true,  
 To avenge wrong on a woman—*her*, who sate there weighing  
 nicely  
 A poor manhood's worth, found guilty of such deeds as I  
 could do !—



By such wrong and woe exhausted—what I suffered and  
occasioned,—

As a wild horse through a city runs with lightning in his eyes,  
And then dashing at a church's cold and passive wall, im-  
passioned,  
Strikes the death into his burning brain, and blindly drops  
and dies—

So I fell, struck down before her—do you blame me, friend,  
for weakness?

"Twas my strength of passion slew me!—fell before her like  
a stone;

Fast the dreadful world rolled from me on its roaring wheels  
of blackness.

When the light came I was lying in this chamber and alone.

Oh, of course she charged her lacqueys to bear out the sickly  
burden,

And to cast it from her scornful sight, but not *beyond* the  
gate,

She is too kind to be cruel, and too haughty not to pardon  
Such a man as I; 'twere something to be level to her hate.

But for me - you now are conscious why, my friend, I write  
this letter,

How my life is read all backward, and the charm of life  
undone.

I shall leave her house at dawn; I would to-night, if I were  
better—

And I charge my soul to hold my body strengthened for the  
sun.

When the sun has dyed the oriel, I depart, with no last gazes,  
No weak moanings, (one word only, left in writing for her  
hands,)

Out of reach of all derision, and some unavailing praises,

To make front against this anguish in the far and foreign  
lands.

Blame me not. I would not squander life in grief—I am  
abstemious.

I but nurse my spirit's falcon that its wing may soar again.  
There's no room for tears of weakness in the blind eyes of a  
Phemius.

Into work the poet kneads them, and he does not die *till*  
*then.*

---

#### CONCLUSION.

Bertram finished the last pages, while along the silence ever  
Still in hot and heavy splashes fell the tears on every leaf.

Having ended he leans backward in his chair, with lips that  
quiver

From the deep unspoken, ay, and deep unwritten thoughts  
of grief

Soh! how still the lady standeth! 'Tis a dream—a dream  
of mercies!

'Twixt the purple lattice-curtains how she standeth still and  
pale!

'Tis a vision, sure, of mercies, sent to soften his self curses,  
Sent to sweep a patient quiet o'er the tossing of his wail.

'Eyes,' he said, 'now throbbing through me' are ye eyes  
that did undo me?

Shining eyes, like antique jewels set in Parian statue-stone!  
Underneath that calm white forehead are ye ever burning  
torrid

O'er the desolate sand-desert of my heart and life undone?'

With a murmurous stir uncertain, in the air the purple  
curtain

Swelleth in and swelleth out around her motionless pale  
brows,

While the gliding of the river sends a rippling noise for ever  
Through the open casement whitened by the moonlight's  
slant repose.

Said he—' Vision of a lady ! stand there silent, stand there steady !

Now I see it plainly, plainly, now I cannot hope or doubt—  
There, the brows of mild repression—there, the lips of silent  
passion,

Curved like an archer's bow to send the bitter arrows out.'

Ever, evermore the while in a slow silence she kept smiling,  
And approached him slowly, slowly, in a gliding measured  
pace ;

With her two white hands extended as if praying one  
offended,

And a look of supplication gazing earnest in his face.

Said he, ' Wake me by no gesture,—sound of breath, or stir  
of vesture !

Let the blessed apparition melt not yet to its divine !

No approaching—hush, no breathing ! or my heart must  
swoon to death in

The too utter life thou bringest, O thou dream of Geraldine !'

Ever, evermore the while in a slow silence she kept smiling,  
But the tears ran over lightly from her eyes and tenderly :—  
' Dost thou, Bertram, truly love me ? Is no woman far  
above me

Found more worthy of thy poet-heart, than such a one as I ?'

Said he—' I would dream so ever, like the flowing of that  
river,

Flowing ever in a shadow, greenly onward to the sea !

So, thou vision of all sweetness, princely to a full complete-  
ness

Would my heart and life flow onward, deathward, through  
this dream of THEE !

Ever, evermore the while in a slow silence she kept smiling,  
While the silver tears ran faster down the blushing of her  
cheeks ;

Then with both her hands enfolding both of his, she softly  
told him,

'Bertram, if I say I love thee, . . . 'tis the vision only  
speaks.'

Softened, quickened to adore her, on his knee he fell before  
her,

And she whispered low in triumph—'It shall be as I have  
sworn.

Very rich he is in virtues, very noble—noble, certes ;

And I shall not blush in knowing that men call him lowly  
born.'



## THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

— 43 —

“Φεῦ, φεῦ, τι προσδέρκεσθε μ’ ομμασιν, τέκνα ;”

— MEDEA.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,  
Ere the sorrow comes with years ?  
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,  
And *that* cannot stop their tears  
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,  
The young birds are chirping in the nest,  
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,  
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—  
But the young, young children, O my brothers,  
They are weeping bitterly !  
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,  
In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in the sorrow  
Why their tears are falling so ?  
The old man may weep for his to-morrow  
Which is lost in Long Ago ;  
The old tree is leafless in the forest,  
The old year is ending in the frost,  
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest,  
The old hope is hardest to be lost ·  
But the young, young children, O my brothers,  
Do you ask them why they stand  
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,  
In our happy Fatherland ?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,  
And their looks are sad to see,

For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses  
Down the cheeks of infancy ;  
'Your old earth,' they say, 'is very dreary,  
'Our young feet,' they say, 'are very weak ;  
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—  
Our grave-rest is very far to seek :  
Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children,  
For the outside earth is cold,  
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,  
And the graves are for the old.'

'True,' say the children, 'it may happen  
That we die before our time :  
Little Alice died last year, her grave is shapen  
Like a snowball, in the rime.  
We looked into the pit prepared to take her  
Was no room for any work in the close clay !  
From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,  
Crying, "Get up, little Alice ! it is day."  
If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,  
With your ear down, little Alice never cries,  
Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,  
For the smile has time for growing in her eyes :  
And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in  
The shroud by the kirk-chime.  
It is good when it happens,' say the children,  
'That we die before our time.'

Alas, alas, the children ! they are seeking  
Death in life, as best to have :  
They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,  
With a cement from the grave  
Go out, children, from the mine and from the city,  
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do ;  
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty,  
Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through !

But they answer, 'Are your cowslips of the meadows  
Like our weeds anear the mine?  
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-shadows,  
From your pleasures fair and fine!

'For oh,' say the children, 'we are weary,  
And we cannot run or leap,  
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely  
To drop down in them and sleep.  
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,  
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;  
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,  
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.  
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring  
Through the coal-dark, underground,  
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron  
In the factories, round and round.

'For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning,  
Their wind comes in our faces,  
Till our hearts turn, our heads with pulses burning,  
And the walls turn in their places.  
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling,  
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall,  
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling,  
All are turning, all the day, and we with all.  
And all day, the iron wheels are droning,  
And sometimes we could pray,  
"O ye wheels," (breaking out in a mad moaning)  
"Stop! be silent for to-day!"

Ay, be silent! Let them hear each other breathing  
For a moment, mouth to mouth!  
Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing  
Of their tender human youth!  
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion  
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals:

Let them prove their living souls against the notion  
That they live in you, or under you, O wheels !  
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,  
Grinding life down from its mark ,  
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,  
Spin on blindly in the dark.

Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,  
To look up to Him and pray ;  
So the blessed One who bleseeth all the others,  
Will bless them another day.

They answer, ' Who is God that He should hear us,  
While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred ?  
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us  
Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word.  
And *we* hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)  
Strangers speaking at the door :  
Is it likely God, with angels singing round Him,  
Hears our weeping any more ?

' Two words, indeed, of praying we remember,  
And at midnight's hour of harm,  
" Our Father," looking upward in the chamber,  
We say softly for a charm.\*

We know no other words except " Our Father,"  
And we think that, in some pause of angels' song,  
God may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,  
And hold both within His right hand which is strong.  
" Our Father ! " If He heard us, He would surely  
(For they call Him good and mild)  
Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,  
" Come and rest with me, my child."

\* A fact rendered pathetically historical by Mr. Horne's report of his commission. The name of the poet of " Orion " and " Cosmo de' Medici " has, however, a change of associations, and comes in time to remind me that we have some noble poetic heat of literature still,—however open to the reproach of being somewhat gelid in our humanity.—1844.



'But, no!' say the children, weeping faster  
    'He is speechless as a stone :  
And they tell us, of His image is the master  
    Who commands us to work on.'  
'Go to!' say the children,— 'up in Heaven,  
    Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find.  
Do not mock us; grief has made us unbelieving :  
    We look up for God, but tears have made us blind.'  
Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,  
    O my brothers, what ye preach?  
For God's possible is taught by His world's loving,  
    And the children doubt of each.  
And well may the children weep before you!  
    They are weary ere they run ;  
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory  
    Which is brighter than the sun.  
They know the grief of man, without its wisdom ;  
    They sink in man's despair, without its calm ;  
Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom,  
    Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm :  
Are worn as if with age, yet unretrievingly  
    The harvest of its memories cannot reap,—  
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly.  
    Let them weep ! Let them weep !  
They look up with their pale and sunken faces,  
    And their look is dread to see,  
For they mind you of their angels in high places,  
    With eyes turned on Deity.  
'How long, they say, 'how long, O cruel nation,  
    Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart,—  
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,  
    And tread onward to your throne amid the mart ?  
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,  
    And your purple shows your path !  
'But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper  
    Than the strong man in his wrath '

## A CHILD ASLEEP.

How he sleepeth, having drunken  
Weary childhood's mandragore !  
From its pretty eyes have sunken  
Pleasures to make room for more ;  
Sleeping near the withered nosegay which he pulled the day  
before.

Nosegays ! leave them for the waking ;  
Throw them earthward where they grew ;  
Dim are such beside the breaking  
Amaranths he looks unto :  
Folded eyes see brighter colours than the open ever do.

Heaven-flowers, rayed by shadows golden  
From the palms they sprang beneath,  
Now perhaps divinely holden,  
Swing against him in a wreath :  
We may think so from the quickening of his bloom and of his  
breath.

Vision unto vision calleth  
While the young child dreameth on :  
Fair, O dreamer, thee befalleth  
With the glory thou hast won !  
Darker wast thou in the garden yesternorn by summer sun.

We should see the spirits ringing  
Round thee, were the clouds away ·  
'Tis the child-heart draws them, singing  
In the silent-seeming clay—  
Singing ! stars that seem the mutest go in music all the  
way.

As the moths around a taper,  
As the bees around a rose, .

As the gnats around a vapour,  
So the spirits group and close  
Round about a holy childhood as if drinking its repose.

Shapes of brightness overlean thee,  
Flash their diadems of youth  
On the ringlets which half screen thee,  
While thou smilest . . . not in sooth  
*Thy* smile, but the overfair one, dropt from some æthèrial  
mouth.

Haply it is angels' duty,  
During slumber, shade by shade  
To fine down this childish beauty  
To the thing it must be made  
Ere the world shall bring it praises, or the tomb shall see it  
fade.

Softly, softly ! make no noises !  
Now he lieth dead and dumb ;  
Now he hears the angels' voices  
Folding silence in the room :  
Now he muses deep the meaning of the Heaven-words as  
they come.

Speak not ! he is consecrated ;  
Breathe no breath across his eyes :  
Lifted up and separated  
On the hand of God he lies  
In a sweetness beyond touching, held in cloistral sanctities.

Could ye bless him, father—mother,  
Bless the dimple in his cheek ?  
Dare ye look at one another  
And the benediction speak ?  
Would ye not break out in weeping and confess yourselves  
too weak ?

He is harmless, ye are sinful ;  
 Ye are troubled, he, at ease ;  
 From his slumber, virtue winful  
 Floweth outward with increase.  
 Dare not bless him ! but be blessed by his peace, and go in  
 peace.



## THE FOURFOLD ASPECT.

WHEN ye stood up in the house  
 With your little childish feet,  
 And, in touching Life's first shows,  
 First the touch of Love did meet,—  
 Love and Nearness seeming one,  
 By the heartlight cast before,  
 And of all Beloveds, none  
 Standing farther than the door ;  
 Not a name being dear to thought,  
 With its owner beyond call ;  
 Not a face, unless it brought  
 Its own shadow to the wall ;  
 When the worst recorded change  
 Was of apple dropt from bough,  
 When love's sorrow seemed more strange  
 Than love's treason can seem now ;—  
 Then, the Loving took you up  
 Soft, upon their elder knees,  
 Telling why the statues droop  
 Underneath the churchyard trees,  
 And how ye must lie beneath them,  
 Through the winters long and deep,  
 Till the last trump overbreathe them,  
 And ye smile out of your sleep.  
 Oh, ye lifted up your head, and it seemed as if they said

A tale of fairy ships  
 With a swan-wing for a sail;  
 Oh, ye kissed their loving lips  
 For the merry, merry tale—  
 So carelessly ye thought upon the Dead!

Soon ye read in solemn stories  
 Of the men of long ago,  
 Of the pale bewildering glories  
 Shining farther than we know;  
 Of the heroes with the laurel,  
 Of the poets with the bay,  
 Of the two worlds' earnest quarrel  
 For that beauteous Helena;  
 How Achilles at the portal  
 Of the tent heard footsteps nigh,  
 And his strong heart half-immortal,  
 Met the *keitai* with a cry;  
 How Ulysses left the sunlight  
 For the pale eidola race  
 Blank and passive through the dun light,  
 Staring blindly in his face;  
 How that true wife said to Pæetus,  
 With calm smile and wounded heart,  
 'Sweet, it hurts not!' How Admetus  
 Saw his blessed one depart;  
 How King Arthur proved his mission,  
 And Sir Roland wound his horn,  
 And at Sangreal's moony vision  
 Swords did bristle round like corn.  
 Oh, ye lifted up your head, and it seemed, the while ye  
 read,  
 'That this Death, then, must be found  
 A Valhalla for the crowned,  
 The heroic who prevail:  
 None, be sure can enter in

Far below a paladin  
Of a noble, noble tale—  
So awfully ye thought upon the Dead !

Ay, but soon ye woke up shrieking,  
As a child that wakes at night  
From a dream of sisters speaking  
In a garden's summer-light,—  
That wakes, starting up and bounding,  
In a lonely, lonely bed,  
With a wall of darkness round him,  
Stifling black about his head !  
And the full sense of your mortal  
Rushed upon you deep and loud,  
And ye heard the thunder hurtle  
From the silence of the cloud.  
Funeral-torches at your gateway  
Threw a dreadful light within,  
All things changed : you rose up straightway,  
And saluted Death and Sin,  
Since, your outward man has rallied,  
And your eye and voice grown bold ;  
Yet the Sphinx of Life stands pallid,  
With her saddest secret told.  
Happy places have grown holy :  
If ye went where once ye went,  
Only tears would fall down slowly,  
As at solemn sacrament.  
Merry books, once read for pastime,  
If ye dared to read again,  
Only memories of the last time  
Would swim darkly up the brain.  
Household names, which used to flutter  
Through your laughter unawares,—  
God's Divinest ye could utter  
With less trembling in your prayers.

Ye have dropt adown your head, and it seems as if ye tread  
 On your own hearts in the path  
 Ye are called to in His wrath,  
 And your prayers go up in wail  
 —' Dost Thou see, then, all our loss,  
 O Thou agonized on cross?  
 Art thou reading all its tale?'  
 So mournfully ye think upon the Dead!

Pray, pray, thou who also weepst,  
 And the drops will slacken so.  
 Weep, weep, and the watch thou keepest,  
 With a quicker count will go.  
 Think: the shadow on the dial  
 For the nature most undone,  
 Marks the passing of the trial,  
 Proves the presence of the sun.  
 Look, look up, in starry passion,  
 To the throne above the spheres:  
 Learn: the spirit's gravitation  
 Still must differ from the tear's.  
 Hope: with all the strength thou usest  
 In embracing thy despair.  
 Love: the earthly love thou lovest  
 Shall return to thee more fair.  
 Work: make clear the forest-tangles  
 Of the wildest stranger-land.  
 Trust: the blessed deathly angels  
 Whisper, 'Sabbath hours at hand!'  
 By the heart's wound when most gory,  
 By the longest agony,  
 Smile!—Behold in sudden glory  
 The TRANSFIGURED smiles on *thee*!

And ye lifted up your head, and it seemed as if He said,  
 'My Beloved, is it so?  
 Have ye tasted of my woe?'

Of my Heaven ye shall not fail !  
 He stands brightly where the shade is,  
 With the keys of Death and Hades,  
 And there, ends the mournful tale—  
 So hopefully ye think upon the Dead !



## MAN AND NATURE.

A SAD man on a summer day  
 Did look upon the earth and say—  
 ‘ Purple cloud, the hill-top binding,  
 Folded hills, the valleys wind in,  
 Valleys, with fresh streams among you,  
 Streams, with bosky trees along you,  
 Trees, with many birds and blossoms,  
 Birds, with music-trembling bosoms,  
 Blossoms, dropping dews that wreath you  
 To your fellow flowers beneath you,  
 Flowers, that constellate on earth,  
 Earth, that shakest to the mirth  
 Of the merry Titan ocean,  
 All his shining hair in motion !  
 Why am I thus the only one  
 Who can be dark beneath the sun ?

But when the summer day was past,  
 He looked to heaven and smiled at last,  
 Self-answered so —

‘ Because, O cloud,  
 Pressing with thy crumpled shroud  
 Heavily on mountain top,—  
 Hills, that almost seem to drop  
 Stricken with a misty death  
 To the valleys underneath, —



Valleys, sighing with the torrent,—  
 Waters, streaked with branches horrent,—  
 Branchless trees, that shake your head  
 Wildly o'er your blossoms spread  
 Where the common flowers are found,—  
 Flowers, with foreheads to the ground,—  
 Ground, that shrieketh while the sea  
 With his iron smiteth thee—  
 I am, besides, the only one  
 Who can be bright *without* the sun.'

— 8 —

### A SEA-SIDE WALK.

WE walked beside the sea  
 After a day which perished silently  
 Of its own glory—like the princess weird  
 Who, combating the Genius, scorched and seared,  
 Uttered with burning breath, 'Ho ! victory !'  
 And sank adown, an heap of ashes pale :  
     So runs the Arab tale.

The sky above us showed  
 A universal and unmoving cloud  
 On which the cliffs permitted us to see  
 Only the outline of their majesty,  
 As master-minds when gazed at by the crowd :  
 And shining with a gloom, the water grey  
     Swang in its moon-taught way.

Nor moon, nor stars were out ;  
 They did not dare to tread so soon about,  
 Though trembling, in the footsteps of the sun :  
 The light was neither night's nor day's, but one  
 Which, life-like, had a beauty in its doubt,  
 And silence's impassioned breathings round  
     Seemed wandering into sound.

O solemn-beating heart  
 Of nature ! I have knowledge that thou art  
 Bound unto man's by cords he cannot sever ;  
 And, what time they are slackened by him ever,  
 So to attest his own supernal part,  
 Still runneth thy vibration fast and strong  
     The slackened cord along :

For though we never spoke  
 Of the grey water and the shaded rock,  
 Dark wave and stone unconsciously were fused  
 Into the plaintive speaking that we used  
 Of absent friends and memories unforsook ;  
 And, had we seen each other's face, we had  
     Seen haply each was sad.

—o—o—o—

## L. E. L.'S LAST QUESTION.

'Do you think of me as I think of you ?'

*From her Poem written during the Voyage to the Cape.*

'Do you think of me as I think of you,  
 My friends, my friends ?'—She said it from the sea,  
 The English minstrel in her minstrelsy,  
 While, under brighter skies than erst she knew,  
 Her heart grew dark, and groped there as the blind  
 To reach across the waves friends left behind—  
 'Do you think of me as I think of you ?'

It seemed not much to ask—'as I of you ?'  
 We all do ask the same ; no eyelids cover  
 Within the meekest eyes that question over :  
 And little in the world the Loving do  
 But sit (among the rocks ?) and listen for  
 The echo of their own love evermore—  
 'Do you think of me as I think of you ?'

Love-learn'd she had sung of love and love,—  
 And like a child that, sleeping with dropt head  
 Upon the fairy-book he lately read,  
 Whatever household noises round him move,  
 Hears in his dream some elfin turbulence,—  
 Even so suggestive to her inward sense,  
 All sounds of life assumed one tune of love.

And when the glory of her dream withdrew,  
 When knightly gestes and courtly pageantries  
 Were broken in her visionary eyes  
 By tears the solemn seas attested true,—  
 Forgetting that sweet lute beside her hand,  
 She asked not,—‘Do you praise me, O my land?’  
 But,—‘Think ye of me, friends, as I of you?’

Hers was the hand that played for many a year  
 Love's silver phrase for England, smooth and well.  
 Would God, her heart's more inward oracle  
 In that lone moment might confirm her dear!  
 For when her questioned friends in agony  
 Made passionate response, ‘We think of thee,’  
 Her place was in the dust, too deep to hear.

Could she not wait to catch their answering breath?  
 Was she content, content with ocean's sound  
 Which dashed its mocking infinite around  
 One thirsty for a little love?—beneath  
 Those stars content, where last her song had gone,—  
 They mute and cold in radiant life, as soon  
 Their singer was to be, in darksome death?\*

Bring your vain answers—cry, ‘We think of thee!’  
 How think ye of her? warm in long ago  
 Delights? or crowned with budding bays? Not so.  
 None smile and none are crowned where lieth she,

\* Her lyric on the polar star came home with her latest papers.

With all her visions unfulfilled save one,  
 Her childhood's, of the palm-trees in the sun—  
 And lo ! their shadow on her sepulchre !

' Do ye think of me as I think of you ? '—  
 O friends, O kindred, O dear brotherhood,  
 Of all the world ! what are we that we should  
 For covenants of long affection sue ?  
 Why press so near each other when the touch  
 Is barred by graves ? Not much, and yet too much  
 Is this ' Think of me as I think of you. '

But while on mortal lips I shape anew  
 A sigh to mortal issues, verily  
 Above the unshaken stars that see us die,  
 A vocal pathos rolls ; and HE who drew  
 All life from dust, and for all tasted death,  
 By death and life and love, appealing saith,  
*Do you think of me as I think of you ?*



## CROWNED AND WEDDED.

WHEN last before her people's face her own fair face she bent,  
 Within the meek projection of that shade she was content  
 To erase the child-smile from her lips, which seemed as if it  
 might

Be still kept holy from the world to childhood still in sight—  
 To erase it with a solemn vow, a princely vow—to rule,  
 A priestly vow—to rule by grace of God the pitiful,  
 A very godlike vow—to rule in right and righteousness  
 And with the law and for the land—so God the vower bless !

The minster was alight that day, but not with fire, I ween,  
 And long-drawn glitterings swept adown that mighty aisled  
 scene ;

The priests stood stoled in their pomp, the sworded chiefs  
in theirs,

And so, the collared knights, and so, the civil ministers,  
And so, the waiting lords and dames, and little pages best  
At holding trains, and legates so, from countries east and  
west :

So, alien princes, native peers, and high-born ladies bright,  
Along whose brows the Queen's, now crowned, flashed coro-  
nets to light ;

And so, the people at the gates with priestly hands on high  
Which bring the first anointing to all legal majesty ;  
And so the DEAD, who lie in rows beneath the minster floor,  
There verily an awful state maintaining evermore ;  
The statesman whose clean palm will kiss no bribe whate'er  
it be,

The courtier who for no fair queen will rise up to his knee,  
The court-dame who for no court-ure will leave her shroud  
behind,

The laureate who no courtlier rhyme than 'dust to dust'  
can find,

The kings and queens who having made that vow and worn  
that crown,

Descended unto lower thrones and darker, deep adown :  
*Dieu et mon droit*—what is't to them ? what meaning can it  
have ?—

The King of kings, the right of death—God's judgment and  
the grave.

And when betwixt the quick and dead the young fair queen  
had vowed,

The living shouted, ' May she live ! Victoria, live ! ' aloud :  
And as the loyal shouts went up, true spirits prayed between,  
' The blessings happy monarchs have be thine, O crowned  
queen ! '

But now before her people's face she bendeth hers anew,  
And calls them, while she vows, to be her witness thereunto.

She vowed to rule, and in that oath her childhood put away :  
 She doth maintain her womanhood, in vowing love to-day.

O lovely lady ! let her vow ! such lips become such vows,  
 And fairer goeth bridal wreath than crown with vernal brows.

O lovely lady ! let her vow ! yea, let her vow to love !  
 And though she be no less a queen, with purples hung above,  
 The pageant of a court behind, the royal kin around,  
 And woven gold to catch her looks turned maidenly to ground,  
 Yet may the bride-veil hide from her a little of that state,  
 While loving hopes for retinues about her sweetness wait.

SHE vows to love who vowed to rule—(the chosen at her side)  
 Let none say, God preserve the queen ! but rather, Bless the  
 bride !

None blow the trump, none bend the knee, none violate the  
 dream

Wherein no monarch but a wife she to herself may seem.  
 Or if ye say, Preserve the queen ! oh, breathe it inward low—  
 She is a *woman*, and *beloved* ! and 'tis enough but so.

Count it enough, thou noble prince, who tak'st her by the  
 hand

And claimest for thy lady-love, our lady of the land !  
 And since, Prince Albert, men have called thy spirit high  
 and rare,

And true to truth and brave for truth, as some at  
 Augsburg were,

We charge thee by thy lofty thoughts and by thy poet-  
 mind

Which not by glory and degree takes measure of mankind,  
 Esteem that wedded hand less dear for sceptre than for ring,  
 And hold her uncrowned womanhood to be the royal thing.

And now, upon our queen's last vow what blessings shall we  
 pray ?

None straitened to a shallow crown will suit our lips to-day ;  
 Behold, they must be free as love, they must be broad as free,  
 Even to the borders of heaven's light and earth's humanity,

Long live she !—send up loyal shouts, and true hearts  
pray between,—

‘The blessings happy PEASANTS have, be thine, O  
crowned queen !’



## CROWNED AND BURIED.

NAPOLEON !—years ago, and that great word  
Compact of human breath in hate and dread  
And exultation, skied us overhead—  
An atmosphere whose lightning was the sword  
Scathing the cedars of the world,—drawn down  
In burnings, by the metal of a crown.

Napoleon !—Nations, while they cursed that name,  
Shook at their own curse ; and while others bore  
Its sound, as of a trumpet, on before,  
Brass-fronted legions justified its fame ;  
And dying men, on trampled battle-sods,  
Near their last silence uttered it for God’s.

Napoleon !—sages, with high foreheads drooped,  
Did use it for a problem ; children small  
Leapt up to greet it, as at manhood’s call,  
Priests blessed it from their altars overstooped  
By meek-eyed Christs ; and widows with a moan  
Spake it, when questioned why they sate alone.

That name consumed the silence of the snows  
In Alpine keeping, holy and cloud-hid ;  
The mimic eagles dared what Nature’s did,  
And over-rushed her mountainous repose  
In search of eyries : and the Egyptian river  
Mingled the same word with its grand ‘For ever.

That name was shouted near the pyramidal  
Nilotic tombs, whose mummied habitants,

Packed to humanity's significance,  
Motioned it back with stillness,—shouts as idle  
As hireling artists' work of myrrh and spice  
Which swathed last glories round the Ptolemies.

The world's face changed to hear it ; kingly men  
Came down in chidden babes' bewilderment  
From autocratic places, each content  
With sprinkled ashes for anointing : then  
The people laughed or wondered for the nonce,  
To see one throne a composite of thrones,

Napoleon !—even the torrid vastitude  
Of India felt in throbbings of the air  
That name which scattered by disastrous blare  
All Europe's bound-lines,—drawn afresh in blood.  
Napoleon !—from the Russias west to Spain :  
And Austria trembled till ye heard her chain,

And Germany was 'ware ; and Italy  
Oblivious of old fames—her laurel-locked,  
High-ghosted Cæsars passing uninvoked—  
Did crumble her own runs with her knee,  
To serve a newer : ay ! but Frenchmen cast  
A future from them nobler than her past :

For verily though France augustly rose  
With that raised NAME, and did assume by such  
The purple of the world, none gave so much  
As she in purchase—to speak plain, in loss—  
Whose hands, toward freedom stretched, dropped paralyzed  
To wield a sword or fit an undersized

King's crown to a great man's head. And though along  
Her Paris' streets, did float on frequent streams  
Of triumph, pictured or emmarbled dreams  
Dreamt right by genius in a world gone wrong,—  
No dream of all so won was fair to see  
As the lost vision of her liberty.



Napoleon !—twas a high name lifted high :  
It met at last God's thunder sent to clear  
Our compassing and covering atmosphere  
And open a clear sight beyond the sky  
Of supreme empire ; this of earth's was done—  
And kings crept out again to feel the sun.

The kings crept out—the people sate at home,  
And finding the long-invoked peace  
(A pall embroidered with worn images  
Of rights divine) too scant to cover doom  
Such as they suffered, cursed the corn that grew  
Rankly, to bitter bread, on Waterloo.

A deep gloom centred in the deep repose :  
The nations stood up mute to count their dead :  
And he who owned the NAME which vibrated  
Through silence,—trusting to his noblest foes  
When earth was all too grey for chivalry,  
Died of their mercies 'mid the desert sea.

O wild St. Helen ! very still she kept him,  
With a green willow for all pyramid,  
Which stirred a little if the low wind did,  
A little more, if pilgrims overwept him,  
Disparting the lithe boughs to see the clay  
Which seemed to cover his for judgment-day.

Nay, not so long ! France kept her old affection  
As deeply as the sepulchre the corse ;  
Until, dilated by such love's remorse  
To a new angel of the resurrection,  
She cried, ' Behold, thou England ! I would have  
The dead whereof thou wottest, from that grave.'

And England answered in the courtesy  
Which, ancient foes turned lovers, may befit,—

'Take back thy dead ! and when thou buriest it,  
Throw in all former strifes 'twixt thee and me '  
Amen, mine England ! 'tis a courteous claim :  
But ask a little room too—for thy shame !

Because it was not well, it was not well,  
Nor tuneful with thy lofty chanted part  
Among the Oceanides,—that Heart  
To bind and bare and vex with vulture fell.  
I would, my noble England, men might seek  
All crimson stains upon thy breast--not cheek !

I would that hostile fleets had scarred 'Torbay,  
Instead of the lone ship which waited moored  
Until thy princely purpose was assured,  
Then left a shadow, not to pass away—  
Not for to-night's moon, nor to-morrow's sun :  
Green watching hulls, ye witnessed what was done ! \*

But since it *was* done,—in sepulchral dust  
We fain would pay back something of our debt  
To France, if not to honour, and forget  
How through much fear we falsified the trust  
Of a fallen foe and exile. We return  
Orestes to Electra—in his urn.

A little urn—a little dust inside,  
Which once outbalanced the large earth, albeit  
To-day a four years' child might carry it  
Sleek-browed and smiling, ' Let the burden 'bide ! '  
Orestes to Electra !— O fair town  
Of Paris, how the wild tears will run down

And run back in the chariot-marks of time,  
When all the people shall come forth to meet  
The passive victor, death-still in the street  
He rode through 'mid the shouting and bell-chime

\* Written at Torquay.

And martial music, under eagles which  
Dyed their rapacious beaks at Austerlitz !

Napoleon !—he hath come again, borne home  
Upon the popular ebbing heart,—a sea  
Which gathers its own wrecks perpetually,  
Majestically moaning. Give him room !  
Room for the dead in Paris ! welcome solemn  
And grave-deep, 'neath the cannon-moulded column !

There, weapon spent and warrior spent may rest  
From roar of fields,—provided Jupiter  
Dare trust Saturnus to lie down so near  
His bolts !—and this he may : for dispossessed  
Of any godship lies the godlike arm—  
The goat, Jove sucked, as likely to do harm.

And yet . . . Napoleon !—the recovered name  
Shakes the old casements of the world ; and we  
Look out upon the passing pageantry,  
Attesting that the Dead makes good his claim  
To a French grave,—another kingdom won,  
The last, of few spans—by Napoleon.

Blood fell like dew beneath his sunrise—sooth !  
But glittered dew-like in the covenanted  
Meridian light. He was a despot—granted !  
But the *avros* of his autocratic mouth  
Said yea i' the people's French ; he magnified  
The image of the freedom he denied :

And if they asked for rights, he made reply  
'Ye have my glory !'—and so, drawing round them  
His ample purple, glorified and bound them  
In an embrace that seemed identity.  
He ruled them like a tyrant—true ! but none  
Were ruled like slaves : each felt Napoleon.

\* It was the first intention to bury him under the column

I do not praise this man : the man was flawed  
 For Adam—much more, Christ !—his knee unbent,  
 His hand unclean, his aspiration pent  
 Within a sword-sweep—pshaw !—but since he had  
 The genius to be loved, why let him have  
 The justice to be honoured in his grave.

I think this nation's tears thus poured together,  
 Better than shouts. I think this funeral  
 Grandeur than crownings, though a Pope bless all.  
 I think this grave stronger than thrones. But whether  
 The crowned Napoleon or the buried clay  
 Be worthier, I discern not : angels may.

— ❧ —

## TO FLUSH, MY DOG.

LOVING friend, the gift of one  
 Who her own true faith has run  
     Through thy lower nature,\*  
 Be my benediction said  
 With my hand upon thy head,  
     Gentle fellow-creature !

Like a lady's ringlets brown,  
 Flow thy silken ears adown  
     Either side demurely  
 Of thy silver-suited breast  
 Shining out from all the rest  
     Of thy body purely.

\* This dog was the gift of my dear and admired friend, Miss Mitford, and belongs to the beautiful race she has rendered celebrated among English and American readers. The Flushes have their laurels as well as the Cæsars,—the chief difference (at least the very head and front of it) consisting, perhaps, in the bald head of the latter under the crown.—1844.

Darkly brown thy body is,  
Till the sunshine striking this  
    Alchemize its dulness,  
When the sleek curls manifold  
Flash all over into gold  
    With a burnished fulness.

Underneath my stroking hand,  
Startled eyes of hazel bland  
    Kindling, growing larger,  
Up thou leapest with a spring,  
Full of prank and curveting,  
    Leaping like a charger.

Leap ! thy broad tail waves a light,  
Leap ! thy slender feet are bright,  
    Canopied in fringes ;  
Leap—those tasselled ears of thine  
Flicker strangely, fair and fine  
    Down their golden inches.

Yet, my pretty, sportive friend,  
Little is't to such an end  
    That I praise thy rareness ;  
Other dogs may be thy peers  
Haply in these drooping ears  
    And this glossy fairness.

But of *thee* it shall be said,  
This dog watched beside a bed  
    Day and night unwearied  
Watched within a curtained room  
Where no sunbeam brake the gloom  
    Round the sick and dreary.

Roses, gathered for a vase,  
In that chamber died apace,  
    Beam and breeze resigning ;

This dog only, waited on,  
Knowing that when light is gone,  
Love remains for shining.

Other dogs in thymy dew  
Tracked the hares and followed through  
Sunny moor or meadow ;  
This dog only, crept and crept  
Next a languid cheek that slept,  
Sharing in the shadow.

Other dogs of loyal cheer  
Bounded at the whistle clear,  
Up the woodside hieing ;  
This dog only, watched in reach  
Of a faintly uttered speech  
Or a louder sighing.

And if one or two quick tears  
Dropped upon his glossy ears  
Or a sigh came double,  
Up he sprang in eager haste,  
Fawning, fondling, breathing fast,  
In a tender trouble.

And this dog was satisfied  
If a pale thin hand would glide  
Down his dewlaps sloping,—  
Which he pushed his nose within,  
After,—platforming his chin  
On the palm left open.

This dog, if a friendly voice  
Call him now to blither choice  
Than such chamber-keeping,  
'Come out !' praying from the door,—  
Presseth backward as before,  
Up against me leaping.

## TO FLUSH, MY DOG.

Therefore to this dog will I,  
Tenderly not scornfully,  
    Render praise and favour :  
With my hand upon his head,  
Is my benediction said  
    Therefore, and for ever.

And because he loves me so,  
Better than his kind will do  
    Often man or woman,  
Give I back more love again  
Than dogs often take of men,  
    Leaning from my Human.

Blessings on thee, dog of mine,  
Pretty collars make thee fine,  
    Sugared milk make fat thee !  
Pleasures wag on in thy tail,  
Hands of gentle motion fail  
    Nevermore, to pat thee !

Downy pillow take thy head,  
Silken coverlid bestead,  
    Sunshine help thy sleeping !  
No fly's buzzing wake thee up,  
No man break thy purple cup  
    Set for drinking deep in.

Whiskered cats aointed flee,  
Sturdy stoppers keep from thee  
    Cologne distillations ;  
Nuts lie in thy path for stones,  
And thy feast-day macaroons  
    Turn to daily rations !

Mock I thee, in wishing weal?—  
Tears are in my eyes to feel  
    Thou art made so straitly,

Blessing needs must straiten too,—  
Little canst thou joy or do,  
Thou who lovest *greatly*.

Yet be blessed to the height  
Of all good and all delight  
Pervious to thy nature ;  
Only *loved* beyond that line,  
With a love that answers thine,  
Loving fellow-creature !



## SLEEPING AND WATCHING.

SLEEP on, baby, on the floor,  
Tired of all the playing :  
Sleep with smile the sweeter for  
That, you dropped away in.  
On your curls' full roundness stand  
Golden lights serenely ;  
One cheek, pushed out by the hand,  
Folds the dimple inly :  
Little head and little foot  
Heavy laid for pleasure,  
Underneath the lids half shut,  
Slants the shining azure.  
Open-soul in noonday sun,  
So you lie and slumber :  
Nothing evil having done,  
Nothing can encumber.

I, who cannot sleep as well,  
Shall I sigh to view you ?  
Or sigh further to foretell  
All that may undo you ?



Nay, keep smiling, little child,  
Ere the sorrow neareth :  
I will smile too ! patience mild  
Pleasure's token weareth.  
Nay, keep sleeping before loss :  
I shall sleep though losing !  
As by cradle, so by cross,  
Sure is the reposing.

And God knows who sees us twain,  
Child at childish leisure,  
I am near as tired of pain  
As you seem of pleasure.  
Very soon too, by His grace  
Gently wrapt around me,  
Shall I show as calm a face,  
Shall I sleep as soundly.  
Differing in this, that you  
Clasp your playthings, sleeping,  
While my hand shall drop the few  
Given to my keeping  
Differing in this, that I  
Sleeping shall be colder,  
And in waking presently,  
Brighter to beholder :  
Differing in this beside  
(Sleeper, have you heard me ?  
Do you move, and open wide  
Eyes of wonder toward me ?)—  
That while you I thus recall  
From your sleep, I solely,  
Me from mine an angel shall,  
With reveillie holy.



## THE LOST BOWER.

IN the pleasant orchard-closes,  
'God bless all our gains,' say we ;  
But 'May God bless all our losses,'  
Better suits with our degree.

Listen, gentle—ay, and simple ! listen, children on the knee !

Green the land is where my daily  
Steps in jocund childhood played,  
Dimpled close with hill and valley,  
Dappled very close with shade ,

Summer-snow of apple-blossoms running up from glade to  
glade.

There is one hill I see nearer  
In my vision of the rest ;  
And a little wood seems clearer  
As it climbeth from the west,

Sideway from the tree-locked valley, to the airy upland crest.

Small the wood is, green with hazels,  
And, completing the ascent,  
Where the wind blows and sun dazzles  
Thrills in leafy tremblement,

Like a heart that after climbing beateth quickly through  
content.

Not a step the wood advances  
O'er the open hill-top's bound ;  
There, in green arrest, the branches  
See their image on the ground :

You may walk beneath them smiling, glad with sight and  
glad with sound.

For you harken on your right hand,  
How the birds do leap and call

In the greenwood, out of sight and  
Out of reach and fear of all ;  
And the squirrels crack the filberts through their cheerful  
madrigal.

On your left, the sheep are cropping  
The slant grass and daisies pale,  
And five apple-trees stand dropping  
Separate shadows toward the vale  
Over which, in choral silence, the hills look you their ' All  
hail ! '

Far out, kindled by each other,  
Shining hills on hills arise,  
Close as brother leans to brother  
When they press beneath the eyes  
Of some father praying blessings from the gifts of paradise.

While beyond, above them mounted,  
And above their woods also,  
Malvern hills, for mountains counted  
Not unduly, loom a-row—  
Keepers of Piers Plowman's visions through the sunshine  
and the snow.\*

Yet, in childhood, little prized I  
That fair walk and far survey ;  
'Twas a straight walk unadvised by  
The least mischief worth a nay ;  
Up and down—as dull as grammar on the eve of holiday.

But the wood, all close and clenching  
Bough in bough and root in root,—  
No more sky (for over-branching)  
At your head than at your foot, —  
Oh, the wood drew me within it by a glamour past dispute !

\* The Malvern hills of Worcestershire are the scene of Langland's visions, and thus present the earliest classic ground of English poetry.

Few and broken paths showed through it,  
Where the sheep had tried to run,—  
Forced with snowy wool to strew it  
Round the thickets, when anon  
They, with silly thorn-pricked noses, bleated back into the  
sun.

But my childish heart beat stronger  
Than those thickets dared to grow :  
I could pierce them ! I could longer  
Travel on, methought, than so :  
Sheep for sheep-paths ! braver children climb and creep  
where they would go.

And the poets wander, said I,  
Over places all as rude :  
Bold Rinaldo's lovely lady  
Sate to meet him in a wood :  
Rosalinda, like a fountain, laughed out pure with solitude.

And if Chaucer had not travelled  
Through a forest by a well,  
He had never dreamt nor marvelled  
At those ladies fair and fell  
Who lived smiling without loving in their island-citadel.

Thus I thought of the old singers  
And took courage from their song,  
Till my little struggling fingers  
Tore asunder gyve and thong  
Of the brambles which entrapped me, and the barrier  
branches strong.

On a day, such pastime keeping,  
With a fawn's heart debonair,  
Under-crawling, overleaping  
Thorns that prick and boughs that bear,  
I stood suddenly astonished—I was gladdened unaware.

From the place I stood in, floated  
Back the covert dim and close,  
And the open ground was coated  
Carpet-smooth with grass and moss,  
And the blue-bell's purple presence signed it worthily across.

Here a linden-tree stood, brightning  
All adown its silver rind ;  
For as some trees draw the lightning,  
So this tree, unto my mind,  
Drew to earth the blessed sunshine from the sky where it  
was shrined.

Fall the linden-tree, and near it  
An old hawthorn also grew ;  
And wood-ivy like a spirit  
Hovered dimly round the two,  
Shaping thence that bower of beauty which I sing of thus to  
you.

'Twas a bower for garden fitter  
Than for any woodland wide :  
Though a fresh and dewy glitter  
Struck it through from side to side,  
Shaped and shaven was the freshness, as by garden-cunning  
plied.

Oh, a lady might have come there,  
Hooded fairly like her hawk,  
With a book or lute in summer,  
And a hope of sweeter talk,—  
Listening less to her own music than for footsteps on the  
walk !

But that bower appeared a marvel  
In the wildness of the place ;  
With such seeming art and travail,  
Finely fixed and fitted was  
Leaf to leaf, the dark-green ivy, to the summit from the base.

And the ivy veined and glossy  
Was inwrought with eglantine ;  
And the wild hop fibred closely,  
And the large-leaved columbine,  
Arch of door and window-mullion, did right sylvanly entwine.

Rose-trees either side the door were  
Growing lithe and growing tall,  
Each one set a summer warder  
For the keeping of the hall,—  
With a red rose and a white rose, leaning, nodding at the  
wall.

As I entered, mosses hushing  
Stole all noises from my foot ;  
And a green elastic cushion,  
Clasped within the linden's root,  
Took me in a chair of silence very rare and absolute.

All the floor was paved with glory,  
Greenly, silently inlaid  
(Through quick motions made before me)  
With fair counterparts in shade  
Of the fair serrated ivy-leaves which slanted overhead.

' Is such pavement in a palace ? '  
So I questioned in my thought :  
The sun, shining through the chalice  
Of the red rose hung without,  
Threw within a red libation, like an answer to my doubt.

At the same time, on the linen  
Of my childish lap there fell  
Two white may-leaves, downward winning  
Through the ceiling's miracle,  
From a blossom, like an angel, out of sight yet blessing well.

Down to floor and up to ceiling  
Quick I turned my childish face  
With an innocent appealing  
For the secret of the place  
To the trees, which surely knew it in partaking of the grace.

Where's no foot of human creature  
How could reach a human hand?  
And if this be work of nature,  
Why has nature turned so bland,  
Breaking off from other wild work? It was hard to under  
stand.

Was she weary of rough-doing,  
Of the bramble and the thorn?  
Did she pause in tender rueing  
Here of all her sylvan scorn?  
Or in mock of art's deceiving was the sudden mildness worn?

Or could this same bower (I fancied)  
Be the work of Dryad strong  
Who, surviving all that chanced  
In the world's old pagan wrong,  
Lay hid, feeding in the woodland on the last true poet's song?

Or was this the house of fairies,  
Left, because of the rough ways,  
Unassailed by Ave Marys  
Which the passing pilgrim prays,  
And beyond St. Catherine's chiming on the blessed Sabbath  
days?

So, young muser, I sate listening  
To my fancy's wildest word:  
On a sudden, through the glistening  
Leaves around, a little stirred,  
Came a sound, a sense of music which was rather felt than  
heard.

Softly, finely, it inwound me ;  
From the world it shut me in,—  
Like a fountain, falling round me,  
Which with silver waters thin  
Clips a little water Naiad sitting smilingly within.

Whence the music came, who knoweth ?  
I know nothing . but indeed  
Pan or Faunus never bloweth  
So much sweetness from a reed  
Which has sucked the milk of waters at the oldest riverhead.

Never lark the sun can waken  
With such sweetness ! when the lark,  
The high planets overtaking  
In the half-*evanished* Dark,  
Casts his singing to their singing, like an arrow to the mark.

Never nightingale so singeth :  
Oh, she leans on thorny tree  
And her poet-song she flingeth  
Over pain to victory !  
Yet she never sings such music,—or she sings it not to me.

Never blackbirds, never thrushes  
Nor small finches sing as sweet,  
When the sun strikes through the bushes  
To their crimson clinging feet,  
And their pretty eyes look sideways to the summer heavens  
complete.

If it *were* a bird, it seemed  
Most like Chaucer's, which, in sooth,  
He of green and azure dreamed,  
While it sate in spirit-ruth  
On that bier of a crowned lady, singing nigh her silent  
mouth.



If it *were* a bird?—ah, sceptic,  
 Give me 'yea' or give me 'nay'—  
 Though my soul were nympholeptic  
 As I heard that virelay,

**You may stoop your pride to pardon, for my sin is far away.**

I rose up in exaltation  
 And an inward trembling heat,  
 And (it seemed) in geste of passion  
 Dropped the music to my feet

**Like a garment rustling downwards—such a silence followed it!**

Heart and head beat through the quiet,  
 Full and heavily, though slower :  
 In the song, I think, and by it,  
 Mystic Presences of power

**Had up-snatched me to the Timeless, then returned me to  
 the Hour.**

In a child-abstraction lifted,  
 Straightway from the bower I past,  
 Foot and soul being dimly drifted  
 Through the greenwood, till, at last,

**In the hill-top's open sunshine, I all consciously was cast.**

Face to face with the true mountains  
 I stood silently and still,  
 Drawing strength from fancy's dauntings,  
 From the air about the hill

**And from Nature's open mercies, and most debonair good-  
 will.**

Oh, the golden-hearted daisies  
 Witnessed there, before my youth,  
 To the truth of things, with praises  
 Of the beauty of the truth ;

**And I woke to Nature's real. laughing joyfully for both.**

And I said within me, laughing,  
 I have found a bower to-day,  
 A green lusus, fashioned half in  
 Chance and half in Nature's play,  
 And a little bird sings nigh it, I will nevermore missay.

Henceforth, / will be the fairy  
 Of this bower, not built by one ;  
 I will go there, sad or merry,  
 With each morning's benison,  
 And the bird shall be my harper in the dream-hall I have won.

So I said. But the next morning,  
 (—Child, look up into my face—  
 'Ware, oh sceptic, of your scorning !  
 This is truth in its pure grace !)  
 The next morning, all had vanished, or my wandering  
 missed the place.

Bring an oath most sylvan-holy,  
 And upon it swear me true—  
 By the wind-bells swinging slowly  
 Their mute curfews in the dew,  
 By the advent of the snowdrop, by the rosemary and rue,—

I affirm by all or any,  
 Let the cause be charm or chance,  
 That my wandering searches many  
 Missed the bower of my romance—  
 That I nevermore upon it turned my mortal countenance.

I affirm that, since I lost it,  
 Never bower has seemed so fair ;  
 Never garden-creeper crossed it  
 With so deft and brave an air,  
 Never bird sung in the summer, as I saw and heard them  
 there

Day by day, with new desire,  
Toward my wood I ran in faith,  
Under leaf and over brier,  
Through the thickets, out of breath ;  
Like the prince who rescued Beauty from the sleep as long  
as death.

But his sword of mettle clashèd,  
And his arm smote strong, I ween,  
And her dreaming spirit flashèd  
Through her body's fair white screen.  
And the light thereof might guide him up the cedar alleys  
green :

But for me, I saw no splendour—  
All my sword was my child-heart ;  
And the wood refused surrender  
Of that bower it held apart,  
Safe as CEdipus's grave-place 'mid Colone's olives swart.

As Aladdin sought the basements  
His fair palace rose upon,  
And the four-and-twenty casements  
Which gave answers to the sun ;  
So, in wilderment of gazing, I looked up, and I looked down.

Years have vanished since, as wholly  
As the little bower did then ;  
And you call it tender folly  
That such thoughts should come again ?  
Ah ! I cannot change this sighing for your smiling, brother  
men !

For this loss it did prefigure  
Other loss of better good,  
When my soul, in spirit-vigour  
And in ripened womanhood,  
Fell from visions of more beauty than an arbour in a wood.

I have lost—oh, many a pleasure,  
 Many a hope, and many a power—  
 Studious health and merry leisure,  
 The first dew on the first flower !

But the first of all my losses was the losing of the bower.

I have lost the dream of Doing,  
 And the other dream of Done,  
 The first spring in the pursuing,  
 The first pride in the Begun,—

First recoil from incompleteness, in the face of what is won—

Exaltations in the far light  
 Where some cottage only is ;  
 Mild dejections in the starlight,  
 Which the sadder-hearted miss ;

And the child-cheek blushing scarlet for the very shame of  
 bliss.

I have lost the sound child-sleeping  
 Which the thunder could not break ;  
 Something too of the strong leaping  
 Of the staglike heart awake,

Which the pale is low for keeping in the road it ought to  
 take.

Some respect to social fictions  
 Has been also lost by me ;  
 And some generous genuflections,  
 Which my spirit offered free

To the pleasant old conventions of our false humanity.

All my losses did I tell you,  
 Ye perchance would look away ;—  
 Ye would answer me, ' Farewell ! you  
 Make sad company to-day,

And your tears are falling faster than the bitter words you say.

For God placed me like a dial  
In the open ground with power,  
And my heart had for its trial  
All the sun and all the shower :

And I suffered many losses,—and my first was of the **bower**.

Laugh you? If that loss of mine be  
Of no heavy-seeming weight—  
When the cone falls from the pine-tree,  
The young children laugh thereat ;

Yet the wind that struck it, riseth, and the tempest shall be  
great !

One who knew me in my childhood,  
In the glamour and the game,  
Looking on me long and mild, would  
Never know me for the same.

Come, unchanging recollections, where those changes over-  
came !

By this couch I weakly lie on,  
While I count my memories,—  
Through the fingers which, still sighing,  
I press closely on mine eyes,—

Clear as once beneath the sunshine, I behold the **bower arise**.

Springs the linden-tree as greenly,  
Stroked with light adown its rind ,  
And the ivy-leaves serenely  
Each in either intertwined ;

And the rose-trees at the doorway, they have neither **grown**  
nor pined.

From those overblown faint roses  
Not a leaf appeareth shed,  
And that little bud discloses  
Not a thorn's-breadth more of red

For the winters and the summers which have passed me  
overhead.

And that music overfloweth,  
 Sudden sweet, the sylvan caves :  
 Thrush or nightingale—who knoweth ?  
 Fay or Faunus—who believes ?  
 But my heart still trembles in me to the trembling of the  
 leaves.

Is the bower lost, then ? who sayeth  
 That the bower indeed is lost ?  
 Hark ! my spirit in it prayeth  
 Through the sunshine and the frost,—  
 And the prayer preserves it greenly, to the last and utter-  
 most.

Till another open for me  
 In God's Eden-land unknown,  
 With an angel at the doorway,  
 White with gazing at His Throne ;  
 And a saint's voice in the palm-trees, singing—' All is  
 lost . . . and *won* !'



## WINE OF CYPRUS.

GIVEN TO ME BY H. S. BOYD, AUTHOR OF ' SELECT PASSAGES  
 FROM THE GREEK FATHERS,' ETC.,  
 TO WHOM THESE STANZAS ARE ADDRESSED.

If old Bacchus were the speaker  
 He would tell you with a sigh,  
 Of the Cyprus in this beaker  
 I am sipping like a fly,—  
 Like a fly or gnat on Ida  
 At the hour of goblet-pledge,  
 By queen Juno brushed aside, a  
 Full white arm-sweep, from the edge.

Sooth, the drinking should be ampler  
When the drink is so divine,  
And some deep-mouthed Greek exemplar  
Would become your Cyprus wine :  
Cyclops' mouth might plunge aright in,  
While his one eye over-leered,  
Nor too large were mouth of Titan  
Drinking rivers down his beard.

Pan might dip his head so deep in,  
That his ears alone pricked out,  
Fauns around him pressing, leaping,  
Each one pointing to his throat :  
While the Naiads, like Bacchantes,  
Wild, with urns thrown out to waste,  
Cry, ' O earth, that thou wouldst grant us  
Springs to keep, of such a taste !'

But for me, I am not worthy  
After gods and Greeks to drink,  
And my lips are pale and earthy  
To go bathing from this brink :  
Since you heard them speak the last time,  
They have faded from their blooms,  
And the laughter of my pastime  
Has learnt silence at the tombs.

Ah, my friend ! the antique drinkers  
Crowned the cup and crowned the brow.  
Can I answer the old thinkers  
In the forms they thought of, now ?  
Who will fetch from garden-closes  
Some new garlands while I speak,  
That the forehead, crowned with roses,  
May strike scarlet down the cheek ?

Do not mock me ! with my mortal,  
Suits no wreath again, indeed ;

I am sad-voiced as the turtle  
Which Anacreon used to feed :  
Yet as that same bird demurely  
Wet her beak in cup of his,  
So, without a garland, surely  
I may touch the brim of this.

Go,—let others praise the Chian !  
This is soft as Muses' string,  
This is tawny as Rhea's lion,  
This is rapid as his spring,  
Bright as Paphia's eyes e'er met us,  
Light as ever trod her feet ;  
And the brown bees of Hymettus  
Make their honey not so sweet.

Very copious are my praises,  
Though I sip it like a fly !  
Ah—but, sipping,—times and places  
Change before me suddenly :  
As Ulysses' old libation  
Drew the ghosts from every part,  
So your Cyprus wine, dear Grecian,  
Stirs the Hades of my heart.

And I think of those long mornings  
Which my thought goes far to seek,  
When, betwixt the folio's turnings,  
Solemn flowed the rhythmic Greek :  
Past the pane the mountain spreading,  
Swept the sheep's-bell's tinkling noise  
While a girlish voice was reading,  
Somewhat low for αἰ's and οἰ's.

Then, what golden hours were for us !  
While we sate together there,  
How the white vests of the chorus  
Seemed to wave up a live air !



How the cothurns trod majestic  
Down the deep iambic lines,  
And the rolling anapæstic  
Curled like vapour over shrines !

Oh, our Æschylus, the thunderous,  
How he drove the bolted breath  
Through the cloud, to wedge it ponderous  
In the gnarled oak beneath !  
Oh, our Sophocles, the royal,  
Who was born to monarch's place  
And who made the whole world loyal,  
Less by kingly power than grace !

Our Euripides, the human,  
With his droppings of warm tears,  
And his touches of things common  
Till they rose to touch the spheres !  
Our Theocritus, our Bion,  
And our Pindar's shining goals !—  
These were cup-bearers undying,  
Of the wine that's meant for souls.

And my Plato, the divine one,  
If men know the gods aright  
By their motions as they shine on  
With a glorious trail of light !  
And your noble Christian bishops,  
Who mouthed grandly the last Greek  
Though the sponges on their hyssops  
Were distent with wine —too weak.

Yet, your Chrysostom, you praised him  
As a liberal mouth of gold ;  
And your Basil, you upraised him  
To the height of speakers old :  
And we both praised Heliodorus  
For his secret of pure lies,—

Who forged first his linked stories  
In the heat of lady's eyes.

And we both praised your Synesius  
For the fire shot up his odes,  
Though the Church was scarce propitious  
As he whistled dogs and gods.  
And we both praised Nazianzen  
For the fervid heart and speech :  
Only I eschewed his glancing  
At the lyre hung out of reach.

Do you mind that deed of Atè  
Which you bound me to so fast,—  
Reading 'De Virginitate,'  
From the first line to the last ?  
How I said at ending, solemn  
As I turned and looked at you,  
That St. Simeon on the column  
Had had somewhat less to do?

For we sometimes gently wrangled,  
Very gently, be it said,  
Since our thoughts were disentangled  
By no breaking of the thread !  
And I charged you with extortions  
On the nobler fames of old—  
Ay, and sometimes thought your Porsons  
Stained the purple they would fold.

For the rest—a mystic moaning,  
Kept Cassandra at the gate,  
With wild eyes the vision shone in,  
And wide nostrils scenting fate  
And Prometheus, bound in passion  
By brute Force to the blind stone,  
Showed us looks of invocation  
Turned to ocean and the sun.

And Medea we saw burning  
At her nature's planted stake :  
And proud Œdipus fate-scorning  
While the cloud came on to break—  
While the cloud came on slow, slower,  
Till he stood discrowned, resigned !—  
But the reader's voice dropped lower  
When the poet called him BLIND.

Ah, my gossip ! you were older,  
And more learned, and a man !  
Yet that shadow, the enfolder  
Of your quiet eyelids, ran  
Both our spirits to one level ;  
And I turned from hill and lea  
And the summer sun's green revel,  
To your eyes that could not see.

Now Christ bless you with the one light  
Which goes shining night and day !  
May the flowers which grow in sunlight  
Shed their fragrance in your way !  
Is it not right to remember  
All your kindness, friend of mine,  
When we two sate in the chamber,  
And the poets poured us wine ?

So, to come back to the drinking  
Of this Cyprus,—it is well,  
But those memories, to my thinking  
Make a better œnomel ;  
And whoever be the speaker,  
None can murmur with a sigh  
That, in drinking from *that* beaker,  
I am sipping like a fly.

## A RHAPSODY OF LIFE'S PROGRESS.

' Fill all the stops of life with tuneful breath.'

POEMS ON MAN, BY CORNELIUS MATHEWS. \*

WE are borne into life—it is sweet, it is strange,  
We lie still on the knee of a mild Mystery  
Which smiles with a change ;  
But we doubt not of changes, we know not of spaces,  
The Heavens seem as near as our own mother's face is,  
And we think we could touch all the stars that we see ;  
And the milk of our mother is white on our mouth ;  
And, with small childish hands, we are turning around  
The apple of Life which another has found ;  
It is warm with our touch, not with sun of the south,  
And we count, as we turn it, the red side for four.

O Life, O Beyond,

Thou art sweet, thou art strange evermore !

Then all things look strange in the pure golden aether ;  
We walk through the gardens with hands linked together,  
And the lilies look large as the trees ;  
And as loud as the birds, sing the bloom-loving bees,  
And the birds sing like angels, so mystical-fine,  
And the cedars are brushing the archangels' feet,  
And time is eternity, love is divine,

And the world is complete.

Now, God bless the child,—father, mother, respond !

O Life, O Beyond,

Thou art strange, thou art sweet.

Then we leap on the earth with the armour of youth,  
And the earth rings again ;  
And we breathe out, ' O beauty ! ' we cry out, ' O truth !

\* A small volume, by an American poet—as remarkable in thought and manner for a vital sinewy vigour, as the right arm of Pathfinder.—1844.

And the bloom of our lips drops with wine,  
 And our blood runs amazed 'neath the calm hyaline;  
 The earth cleaves to the foot, the sun burns to the brain,—  
 What is this exultation? and what this despair?—  
 The strong pleasure is smiting the nerves into pain,  
 And we drop from the Fair as we climb to the Fair,  
     And we lie in a trance at its feet;  
 And the breath of an angel cold-piercing the air  
     Breathes fresh on our faces in swoon,  
 And we think him so near he is this side the sun,  
 And we wake to a whisper self-murmured and fond,  
     O Life, O Beyond,  
     Thou art strange, thou art sweet!

And the winds and the waters in pastoral measures  
 Go winding around us, with roll upon roll,  
 Till the soul lies within in a circle of pleasures  
     Which hideth the soul:  
 And we run with the stag, and we leap with the horse,  
 And we swim with the fish through the broad water-  
     course,  
 And we strike with the falcon, and hunt with the hound,  
 And the joy which is in us flies out by a wound,  
 And we shout so aloud, 'We exult, we rejoice,'  
 That we lose the low moan of our brothers around:  
 And we shout so adeep down creation's profound,  
     We are deaf to God's voice.  
 And we bind the rose-garland on forehead and ears  
     Yet we are not ashamed,  
 And the dew of the roses that runneth unblamed  
     Down our cheeks, is not taken for tears.  
 Help us, God! trust us, man, love us, woman! 'I hold  
 Thy small head in my hands,—with its grapelets of gold  
 Growing bright through my fingers,—like altar for oath,  
 'Neath the vast golden spaces like witnessing faces  
 That watch the eternity strong in the troth—

I love thee, I leave thee,  
 Live for thee, die for thee !  
 I prove thee, deceive thee,—  
 Undo evermore thee !

Help me, God ! slay me, man !—one is mourning for both.'

And we stand up though young near the funeral-sheet  
 Which covers old Cæsar and old Pharamond ;  
 And death is so nigh us, life cools from its heat.

O Life, O Beyond,  
*Art* thou fair, *art* thou sweet ?

Then we act to a purpose—we spring up erect :  
 We will tame the wild mouths of the wilderness-steeds,  
 We will plough up the deep in the ships double-decked,  
 We will build the great cities, and do the great deeds,  
 Strike the steel upon steel, strike the soul upon soul,  
 Strike the dole on the weal, overcoming the dole.  
 Let the cloud meet the cloud in a grand thunder-roll !  
 'While the eagle of Thought rides the tempest in scorn,  
 Who cares if the lightning is burning the corn ?

Let us sit on the thrones  
 In a purple sublimity.  
 And grind down men's bones  
 To a pale unanimity.

Speed me, God ! serve me, man ! I am god over men ;  
 When I speak in my cloud, none shall answer again ;  
 'Neath the stripe and the bond,  
 Lie and mourn at my feet !'

O Life, O Beyond,  
 Thou art strange, thou art sweet !

Then we grow into thought, and with inward ascensions,  
 Touch the bounds of our Being.  
 We lie in the dark here, swathed doubly around  
 With our sensual relations and social conventions,

Yet are 'ware of a sight, yet are 'ware of a sound  
                     Beyond Hearing and Seeing,—  
 Are aware that a Hades rolls deep on all sides  
                     With its infinite tides  
 About and above us,—until the strong arch  
 Of our life creaks and bends as if ready for falling,  
 And through the dim rolling we hear the sweet calling  
 Of spirits that speak in a soft under-tongue  
                     The sense of the mystical march :  
 And we cry to them softly, ' Come nearer, come nearer  
 And lift up the lap of this dark, and speak clearer,  
                     And teach us the song that ye sung !'  
 And we smile in our thought as they answer or no,  
 For to dream of a sweetness is sweet as to know.  
                     Wonders breathe in our face  
                     And we ask not their name ;  
                     Love takes all the blame  
                     Of the world's prison place ,  
 And we sing back the songs as we guess them, aloud,  
 And we send up the lark of our music that cuts  
                     Untired through the cloud  
 To beat with its wings at the lattice Heaven shuts ;  
 Yet the angels look down and the mortals look up  
                     As the little wings beat,  
 And the poet is blessed with their pity or hope.  
 'Twixt the heavens and the earth *can* a poet despond ?  
                     O Life, O Beyond,  
                     Thou art strange, thou art sweet !

Then we wring from our souls their applicative strength,  
 And bend to the cord the strong bow of our ken,  
 And bringing our lives to the level of others  
 Hold the cup we have filled, to their uses at length.  
 ' Help me, God ! love me, man ! I am man among men,  
                     And my life is a pledge  
                     Of the ease of another's !'

From the fire and the water we drive out the steam  
 With a rush and a roar, and the speed of a dream ;  
 And the car without horses, the car without wings,  
     Rours onward and flies  
     On its grey iron edge  
 'Neath the heat of a Thought sitting still in our eyes :  
 And our hand knots in air, with the bridge that it flings,  
 Two peaks far disrupted by ocean and skies,  
 And, lifting a fold of the smooth-flowing Thames,  
 Draws under the world with its turmoils and pothers,  
 While the swans float on softly, untouched in their calms  
 By humanity's hum at the root of the springs.  
 And with reachings of Thought we reach down to the deeps  
     Of the souls of our brothers,  
 We teach them full words with our slow-moving lips,  
 ' God,' ' Liberty,' ' Truth,' — which they hearken and  
     think  
 And work into harmony, link upon link,  
 Till the silver meets round the earth gelid and dense,  
 Shedding sparks of electric responding intense  
     On the dark of eclipse.  
 Then we hear through the silence and glory afar,  
     As from shores of a star  
 In aphelion, the new generations that cry  
 Disenthralled by our voice to harmonious reply,  
     ' God,' ' Liberty,' ' Truth !'  
     We are glorious forsooth,  
     And our name has a seat,  
 Though the shroud should be donned,  
     O Life, O Beyond,  
 Thou art strange, thou art sweet !

Help me, God ! help me, man ! I am low, I am weak,  
 Death loosens my sinews and creeps in my veins ;  
 My body is cleft by these wedges of pains,  
     From my spirit's serene,



And I feel the externe and insensate creep in

On my organized clay ;

I sob not, nor shriek,

Yet I faint fast away !

I am strong in the spirit,—deep-thoughted, clear-eyed,—

I could walk, step for step, with an angel beside,

On the heaven-heights of truth.

Oh, the soul keeps its youth

But the body faints sore, it is tried in the race,

It sinks from the chariot ere reaching the goal,

It is weak, it is cold,

The rein drops from its hold,

It sinks back, with the death in its face.

On, chariot ! on, soul !

Ye are all the more fleet—

Be alone at the goal

Of the strange and the sweet !

Love us, God ! love us, man ! we believe, we achieve.

Let us love, let us live,

For the acts correspond ;

We are glorious, and DIE :

And again on the knee of a mild Mystery

That smiles with a change,

Here we lie.

O DEATH, O BEYOND,

Thou art sweet, thou art strange !



## A LAY OF THE EARLY ROSE.

— - discordance that can accord.'

ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

A ROSE once grew within  
A garden April-green,  
In her loneness, in her loneness,  
And the fairer for that oneness.

A white rose delicate  
On a tall bough and straight :  
Early comer, early comer,  
Never waiting for the summer.

Her pretty gestes did win  
South winds to let her in,  
In her loneness, in her loneness,  
All the fairer for that oneness.

' For if I wait,' said she,  
' Till time for roses be,  
For the moss-rose and the musk-rose,  
Maiden-blush and royal-dusk rose,

' What glory then for me  
In such a company?—  
Roses plenty, roses plenty,  
And one nightingale for twenty !

' Nay, let me in,' said she,  
' Before the rest are free,  
In my loneness, in my loneness,  
All the fairer for that oneness.

' For I would lonely stand  
Uplifting my white hand,  
On a mission, on a mission,  
To declare the coming vision.

‘ Upon which lifted sign,  
What worship will be mine !  
What addressing, what caressing,  
And what thanks and praise and blessing !

‘ A windlike joy will rush  
Through every tree and bush,  
Bending softly in affection  
And spontaneous benediction.

‘ Insects, that only may  
Live in a sunbright ray,  
To my whiteness, to my whiteness,  
Shall be drawn as to a brightness,—

‘ And every moth and bee,  
Approach me reverently,  
Wheeling o’er me, wheeling o’er me,  
Coronals of motioned glory.

‘ Three larks shall leave a cloud,  
To my whiter beauty vowed,  
Singing gladly all the moontide,  
Never waiting for the suntide.

‘ Ten nightingales shall flee  
Their woods for love of me,  
Singing sadly all the suntide,  
Never waiting for the moontide.

‘ I ween the very skies  
Will look down with surprise,  
When below on earth they see me  
With my starry aspect dreamy.

‘ And earth will call her flowers  
To hasten out of doors,  
By their curtsies and sweet smelling,  
To give grace to my foretelling.’

So praying, did she win  
South winds to let her in,  
In her lonesness, in her lonesness,  
And the fairer for that oneness.

But ah,— alas for her !  
No thing did minister  
To her praises, to her praises,  
More than might unto a daisy's.

No tree nor bush was seen  
To boast a perfect green,  
Scarcely having, scarcely having  
One leaf broad enough for waving.

The little flies did crawl  
Along the southern wall,  
Faintly shifting, faintly shifting  
Wings scarce long enough for lifting.

The lark, too high or low,  
I ween, did miss her so,  
With his nest down in the gorses,  
And his song in the star-courses.

The nightingale did please  
To loiter beyond seas :  
Guess him in the Happy islands,  
Learning music from the silence !

Only the bee, forsooth,  
Came in the place of both,  
Doing honour, doing honour  
To the honey-dews upon her.

The skies looked coldly down  
As on a royal crown ,  
Then with drop for drop, at leisure,  
They began to rain for pleasure.

Whereat the earth did seem  
 To waken from a dream,  
 Winter-frozen, winter-frozen,  
 Her unquiet eyes unclosing—

Said to the Rose, 'Holla, snow !  
 And art thou fallen so ?  
 Thou, who wast enthroned stately  
 All along my mountains lately ?

'Holla, thou world-wide snow !  
 And art thou wasted so,  
 With a little bough to catch thee,  
 And a little bee to watch thee ?'

—Poor Rose, to be misknown !  
 Would she had ne'er been blown,  
 In her loneliness, in her loneliness,  
 All the sadder for that oneness !

Some word she tried to say,  
 Some *no* . . . ah, wellaway !  
 But the passion did o'ercome her,  
 And the fair frail leaves dropped from her.

—Dropped from her, fair and mute,  
 Close to a poet's foot,  
 Who beheld them, smiling slowly,  
 As at something sad yet holy,—

Said, 'Verily and thus  
 It chances too with us  
 Poets, singing sweetest snatches  
 While that deaf men keep the watches :

'Vaunting to come before  
 Our own age evermore,  
 In a loneliness, in a loneliness,  
 And the nobler for that oneness.

' Holy in voice and heart,  
To high ends, set apart :  
All unmated, all unmated,  
Just because so consecrated.

' But if alone we be,  
Where is our empery ?  
And if none can reach our stature,  
Who can mete our lofty nature ?

' What bell will yield a tone,  
Swung in the air alone ?  
If no brazen clapper bringing,  
Who can hear the chimed ringing ?

' What angel but would seem  
To sensual eyes, ghost-dim ?  
And without assimilation,  
Vain is inter-penetration.

' And thus, what can we do,  
Poor rose and poet too,  
Who both antedate our mission  
In an unprepared season ?

' Drop, leaf ! be silent, song !  
Cold things we come among :  
We must warm them, we must warm *them*,  
Ere we ever hope to charm them.

' Howbeit ' (here his face  
Lightened around the place,  
So to mark the outward turning  
Of its spirit's inward burning)

' Something it is, to hold  
In God's worlds manifold,  
First revealed to creature-duty,  
Some new form of His mild Beauty.

‘ Whether that form respect  
 The sense or intellect,  
 Holy be, in mood or meadow,  
 The Chief Beauty’s sign and shadow !

‘ Holy, in me and thee,  
 Rose fallen from the tree,—  
 Though the world stand dumb around us,  
 All unable to expound us.

‘ Though none us deign to bless,  
 Blessed are we, natheless ;  
 Blessed still and consecrated  
 In that, rose, we were created.

‘ Oh, shame to poet’s lays  
 Sung for the dole of praise,—  
 Hoarsely sung upon the highway  
 With that *obolum da mihi* !

‘ Shame, shame to poet’s soul  
 Pining for such a dole,  
 When heaven-chosen to inherit  
 The high throne of a chief-spirit !

‘ Sit still upon your thrones,  
 O ye poetic ones !  
 And if, sooth, the world decri you,  
 Let it pass unchallenged by you.

‘ Ye to yourselves suffice,  
 Without its flatteries,  
 Self-contentedly approve you  
 Unto HIM who sits above you,—

‘ In prayers, that upward mount  
 Like to a fair-sunned fount  
 Which, in gushing back upon you,  
 Hath an upper music won you,—

' In faith, that still perceives  
 No rose can shed her leaves,  
 Far less, poet fall from mission,  
 With an unfulfilled fruition,—

' In hope, that apprehends  
 An end beyond these ends,  
 And great uses rendered duly  
 By the meanest song sung truly,—

' In thanks, for all the good  
 By poets understood,  
 For the sound of setaphs moving  
 Down the hidden depths of loving,—

' For sights of things away  
 Through fissures of the clay,  
 Promised things which *shall* be given  
 And sung over, up in Heaven,—

' For life, so lovely-van,  
 For death, which breaks the chain,  
 For this sense of present sweetness,  
 And this yearning to completeness !'

— ❦ —

## THE POET AND THE BIRD.

### A FABLE.

SAID a people to a poet—' Go out from among us straight-way !

While we are thinking earthly things, thou singest of divine :

There's a little fair brown nightingale who, sitting in the gateway,

Makes fitter music to our ear than any song of thine !'



The poet went out weeping ; the nightingale ceased chanting :

‘ Now, wherefore, O thou nightingale, is all thy sweetness done ? ’

— ‘ I cannot sing my earthly things, the heavenly poet wanting,  
Whose highest harmony includes the lowest under ‘ sun. ’

The poet went out weeping, and died abroad, bereft there ;

The bird flew to his grave and died amid a thousand wails :  
And when I last came by the place, I swear the music left  
there

Was only of the poet’s song, and not the nightingale’s.



## THE CRY OF THE HUMAN.

‘ THERE is no God,’ the foolish saith,

But none, ‘ There is no sorrow,’

And nature oft the cry of faith,

In bitter need will borrow :

Eyes, which the preacher could not school,

By wayside graves are raised,

And lips say, ‘ God be pitiful,’

Who ne’er said, ‘ God be praised.’

Be pitiful, O God !

The tempest stretches from the steep

The shadow of its coming,

The beasts grow tame and near us creep,

As help were in the human ;

Yet, while the cloud-wheels roll and grind,

We spirits tremble under—

The hills have echoes, but we find

No answer for the thunder.

Be pitiful, O God !

The battle hurtles on the plains,

Earth feels new scythes upon her ;

We reap our brothers for the wains,  
And call the harvest—honour :  
Draw face to face, front line to line,  
One image all inherit,—  
Then kill, curse on, by that same sign,  
Clay—clay, and spirit—spirit.  
Be pitiful, O God !

The plague runs festering through the town,  
And never a bell is tolling,  
And corpses, jostled 'neath the moon,  
Nod to the dead-cart's rolling :  
The young child calleth for the cup,  
The strong man brings it weeping,  
The mother from her babe looks up,  
And shrieks away its sleeping.  
Be pitiful, O God !

The plague of gold strikes far and near,  
And deep and strong it enters ,  
This purple chimar which we wear,  
Makes madder than the centaur's :  
Our thoughts grow blank, our words grow strange,  
We cheer the pale gold-diggers,  
Each soul is worth so much on 'Change,  
And marked, like sheep, with figures.  
Be pitiful, O God !

The curse of gold upon the land  
The lack of bread enforces—  
The rail-cars snort from strand to strand,  
Like more of Death's White horses !  
The rich preach 'rights' and future days,  
And hear no angel scoffing,  
The poor die mute—with starving gaze  
On corn-ships in the offing.  
Be pitiful, O God !

We meet together at the feast—  
To private mirth betake us—  
We stare down in the wine-cup, lest  
Some vacant chair should shake us :  
We name delight, and pledge it round—  
' It shall be ours to-morrow !'  
God's seraphs, do your voices sound  
As sad, in naming sorrow ?  
Be pitiful, O God !

We sit together, with the skies,  
The steadfast skies, above us,  
We look into each other's eyes,  
' And how long will you love us ?'  
The eyes grow dim with prophecy,  
The voices, low and breathless,—  
' Till death us part !'—O words, to be  
Our *best*, for love the deathless !  
Be pitiful, O God !

We tremble by the harmless bed  
Of one loved and departed :  
Our tears drop on the lips that said  
Last night, ' Be stronger-hearted !'  
O God,—to clasp those fingers close,  
And yet to feel so lonely !  
To see a light upon such brows,  
Which is the daylight only !  
Be pitiful, O God !

The happy children come to us,  
And look up in our faces ;  
They ask us, ' Was it thus, and thus,  
When we were in their places ?'—  
We cannot speak ;—we see anew  
The hills we used to live in.

And feel our mother's smile press through  
The kisses she is giving.

Be pitiful, O God !

We pray together at the kirk  
For mercy, mercy solely :  
Hands weary with the evil work,  
We lift them to the Holy.  
The corpse is calm below our knee,  
Its spirit, bright before Thee—  
Between them, worse than either, we—  
Without the rest or glory.

Be pitiful, O God !

We leave the communing of men,  
The murmur of the passions,  
And live alone, to live again  
With endless generations :  
Are we so brave?—The sea and sky  
In silence lift their mirrors,  
And, glassed therein, our spirits high  
Recoil from their own terrors.

Be pitiful, O God !

We sit on hills our childhood wist,  
Woods, hamlets, streams, beholding :  
The sun strikes through the farthest mist  
The city's spire to golden :  
The city's golden spire it was,  
When hope and health were strongest,  
But now it is the churchyard grass  
We look upon the longest.

Be pitiful, O God !

And soon all vision waxeth dull ;  
Men whisper, ' He is dying ; '  
We cry no more ' Be pitiful ! '  
We have no strength for crying :

No strength, no need. Then, soul of mine,  
 Look up and triumph rather—  
 Lo, in the depth of God's Divine,  
 The Son adjures the Father,  
 BE PITIFUL, O GOD !

—2285'—

## A PORTRAIT.

'One name is Elizabeth '—BEN JONSON.

I WILL paint her as I see her.  
 Ten times have the lilies blown,  
 Since she looked upon the sun.

And her face is lily-clear,  
 Lily-shaped, and dropped in duty  
 To the law of its own beauty.

Oval cheeks encoloured faintly,  
 Which a trail of golden hair  
 Keeps from fading off to air :

And a forehead fair and saintly,  
 Which two blue eyes undershine,  
 Like meek prayers before a shrine.

Face and figure of a child,—  
 Though too calm, you think, and tender,  
 For the childhood you would lend her.

Yet child-simple, undefiled,  
 Frank, obedient, waiting still  
 On the turnings of your will.

Moving light, as ail young things,  
 As young birds, or early wheat  
 When the wind blows over it.

Only, free from flutterings  
Of loud mirth that scorneth measure—  
'Taking love for her chief pleasure.

Choosing pleasures, for the rest,  
Which come softly—just as she,  
When she nestles at your knee.

Quiet talk she liketh best,  
In a bower of gentle looks,—  
Watering flowers, or reading books.

And her voice, it murmurs lowly,  
As a silver stream may run,  
Which yet feels, you feel, the sun.

And her smile it seems half holy,  
As if drawn from thoughts more far  
Than our common jestings are.

And if any poet knew her,  
He would sing of her with falls  
Used in lovely madrigals.

And if any painter drew her,  
He would paint her unaware  
With a halo round the hair.

And if reader read the poem,  
He would whisper—'You have done a  
Consecrated little Una.'

And a dreamer (did you show him  
That same picture) would exclaim,  
' 'Tis my angel, with a name !'

And a stranger, when he sees her  
In the street even, smileth stilly,  
Just as you would at a lily.

And all voices that address her,  
 Soften, sleecken every word,  
 As if speaking to a bird.

And all fancies yearn to cover  
 'The hard earth whereon she passes,  
 With the thymy-scented grasses.

And all hearts do pray, 'God love her !'  
 Ay and always, in good sooth,  
 We may all be sure HE DOTTH.

—

## LOVED ONCE.

I CLASSED, appraising once,  
 Earth's lamentable sounds,—the welladay,  
 The jarring yea and nay,  
 The fall of kisses on unanswering clay,  
 The sobbed farewell, the welcome mournfuller,—  
 But all did leaven the air  
 With a less bitter leaven of sure despair  
 Than these words—' I loved ONCE.'

And who saith, ' I loved ONCE ' ?  
 Not angels,—whose clear eyes, love, love foresee,  
 Love, through eternity,  
 And by To Love do apprehend 'To Be.  
 Not God, called LOVE, His noble crown-name casting  
 A light too broad for blasting :  
 The great God changing not from everlasting,  
 Saith never, ' I loved ONCE.'

Oh, never is ' Loved ONCE '  
 Thy word, thou Victim-Christ, misprized friend !  
 Thy cross and curse may rend,  
 But having loved Thou lovest to the end.

Thus is man's saying—man's : too weak to move  
 One sphered star above,  
 Man desecrates the eternal God-word Love  
 By his No More, and ONCE.

How say ye, ' We loved once,'  
 Blasphemers ? Is your earth not cold enow,  
 Mourners, without that snow ?  
 Ah, friends, and would ye wrong each other so ?  
 And could ye say of some whose love is known,  
 Whose prayers have met your own,  
 Whose tears have fallen for you, whose smiles have shone  
 So long,—' We loved them ONCE ' ?

Could ye, ' We loved her once,'  
 Say calm of me, sweet friends, when out of sight ?  
 When hearts of better right  
 Stand in between me and your happy light ?  
 Or when, as flowers kept too long in the shade,  
 Ye find my colours fade,  
 And all that is not love in me, decayed ?  
 Such words—Ye loved me ONCE !

Could ye, ' We loved her once,'  
 Say cold of me when further put away  
 In earth's sepulchral clay,  
 When mute the lips which deprecate to-day ?  
 Not so ! not then—least then ! when life is shriven  
 And Death's full joy is given,—  
 Of those who sit and love you up in heaven,  
 Say not, ' We loved them once.'

Say never, ye loved ONCE :  
 God is too near above, the grave, beneath,  
 And all our moments breathe  
 Too quick in mysteries of life and death,



For such a word. The eternities avenge  
 Affections light of range.  
 There comes no change to justify that change,  
 Whatever comes-- Loved ONCE !  
 And yet that same word ONCE  
 Is humanly acceptive. Kings have said,  
 Shaking a discrowned head,  
 ' We ruled once,'—dotards, ' We once taught and led,'  
 Cripples once danced i' the vines, and bards approved,  
 Were once by scorning moved :  
 But love strikes one hour—LOVE ! those *never* loved  
 Who dream that they loved ONCE.

- - -

## THE HOUSE OF CLOUDS.

I WOULD build a cloudy House  
 For my thoughts to live in,  
 When for earth too fancy-loose,  
 And too low for heaven  
 Hush ! I talk my dream aloud,  
 I build it bright to see,—  
 I build it on the moonlit cloud  
 To which I looked with *thee*.  
 Cloud-walls of the morning's grey,  
 Faced with amber column,  
 Crowned with crimson cupola  
 From a sunset solemn :  
 May-mists, for the casements, fetch,  
 Pale and glimmering,  
 With a sunbeam hid in each  
 And a smell of spring.  
 Build the entrance high and proud,  
 Darkening and then brightening,

Of a riven thunder-cloud,  
    Veined by the lightning :  
Use one with an iris-stain  
    For the door so thin,  
Turning to a sound like rain  
    As I enter in.

Build a spacious hall thereby  
    Boldly, never fearing ;  
Use the blue place of the sky  
    Which the wind is clearing :  
Branched with corridors sublime,  
    Flecked with winding stairs,  
Such as children wish to climb  
    Following their own prayers.

In the mutest of the house,  
    I will have my chamber ;  
Silence at the door shall use  
    Evening's light of amber,  
Solemnizing every mood,  
    Softening in degree,  
Turning sadness into good  
    As I turn the key.

Be my chamber tapestried  
    With the showers of summer,  
Close, but soundless, glorified  
    When the sunbeams come here—  
Wandering harpers, harping on  
    Water strung for such,  
Drawing colour, for a tune,  
    With a vibrant touch

Bring a shadow green and still  
    From the chestnut-forest,  
Bring a purple from the hill  
    When the heat is sorest :

Spread them out from wall to wall,  
Carpet-wove around,  
Whereupon the foot shall fall  
In light instead of sound.

Bring fantastic cloudlets home  
From the noontide zenith,  
Ranged for sculptures round the room  
Named as Fancy weeneth ;  
Some be Junos, without eyes,  
Naiads, without sources,  
Some be birds of paradise,  
Some, Olympian horses.

Bring the dews the birds shake off  
Waking in the hedges,—  
Those too, perfumed for a proof,  
From the lilies' edges :  
From our England's field and moor,  
Bring them calm and white in,  
Whence to form a mirror pure  
For Love's self-delighting.

Bring a grey cloud from the east  
Where the lark is singing,  
(Something of the song at least  
Unlost in the bringing) :  
That shall be a morning-chair,  
Poet-dream may sit in  
When it leans out on the air,  
Unrhymed and unwritten.

Bring the red cloud from the sun,  
While he sinketh catch it ;  
That shall be a couch,—with one  
Sidelong star to watch it,—  
Fit for poet's finest thought  
At the curfew-sounding ;

Things unseen being nearer brought  
Than the seen, around him.

Poet's thought,—not poet's sigh,  
'Las, they come together!

Cloudy walls divide and fly  
As in April weather.

Cupola and column proud,  
Structure bright to see,  
Gone! except that moonlit cloud  
To which I looked with *thee*.

Let them! Wipe such visionings  
From the fancy's cartel:

Love secures some fairer things,  
Dowered with his immortal.

The sun may darken, heaven be bowed  
But still unchanged shall be,—

Here, in my soul,—that moonlit cloud  
To which I looked with *THEE*!

—

## A FLOWER IN A LETTER.

My lonely chamber next the sea,  
Is full of many flowers set free

By summer's earliest duty:  
Dear friends upon the garden-walk  
Might stop amid their fondest talk  
To pull the least in beauty.

A thousand flowers, each seeming one  
That learnt by gazing on the sun  
To counterfeit his shining;  
Within whose leaves the holy dew  
That falls from heaven has won anew  
A glory, in declining.

Red roses, used to praises long,  
Contented with the poet's song,  
    The nightingale's being over ;  
And lilies white, prepared to touch  
The whitest thought, nor soil it much,  
    Of dreamer turned to lover.

Deep violets, you liken to  
The kindest eyes that look on you,  
    Without a thought disloyal ,  
And cactuses, a queen might don  
If weary of a golden crown,  
    And still appear as royal.

Pansies for ladies all,— I wis  
That none who wear such brooches, miss  
    A jewel in the mirror ;  
And tulips, children love to stretch  
Their fingers down, to feel in each  
    Its beauty's secret nearer.

Love's language may be talked with these  
To work out choicest sentences,  
    No blossoms can be meeter ;  
And, such being used in Eastern bowers,  
Young maids may wonder if the flowers  
    Or meanings be the sweeter.

And such being strewn before a bride,  
Her little foot may turn aside,  
    Their longer bloom decreeing,  
Unless some voice's whispered sound  
Should make her gaze upon the ground  
    Too earnestly for seeing.

And such being scattered on a grave,  
Whoever mourneth there may have  
    A type which seemeth worthy

Of that fair body hid below,  
Which bloomed on earth a time ago  
Then perished as the earthy.

And such being wreathed for worldly feast  
Across the brimming cup some guest  
Their rainbow colours viewing  
May feel them, with a silent start,  
The covenant, his childish heart  
With nature made, renewing.

No flowers our gardened England hath  
To match with these, in bloom and breath,  
Which from the world are hiding  
In sunny Devon moist with rills,—  
A nunnery of cloistered hills,  
The elements presiding.

By Loddon's stream the flowers are fair  
That meet one gifted lady's care  
With prodigal rewarding,  
(For Beauty is too used to run  
To Mitford's bower—to want the sun  
To light her through the garden).

But here, all summers are compressed,  
The nightly frosts shrink exorcised  
Before the priestly moonshine;  
And every wind with stoled feet,  
In wandering down the alleys sweet  
Steps lightly on the sunshine,

And (having promised Harpocrate  
Among the nodding roses that  
No harm shall touch his daughters)  
Gives quite away the rushing sound  
He dares not use upon such ground,  
To ever-trickling waters.

Yet, sun and wind ! what can ye do  
But make the leaves more brightly show  
    In posies newly gathered ?  
I look away from all your best,  
To one poor flower unlike the rest,  
    A little flower half-withered.

I do not think it ever was  
A pretty flower,—to make the grass  
    Look greener where it reddened ;  
And now it seems ashamed to be  
Alone, in all this company,  
    Of aspect shrunk and saddened.

A chamber-window was the spot  
It grew in, from a garden-pot,  
    Among the city shadows :  
If any, tending it, might seem  
To smile, 'twas only in a dream  
    Of nature in the meadows.

How coldly on its head did fall  
The sunshine, from the city wall  
    In pale refraction driven !  
How sadly plashed upon its leaves  
The raindrops, losing in the caves  
    The first sweet news of heaven !

And those who planted, gathered it  
In gamesome or in loving fit,  
    And sent it as a token  
Of what their city pleasures be,—  
For one, in Devon by the sea  
    And garden-blooms, to look on.

But SHE for whom the jest was meant,  
With a grave passion innocent  
    Receiving what was given,—

Oh, if her face she turn'd then,  
Let none say 'twas to gaze again  
Upon the flowers of Devon !

Because, whatever virtue dwells  
In genial skies, warm oracles  
For gardens brightly springing,—  
The flower which grew beneath your eyes,  
Beloved friends, to mine supplies  
A beauty worthier singing !

—S—S—

## THE MOURNING MOTHER.

(OF THE DEAD BLIND.)

DOST thou weep, mourning mother,  
For thy blind boy in grave?  
That no more with each other,  
Sweet counsel ye can have?  
That he, left dark by nature,  
Can never more be led  
By thee, maternal creature,  
Along smooth paths instead?  
That thou canst no more show him  
The sunshine, by the heat ;  
The river's silver flowing,  
By murmurs at his feet ?  
The foliage, by its coolness ;  
The roses, by their smell ;  
And all creation's fulness,  
By Love's invisible ?  
Weepest thou to behold not  
His meek blind eyes again,—  
Closed doorways which were folded,  
And prayed against in vain—



And under which, sate smiling  
The child-mouth evermore,  
As one who watcheth, wiling  
The time by, at a door?  
And weepest thou to feel not  
His clinging hand on thine—  
Which now, at dream-time, will not  
Its cold touch disentwine?  
And weepest thou still oft,  
Oh, never more to mark  
His low soft words, made softer  
By speaking in the dark?  
Weep on, thou mourning mother!

But since to him when living,  
Thou wast both sun and moon,  
Look o'er his grave, surviving,  
From a high sphere alone:  
Sustain that exaltation,  
Expand that tender light,  
And hold in mother-passion  
Thy Blessed in thy sight.  
See how he went out straightway  
From the dark world he knew,—  
No twilight in the gateway  
To mediate 'twixt the two,—  
Into the sudden glory,  
Out of the dark he trod,  
Departing from before thee  
At once to light and GOD!—  
For the first face, beholding  
The Christ's in its divine,  
For the first place, the golden  
And tideless hyaline,  
With trees at lasting summer  
That rock to songful sound,

While angels the new-comer  
 Wrap a still smile around.  
 Oh, in the blessed psalm now,  
 His happy voice he tries,  
 Spreading a thicker palm-bough,  
 Than others, o'er his eyes !  
 Yet still, in all the singing,  
 Thinks haply of thy song  
 Which, in his life's first springing,  
 Sang to him all night long ;  
 And wishes it beside him,  
 With kissing lips that cool  
 And soft did overglide him,  
 To make the sweetness full.  
 Look up, O mourning mother !  
 Thy blind boy walks in light :  
 Ye wait for one another  
 Before God's infinite.  
 But thou art now the darkest,  
 Thou mother left below —  
 Thou, the sole blind,—thou markest,  
 Content that it be so,—  
 Until ye two have meeting  
 Where Heaven's pearl-gate is,  
 And *he* shall lead thy feet in,  
 As once thou leddest *his*.  
 Wait on, thou mourning mother !



## A VALEDICTION.

GOD be with thee, my beloved,—GOD be with thee !  
 Else alone thou goest forth,  
 Thy face unto the north,  
 Moor and pleasance all around thee and beneath thee

Looking equal in one snow ;  
While I who try to reach thee,  
Vainly follow, vainly follow  
With the fare-well and the hollo,  
And cannot reach thee so.  
Alas, I can but teach thee !

GOD be with thee, my beloved, -- GOD be with thee !

Can I teach thee, my beloved, -- can I teach thee ?

If I said, ' Go left or right, '

The counsel would be light,

The wisdom, poor of all that could enrich thee ;

My right would show like left ,

My raising would depress thee,

My choice of light would blind thee,

Of way, would leave behind thee,

Of end, would leave bereft.

Alas, I can but bless thee !

May GOD teach thee, my beloved, -- may GOD teach thee !

Can I bless thee, my beloved, -- can I bless thee ?

What blessing word can I

From mine own tears keep dry ?

What flowers grow in my field wherewith to dress thee ?

My good reverts to ill ;

My calmnesses would move thee,

My softnesses would prick thee,

My bindings up would break thee,

My crownings, curse and kill.

Alas, I can but love thee !

May GOD bless thee, my beloved, -- may GOD bless thee !

Can I love thee, my beloved, -- can I love thee ?

And is *this* like love, to stand

With no help in my hand,

When strong as death I fain would watch above thee ?

My love-kiss can deny

No tear that falls beneath it ;  
 Mine oath of love can swear thee  
 From no ill that comes near thee,  
 And thou diest while I breathe it,  
 And I—I can but die !  
 May GOD love thee, my beloved,—may GOD love thee !

—

## LESSONS FROM THE GORSE.

‘ To win the secret of a weed’s plain heart.’

LOWELL.

MOUNTAIN gorses, ever golden,  
 Cankered not the whole year long !  
 Do ye teach us to be strong,  
 Howsoever pricked and holden  
 Like your thorny blooms, and so  
 Trodden on by rain and snow,  
 Up the hill-side of this life, as bleak as where ye grow ?

Mountain blossoms, shining blossoms,  
 Do ye teach us to be glad  
 When no summer can be had,  
 Blooming in our inward bosoms ?  
 Ye, whom God preserveth still,  
 Set as lights upon a hill,  
 Tokens to the wintry earth that Beauty liveth still !

Mountain gorses, do ye teach us  
 From that academic chair  
 Canopied with azure air,  
 That the wisest word man reaches  
 Is the humblest he can speak ?  
 Ye, who live on mountain peak,  
 Yet live low along the ground, beside the grasses meek !

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Mountain gorses, since Linnæus  
 Knelt beside you on the sod,  
 For your beauty thanking God, —  
 For your teaching, ye should see us  
 Bowing in prostration new !  
 Whence arisen, -- if one or two  
 Drops be on our cheeks—O world, they are not tears but dew.

## THE LADY'S YES.

'YES,' I answered you last night ;  
 'No,' this morning, sir, I say  
 Colours seen by candle-light  
 Will not look the same by day.

When the viols played their best,  
 Lamps above and laughs below,  
*Love me* sounded like a jest,  
 Fit for *yes* or fit for *no*.

Call me false or call me free,  
 Vow, whatever light may shine,—  
 No man on your face shall see  
 Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both ;  
 Time to dance is not to woo ;  
 Wooing light makes fickle troth,  
 Scorn of *me* recoils on *you*.

Learn to win a lady's faith  
 Nobly, as the thing is high,  
 Bravely, as for life and death,  
 With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,  
 Point her to the starry skies ;  
 Guard her, by your truthful words  
 Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true,  
 Ever true, as wives of yore ,  
 And her *yes*, once said to you,  
 SHALL be Yes for evermore.

—

THAT DAY.

I STAND by the river where both of us stood,  
 And there is but one shadow to darken the flood ;  
 And the path leading to it, where both used to pass,  
 Has the step but of one, to take dew from the grass,—  
 One forlorn since that day.

The flowers of the margin are many to see ;  
 None stoops at my bidding to pluck them for me.  
 The bird in the alder sings loudly and long, --  
 My low sound of weeping disturbs not his song,  
 As thy vow did, that day.

I stand by the river, I think of the vow ;  
 Oh, calm as the place is, vow-breaker, be thou !  
 I leave the flower growing, the bird unreprieved ,  
 Would I trouble *thee* rather than *them*, my beloved,—  
 And my lover that day ?

Go, be sure of my love, by that treason forgiven ;  
 Of my prayers, by the blessings they win thee from Heaven ;  
 Of my grief—(guess the length of the sword by the sheath's)  
 By the silence of life, more pathetic than death's !  
 Go,—be clear of that day !

## THE DEAD PAN.

Excited by Schiller's 'Götter Griechenlands,' and partly founded on a well-known tradition mentioned in a treatise of Plutarch ('De Oraculorum Defectu'), according to which, at the hour of the Saviour's agony, a cry of 'Great Pan is dead!' swept across the waves in the hearing of certain mariners,—and the oracles ceased.

It is in all veneration to the memory of the deathless Schiller, that I oppose a doctrine still more dishonouring to poetry than to Christianity.

As Mr. Kenyon's graceful and harmonious paraphrase of the German poem was the first occasion of the turning of my thoughts in this direction, I take advantage of the pretence to indulge my feelings (which overflow on other grounds) by inscribing my lyric to that dear friend and relative, with the earnestness of appreciating esteem as well as of affectionate gratitude.—1844.

GODS of Hellas, gods of Hellas,  
Can ye listen in your silence?  
Can your mystic voices tell us  
Where ye hide? In floating islands,  
With a wind that evermore  
Keeps you out of sight of shore?  
Pan, Pan is dead.

In what revels are ye sunken  
In old Æthiopia?  
Have the Pygmies made you drunken,  
Bathing in mandragora  
Your divine pale lips, that shiver  
Like the lotus in the river?  
Pan, Pan is dead.

Do ye sit there still in slumber,  
In gigantic Alpine rows?  
The black poppies out of number  
Nodding, dripping from your brows  
To the red lees of your wine,  
And so kept alive and fine?  
Pan, Pan is dead.

Or lie crushed your stagnant corpses  
 Where the silver spheres roll on,  
 Stung to life by centric forces  
 Thrown like rays out from the sun?—  
 While the smoke of your old altars  
 Is the shroud that round you welters?  
 Great Pan is dead.

' Gods of Hellas, gods of Hellas,'  
 Said the old Hellenic tongue,—  
 Said the hero-oaths, as well as  
 Poets' songs the sweetest sung :  
 Have ye grown deaf in a day?  
 Can ye speak not yea or nay,  
 Since Pan is dead?

Do ye leave your rivers flowing  
 All alone, O Naiades,  
 While your drenched locks dry slow in  
 This cold feeble sun and breeze?  
 Not a word the Naiads say,  
 Though the rivers run for aye ;  
 For Pan is dead.

From the gloaming of the oak-wood,  
 O ye Dryads, could ye flee?  
 At the rushing thunder-stroke, would  
 No sob tremble through the tree?  
 Not a word the Dryads say,  
 Though the forests wave for aye ;  
 For Pan is dead.

Have ye left the mountain places  
 Oreads wild, for other tryst?  
 Shall we see no sudden faces  
 Strike a glory through the mist?  
 Not a sound the silence thrills  
 Of the everlasting hills :  
 Pan, Pan is dead.



O twelve gods of Plato's vision,  
Crowned to starry wanderings,  
With your chariots in procession,  
And your silver clash of wings !  
Very pale ye seem to rise,  
Ghosts of Grecian deities,

Now Pan is dead !

Jove, that right hand is unloaded,  
Whence the thunder did prevail,  
While in idiocy of godhead  
Thou art staring the stars pale !  
And thine eagle, blind and old,  
Roughs his feathers in the cold.

Pan, Pan is dead.

Where, O Juno, is the glory  
Of thy regal look and tread ?  
Will they lay, for evermore, thee,  
On thy dim, straight, golden bed ?  
Will thy queendom all be hid  
Meekly under either lid !

Pan, Pan is dead.

Ha, Apollo ! floats his golden  
Hair all mist-like where he stands,  
While the Muses hang enfolding  
Knee and foot with faint wild hands ?  
'Neath the clanging of thy bow,  
Niobe looked lost as thou !

Pan, Pan is dead.

Shall the casque with its brown iron,  
Pallas' broad blue eyes, eclipse,  
And no hero take inspiring  
From the god-Greek of her lips ?  
'Neath her olive dost thou sit,  
Mars the mighty, cursing it ?

Pan, Pan is dead.

Bacchus, Bacchus ! on the panther  
 He swoons, bound with his own vines ;  
 And his Mænads slowly saunter,  
 Head aside, among the pines,  
 While they murmur dreamingly,  
 ' Evoie — ah — evowie — !

Ah, Pan is dead !'

Neptune lies beside the trident,  
 Dull and senseless as a stone ;  
 And old Pluto deaf and silent  
 Is cast out into the sun :  
 Ceres smileth stern thereat,  
 ' We *all* now are desolate

Now Pan is dead.

Aphrodite ! dead and driven  
 As thy native foam, thou art ;  
 With the cestus long done heaving  
 On the white calm of thine heart !  
*Ai, Adonis !* at that shriek,  
 Not a tear runs down her cheek—

Pan, Pan is dead.

And the Loves, we used to know from  
 One another, huddled lie,  
 Frore as taken in a snow-storm,  
 Close beside her tenderly ;  
 As if each had weakly tried  
 Once to kiss her as he died.

Pan, Pan is dead.

What, and Hermes ? Time enthralleth  
 All thy cunning, Hermes, thus,  
 And the ivy blindly crawleth  
 Round thy brave caduceus ?  
 Hast thou no new message for us,  
 Full of thunder and Jove-glories ?

Nay, Pan is dead.



Calm, of old, the bark went onward,  
 When a cry more loud than wind,  
 Rose up, deepened, and swept sunward,  
 From the piled Dark behind ;  
 And the sun shrank and grew pale,  
 Breathed against by the great wail—  
     ‘ Pan, Pan is dead.’

And the rowers from the benches  
 Fell, each shuddering on his face,  
 While departing Influences  
 Struck a cold back through the place ;  
 And the shadow of the ship  
 Reeled along the passive deep—  
     Pan, Pan is dead.

And that dismal cry rose slowly,  
 And sank slowly through the air,  
 Full of spirit's melancholy  
 And eternity's despair !  
 And they heard the words it said—  
 PAN IS DEAD—GREAT PAN IS DEAD—  
     PAN, PAN IS DEAD.

'Twas the hour when One in Sion  
 Hung for love's sake on a cross ;  
 When His brow was chill with dying,  
 And His soul was faint with loss ;  
 When His priestly blood dropped downward  
 And His kingly eyes looked throneward—  
     Then, Pan was dead

By the love He stood alone in,  
 His sole Godhead rose complete,  
 And the false gods fell down moaning,  
 Each from off his golden seat ;  
 All the false gods with a cry  
 Rendered up their deity—  
     Pan, Pan was dead.

Wailing wide across the islands,  
 They rent, vest-like, their Divine ;  
 And a darkness and a silence  
 Quenched the light of every shrine ;  
 And Dodona's oak swang lonely  
 Henceforth, to the tempest only,

Pan, Pan was dead,

Pythia staggered, feeling o'er her  
 Her lost god's forsaking look ;  
 Straight her eyeballs filmed with horror,  
 And her crispy fillets shook,  
 And her lips gasped through their foam,  
 For a word that did not come.

Pan, Pan was dead.

O ye vain false gods of Hellas,  
 Ye are silent evermore !  
 And I dash down this old chalice  
 Whence libations ran of yore.  
 See, the wine crawls in the dust  
 Wormlike—as your glories must,

Since Pan is dead,

Get to dust, as common mortals  
 By a common doom and track !  
 Let no Schiller from the portals  
 Of that Hades call you back,  
 Or instruct us to weep all  
 At your antique funeral.

Pan, Pan is dead,

By your beauty, which confesses  
 Some chief Beauty conquering you,—  
 By our grand heroic guesses  
 Through your falsehood at the True,—  
 We will weep *not* ! earth shall roll  
 Heir to each god's aureole—

And Pan is dead.

Earth outgrows the mythic fancies  
 Sung beside her in her youth,  
 And those debonair romances  
 Sound but dull beside the truth.  
 Phœbus' chariot-course is run :  
 Look up, poets, to the sun !

Pan, Pan is dead.

Christ hath sent us down the angels ;  
 And the whole earth and the skies  
 Arc illumed by altar-candles  
 Lit for blessed mysteries ;  
 And a Priest's hand through creation  
 Waveth calm and consecration :

And Pan is dead.

Truth is fair : should we forgo it ?  
 Can we sigh right for a wrong ?  
 God Himself is the best Poet,  
 And the Real is His song.  
 Sing His truth out fair and full,  
 And secure His beautiful.

Let Pan be dead.

Truth is large : our aspiration  
 Scarce embraces half we be.  
 Shame, to stand in His creation  
 And doubt Truth's sufficiency !—  
 To think God's song unexcelling  
 The poor tales of our own telling—

When Pan is dead !

What is true and just and honest,  
 What is lovely, what is pure,  
 All of praise that hath admonisht,  
 All of virtue, shall endure ;  
 These are themes for poets' uses,  
 Stirring nobler than the Muses,

Ere Pan was dead.

O brave poets, keep back nothing,  
 Nor mix falsehood with the whole ;  
 Look up Godward ; speak the truth in  
 Worthy song from earnest soul ;  
 Hold, in high poetic duty,  
 Truest Truth the fairest Beauty !  
Pan, Pan is dead.

— — — — —

## CATARINA TO CAMOENS ;

DYING IN HIS ABSENCE ABROAD, AND REFERRING TO THE POEM IN  
 WHICH HE RECORDED THE SWEETNESS OF HER EYES.

ON the door you will not enter,  
 I have gazed too long adieu !  
 Hope withdraws her peradventure ;  
 Death is near me,—and not *you*.  
Come, O lover,  
Close and cover  
 These poor eyes, you call, I ween  
 ‘ Sweetest eyes, were ever seen ! ’

When I heard you sing that burden  
 In my vernal days and bowers,  
 Other praises disregarding,  
 I but harkened that of yours  
Only saying  
In heart-playing,  
 ‘ Blessed eyes mine eyes have been,  
 If the sweetest, HIS have seen ! ’

But all changes. At this vesper,  
 Cold the sun shines down the door.  
 If you stood there, would you whisper  
 ‘ Love, I love you,’ as before,—

Death pervading  
Now, and shading  
Eyes you sang of, that yestreen,  
As the sweetest ever seen?

Yes. I think, were you beside them,  
Near the bed I die upon,  
Though their beauty you denied them,  
As you stood there, looking down,  
You would truly  
Call them duly,  
For the love's sake found therein,  
'Sweetest eyes, were ever seen.'

And if *you* looked down upon them,  
And if *they* looked up to *you*,  
All the light which has foregone them  
Would be gathered back anew :  
They would truly  
Be as duly  
Love transformed to beauty's sheen  
'Sweetest eyes, were ever seen.'

But, ah me ! you only see me,  
In your thoughts of loving man,  
Smiling soft perhaps and dreamy  
Through the wavings of my fan ;  
And unweeting  
Go repeating,  
In your reverie serene,  
'Sweetest eyes, were ever seen—'

While my spirit leans and reaches  
From my body still and pale,  
Fain to hear what tender speech is  
In your love to help my bale,  
O my poet,  
Come and show it !



Come, of latest love, to glean  
'Sweetest eyes, were ever seen.'

O my poet, O my prophet,  
When you praised their sweetness so,  
Did you think, in singing of it,  
That it might be near to go?  
Had you fancies  
From their glances,  
That the grave would quickly screen  
'Sweetest eyes, were ever seen?'

No reply. 'The fountain's warble  
In the courtyard sounds alone.  
As the water to the marble  
So my heart falls with a moan  
From love-sighing  
To this dying.  
Death forerunneth Love to win  
'Sweetest eyes, were ever seen.'

*Will* you come? When I'm departed  
Where all sweetnesses are hid,  
Where thy voice, my tender-hearted  
Will not lift up either lid.  
Cry, O lover,  
Love is over!  
Cry, beneath the cypress green,  
'Sweetest eyes, were ever seen!'

When the angelus is ringing,  
Near the convent will you walk,  
And recall the choral singing  
Which brought angels down our talk?  
Spirit-shriven  
I viewed Heaven.

Till you smiled—'Is earth unclean,  
'Sweetest eyes, were ever seen?'

When beneath the palace-lattice  
You ride slow as you have done,  
And you see a face there, that is  
Not the old familiar one,—  
Will you oftly  
Murmur softly,  
Here ye watched me morn and e'en,  
Sweetest eyes, were ever seen !'

When the palace-ladies, sitting  
Round your gittern, shall have said,  
'Poet, sing those verses written  
For the lady who is dead,'  
Will you tremble  
Yet dissemble,—  
Or sing hoarse, with tears between,  
'Sweetest eyes, were ever seen?'

'Sweetest eyes !' how sweet in flowings  
The repeated cadence is !  
Though you sang a hundred poems,  
Still the best one would be this,  
I can hear it  
'Twixt my spirit  
And the earth-noise intervene—  
'Sweetest eyes, were ever seen !'

But the priest waits for the praying,  
And the choir are on their knees,  
And the soul must pass away in  
Strains more solemn-high than these.

*Miserere*

For the weary !  
Oh, no longer for Catrine  
'Sweetest eyes, were ever seen !'

Keep my riband, take and keep it,  
 (I have loosed it from my hair) \*

Feeling, while you overweep it,

Not alone in your despair,

Since with saintly

Watch unfaintly

Out of heaven shall o'er you lean

'Sweetest eyes, were ever seen.'

But—but *now*—yet unremoved

Up to heaven, they glisten fast ;

You may cast away, Beloved,

In your future all my past :

Such old phrases

May be praises

For some fairer bosom-queen—

'Sweetest eyes, were ever seen !'

Eyes of mine, what are ye doing ?

Faithless, faithless,—praised amiss

If a tear be of your showing,

Dropt for any hope of HIS !

Death has boldness

Besides coldness,

If unworthy tears demean

'Sweetest eyes, were ever seen.'

I will look out to his future ;

I will bless it till it shine.

Should he ever be a suitor

Unto sweeter eyes than mine,

Sunshine gild them,

Angels shield them,

Whatsoever eyes terrene

*Be* the sweetest HIS have seen !

\* She left him the riband from her hair.

## SONNETS.

— 150 —

### **The Soul's Expression.**

WITH stammering lips and insufficient sound  
I strive and struggle to deliver right  
That music of my nature, day and night  
With dream and thought and feeling interwound,  
And inly answering all the senses round  
With octaves of a mystic depth and height  
Which step out grandly to the infinite  
From the dark edges of the sensual ground.  
The song of soul I struggle to outbear  
Through portals of the sense sublime and whole,  
And utter all myself into the air :  
But if I did it,—as the thunder-roll  
Breaks its own cloud, my flesh would perish there  
Before that dread apocalypse of soul.

— 151 —

### The Seraph and Poet.

THE seraph sings before the manifest  
 God-One, and in the burning of the Seven,  
 And with the full life of consummate Heaven  
 Heaving beneath him like a mother's breast  
 Warm with her first-born's slumber in that nest,  
 The poet sings upon the earth grave-riven,  
 Before the naughty world, soon self-forgiven  
 For wronging him,—and in the darkness prest  
 From his own soul by worldly weights. Even so,  
 Sing, seraph with the glory! heaven is high,  
 Sing, poet with the sorrow! earth is low:  
 The universe's inward voices cry  
 'Amen' to either song of joy and woe:  
 Sing, seraph,—poet,—sing on equally!



### Bereavement.

WHEN some Beloveds, 'neath whose eyelids lay  
 The sweet lights of my childhood, one by one  
 Did leave me dark before the natural sun,  
 And I astonished fell and could not pray,—  
 A thought within me to myself did say,  
 'Is God less God, that *thou* art left undone?  
 Rise, worship, bless Him, in this sackcloth spun,  
 As in that purple!'—But I answered, Nay!  
 What child his filial heart in words can loose  
 If he behold his tender father raise  
 The hand that chastens sorely? can he choose  
 But sob in silence with an upward gaze?—  
 And *my* great Father, thinking fit to bruise,  
 Discerns in speechless tears both prayer and praise.

**Consolation.**

ALL are not taken ; there are left behind  
 Living Beloveds, tender looks to bring  
 And make the daylight still a happy thing,  
 And tender voices, to make soft the wind  
 But if it were not so—if I could find  
 No love in all the world for comforting,  
 Nor any path but hollowly did ring  
 Where 'dust to dust' the love from life disjoined,  
 And if, before those sepulchres unmoving  
 I stood alone, (as some forsaken lamb  
 Goes bleating up the moors in weary dearth)  
 Crying 'Where are ye, O my loved and loving?'—  
 I know a Voice would sound, 'Daughter, I AM.  
 Can I suffice for HEAVEN and not for earth?'

**To Mary Russell Mitford.**

IN HER GARDEN.

WHAT time I lay these rhymes anear thy feet,  
 Benignant friend, I will not proudly say  
 As better poets use, 'These *flowers* I lay,'  
 Because I would not wrong thy roses sweet,  
 Blaspheming so their name. And yet, repeat  
 Thou, overleaning them this spring-time day,  
 With heart as open to love as theirs to May,  
 —'Low-rooted verse may reach some heavenly heat,  
 Even like my blossoms, if as nature-true  
 Though not as precious'—Thou art unperplexed,  
 Dear friend, in whose dear writings drops the dew  
 And blow the natural aurs,—thou, who art next  
 To nature's self in cheering the world's view,—  
 To preach a sermon on so known a text !

**On a Portrait of Wordsworth by B. R. Haydon.**

WORDSWORTH upon Helvellyn ! Let the cloud  
 Ebb audibly along the mountain-wind  
 Then break against the rock, and show behind  
 The lowland valleys floating up to crowd  
 The sense with beauty. He with forehead bowed  
 And humble-bdded eyes, as one inclined  
 Before the sovran thought of his own mind,  
 And very meek with inspirations proud,  
 Takes here his rightful place as poet-priest  
 By the high altar, singing prayer and prayer  
 To the higher Heavens. A noble vision free  
 Our Haydon's hand has flung out from the mist :  
 No portrait this, with Academic air !  
 This is the poet and his poetry.

**Past and Future.**

My future will not copy fair my past  
 On any leaf but Heaven's. Be fully done,  
 Supernal Will ! I would not fain be one  
 Who, satisfying thirst and breaking fast,  
 Upon the fulness of the heart at last  
 Says no grace after meat. My wine has run  
 Indeed out of my cup, and there is none  
 To gather up the bread of my repast  
 Scattered and trampled, yet I find some good  
 In earth's green herbs, and streams that bubble up  
 Clear from the darkling ground,—content until  
 I sit with angels before better food :  
 Dear Christ ! when Thy new vintage fills my cup,  
 This hand shall shake no more, nor that wine spill

**Irreparableness.**

I HAVE been in the meadows all the day  
 And gathered there the nosegay that you see,  
 Singing within myself as bird or bee  
 When such do field-work on a morn of May.  
 But, now I look upon my flowers, decay  
 Has met them in my hands more fatally  
 Because more warmly clasped,—and sobs are free  
 To come instead of songs. What do you say,  
 Sweet counsellors, dear friends? that I should go  
 Back straightway to the fields and gather more?  
 Another, sooth, may do it, but not I!  
 My heart is very tired, my strength is low,  
 My hands are full of blossoms plucked before,  
 Held dead within them till myself shall die.

**Tears.**

THANK God, bless God, all ye who suffer not  
 More grief than ye can weep for. That is well—  
 That is light grieving! lighter, none befell  
 Since Adam forfeited the primal lot.  
 Tears! what are tears? The babe weeps in its cot,  
 The mother singing, at her marriage bell  
 The bride weeps, and before the oracle  
 Of high-faned hills the poet has forgot  
 Such moisture on his cheeks. Thank God for grace,  
 Ye who weep only! If, as some have done,  
 Ye grope tear-blinded in a desert place  
 And touch but tombs,—look up! those tears will run  
 Soon in long rivers down the lifted face,  
 And leave the vision clear for stars and sun



**Grief.**

I TELL you, hopeless grief is passionless ;  
 That only men incredulous of despair,  
 Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air  
 Beat upward to God's throne in loud access  
 Of shrieking and reproach. Full desertness  
 In souls as countries, lieth silent-bare  
 Under the blanching, vertical eye-glare  
 Of the absolute Heavens. Deep-hearted man, express  
 Grief for thy Dead in silence like to death—  
 Most like a monumental statue set  
 In everlasting watch and moveless woe  
 Till itself crumble to the dust beneath  
 Touch it, the marble eyelids are not wet :  
 If it could weep, it could arise and go

**Substitution.**

WHEN some beloved voice that was to you  
 Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,  
 And silence against which you dare not cry,  
 Aches round you like a strong disease and new—  
 What hope? what help? what music will undo  
 That silence to your sense? Not friendship's sigh,  
 Not reason's subtle count; not melody  
 Of viols, nor of pipes that Faunus blew;  
 Not songs of poets, nor of nightingales  
 Whose hearts leap upward through the cypress-trees  
 To the clear moon, nor yet the spheric laws  
 Self-chanted, nor the angels' sweet All hails,  
 Met in the smile of God: nay, none of these.  
 Speak THOU, availing Christ!—and fill this pause.

**Comfort.**

SPEAK low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet  
 From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,  
 Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so  
 Who art not missed by any that entreat.  
 Speak to me as to Mary at Thy feet !  
 And if no precious gums my hands bestow,  
 Let my tears drop like amber while I go  
 In reach of Thy divinest voice complete  
 In humanest affection —thus, in sooth,  
 To lose the sense of losing. As a child,  
 Whose song-bird seeks the wood for evermore,  
 Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth  
 Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,  
 He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

**Perplexed Music.**

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO E. J.

EXPERIENCE, like a pale musician, holds  
 A dulcimer of patience in his hand,  
 Whence harmonies we cannot understand,  
 Of God's will in His worlds, the strain unfolds  
 In sad, perplexed minors : deathly colds  
 Fall on us while we hear, and countermand  
 Our sanguine heart back from the fancy-land  
 With nightingales in visionary wolds.  
 We murmur, ' Where is any certain tune  
 Or measured music in such notes as these ?'  
 But angels, leaning from the golden seat,  
 Are not so minded ; their fine ear hath won  
 The issue of completed cadences,  
 And, smiling down the stars, they whisper—SWEET,

**Work.**

WHAT are we set on earth for? Say, to toil,  
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines  
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,  
And Death's mild curfew shall from work assail.  
God did anoint thee with His odorous oil,  
To wrestle, not to reign, and He assigns  
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,  
For younger fellow-workers of the soil  
To wear for amulets. So others shall  
Take patience, labour, to their heart and hand,  
From thy hand and thy heart and thy brave cheer,  
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.  
The least flower, with a brimming cup may stand,  
And share its dew-drop with another near.

**Futurity.**

AND, O beloved voices, upon which  
Ours passionately call because erelong  
Ye brake off in the middle of that song  
We sang together softly, to enrich  
The poor world with the sense of love, and witch  
The heart out of things evil, — I am strong,  
Knowing ye are not lost for aye among  
The hills, with last year's thrush. God keeps a niche  
In Heaven to hold our idols: and albeit  
He brake them to our faces and denied  
That our close kisses should impair their white,  
I know we shall behold them raised, complete,  
The dust swept from their beauty,—glorified  
New Memnons singing in the great God-light.

**The Two Sayings.**

Two sayings of the Holy Scriptures beat  
 Like pulses in the Church's brow and breast ;  
 And by them we find rest in our unrest  
 And, heart-deep in salt tears, do yet entreat,  
 God's fellowship as if on heavenly seat.  
 The first is JESUS WEPT,—whereon is prest  
 Full many a sobbing face that drops its best  
 And sweetest waters on the record sweet :  
 And one is where the Christ, denied and scorned,  
 LOOKED UPON PETER. Oh, to render plain,  
 By help of having loved a little and mourned,  
 That look of sovran love and sovran pain  
 Which HE, who could not sin yet suffered, turned  
 On him who could reject but not sustain !

**The Look.**

THE Saviour looked on Peter. Ay, no word,  
 No gesture of reproach ; the Heavens serene  
 Though heavy with armed justice, did not lean  
 Their thunders that way : the forsaken Lord  
*Looked* only, on the traitor. None record  
 What that look was, none guess, for those who have seen  
 Wronged lovers loving through a death-pang keen,  
 Or pale-cheeked martyrs smiling to a sword,  
 Have nussed Jehovah at the judgment-call.  
 And Peter, from the height of blasphemy—  
 ' I never knew this man '—did quail and fall  
 As knowing straight THAT GOD, and turned free  
 And went out speechless from the face of all,  
 And filled the silence, weeping bitterly.

### The Meaning of the Look.

I THINK that look of Christ might seem to say—  
 'Thou Peter ! art thou then a common stone  
 Which I at last must break my heart upon,  
 For all God's charge to His high angels may  
 Guard my foot better ? Did I yesterday  
 Wash *thy* feet, my beloved, that they should run  
 Quick to deny me 'neath the morning sun ?  
 And do thy kisses, like the rest, betray ?  
 The cock crows coldly.-- Go, and manifest  
 A late contrition, but no bootless fear !  
 For when thy final need is dreariest,  
 Thou shalt not be denied, as I am here ;  
 My voice to God and angels shall attest,  
*Because I KNOW this man, let him be clear.'*



### A Thought for a Lonely Death-Bed.

INSCRIBED TO MY FRIEND E. C.

IF God compel thee to this destiny,  
 To die alone, with none beside thy bed  
 To ruffle round with sobs thy last word said  
 And mark with tears the pulses ebb from thee,—  
 Pray then alone, 'O Christ, come tenderly !  
 By Thy forsaken Sonship in the red  
 Dread wine-press,—by the wilderness outspread,—  
 And the lone garden where Thine agony  
 Fell bloody from Thy brow,— by all of those  
 Permitted desolations, comfort mine !  
 No earthly friend being near me, interpose  
 No deathly angel 'twixt my face and Thine,  
 But stoop Thyself to gather my life's rose,  
 And smile away my mortal to Divine !'

**Work and Contemplation.**

THE woman singeth at her spinning-wheel  
A pleasant chant, ballad or barcarole ;  
She thinketh of her song, upon the whole,  
Far more than of her flax ; and yet the reel  
Is full, and artfully her fingers feel  
With quick adjustment, provident control,  
The lines, too subtly twisted to unroll,  
Out to a perfect thread — I hence appeal  
To the dear Christian Church — that we may do  
Our Father's business in these temples mirk,  
Thus swift and steadfast, thus intent and strong ;  
While thus, apart from toil, our souls pursue  
Some high, calm, spheric tune, and prove our work  
The better for the sweetness of our song.

**Pain in Pleasure.**

A THOUGHT lay like a flower upon mine heart,  
And drew around it other thoughts like bees  
For multitude and thirst of sweetnesses ;  
Whereat rejoicing, I desired the art  
Of the Greek whistler, who to wharf and mart  
Could lure those insect swarms from orange-trees,  
That I might hive with me such thoughts and please  
My soul so, always. Foolish counterpart  
Of a weak man's vain wishes ! While I spoke,  
The thought I called a flower grew nettle-rough,  
The thoughts, called bees, stung me to festering :  
Oh, entertain (cried Reason as she woke,)  
Your best and gladdest thoughts but long enough,  
And they will all prove sad enough to sting !

*Flush or Faunus.*

You see this dog ; it was but yesterday  
 I mused forgetful of his presence here  
 Till thought on thought drew downward tear on tear :  
 When from the pillow where wet-cheeked I lay,  
 A head as hairy as Faunus thrust its way  
 Right sudden against my face, two golden-clear  
 Great eyes astonished mine, a drooping ear  
 Did flap me on either cheek to dry the spray !  
 I started first as some Arcadian  
 Amazed by goatly god in twilight grove ;  
 But as the bearded vision closelier ran  
 My tears off, I knew Flush, and rose above  
 Surprise and sadness,—thanking the true PAN  
 Who by low creatures leads to heights of love.

*Finite and Infinite.*

THE wind sounds only in opposing straits,  
 The sea, beside the shore ; man's spirit rends  
 Its quiet only up against the ends  
 Of wants and oppositions, loves and hates,  
 Where, worked and worn by passionate debates,  
 And losing by the loss it apprehends,  
 The flesh rocks round and every breath it sends  
 Is ravelled to a sigh. All tortured states  
 Suppose a straitened place. Jehovah Lord,  
 Make room for rest, around me ! out of sight  
 Now float me, of the vexing land abhorred,  
 Till in deep calms of space my soul may right  
 Her nature, shoot large sail on lengthening cord,  
 And rush exultant on the Infinite.

**An Apprehension.**

IF all the gentlest-hearted friends I know  
Concentred in one heart their gentleness,  
That still grew gentler till its pulse was less  
For life than pity,—I should yet be slow  
To bring my own heart nakedly below  
The palm of such a friend, that he should press  
Motive, condition, means, appliances,  
My false ideal joy and fickle woe,  
Out full to light and knowledge, I should fear  
Some plait between the brows, some rougher chime  
In the free voice. O angels, let your foot  
Of bitter scorn dash on me ! do ye hear  
What I say who bear calmly all the time  
This everlasting face to face with GOD ?

**Discontent.**

LIGHT human nature is too lightly tost  
And ruffled without cause, complaining on.  
Restless with rest, until, being overthrown,  
It learneth to lie quiet. Let a frost  
Or a small wasp have crept to the innermost  
Of our ripe peach, or let the wilful sun  
Shine westward of our window,—straight we run  
A furlong's sigh as if the world were lost.  
But what time through the heart and through the brain  
God hath transfixed us,—we, so moved before,  
Attain to a calm. Ay, shouldering weights of pain,  
We anchor in deep waters, safe from shore,  
And hear submissive o'er the stormy main  
God's chartered judgments walk for evermore.



**Patience taught by Nature.**

'O DREARY life,' we cry, 'O dreary life !'  
 And still the generations of the birds  
 Sing through our sighing, and the flocks and herds  
 Serenely live while we are keeping strife  
 With Heaven's true purpose in us, as a knife  
 Against which we may struggle ! Ocean girds  
 Unslackened the dry land, savannah-swards  
 Unweary sweep, hills watch unworn, and rise  
 Meek leaves drop yearly from the forest-trees  
 To show, above, the unwasted stars that pass  
 In their old glory : O thou God of old,  
 Grant me some smaller grace than comes to these !—  
 But so much patience as a blade of grass  
 Grows by, contented through the heat and cold.

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**Cheerfulness taught by Reason.**

I THINK we are too ready with complaint  
 In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope  
 Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope  
 Of yon grey blank of sky, we might grow faint  
 To muse upon eternity's constraint  
 Round our aspirant souls ; but since the scope  
 Must widen early, is it well to droop,  
 For a few days consumed in loss and taint ?  
 O pusillanimous Heart, be comforted  
 And, like a cheerful traveller, take the road,  
 Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread  
 Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod  
 To meet the flints ? At least it may be said,  
 ' Because the way is *short*, I thank Thee, God.'

**Exaggeration.**

WE overstate the ills of life, and take  
 Imagination (given us to bring down  
 The choirs of singing angels overshadowed  
 By God's clear glory) down our earth to rake  
 The dismal snows instead, flake following flake,  
 To cover all the corn ; we walk upon  
 The shadow of hills across a level thrown,  
 And pant like climbers : near the alderbrake  
 We sigh so loud, the nightingale within  
 Refuses to sing loud, as else she would.  
 O brothers, let us leave the shame and sin  
 Of taking vainly, in a plaintive mood,  
 The holy name of GRIEF ! -holy herein,  
 That by the grief of ONE came all our good.

**Adequacy.**

Now, by the verdure on thy thousand hills,  
 Beloved England, doth the earth appear  
 Quite good enough for men to overbear  
 The will of God in, with rebellious walls !  
 We cannot say the morning-sun fulfils  
 Ingloriously its course, nor that the clear  
 Strong stars without significance insphere  
 Our habitation : we, meantime, our ills  
 Heap up against this good and lift a cry  
 Against this work-day world, this ill-spread feast,  
 As if ourselves were better certainly  
 Than what we come to. Maker and High Priest,  
 I ask Thee not my joys to multiply,—  
 Only to make me worthier of the least.

**To George Sand.****A DESIRE.**

THOU large-brained woman and large-hearted man,  
 Self-called George Sand ! whose soul, amid the lions  
 Of thy tumultuous senses, moans defiance  
 And answers roar for roar, as spirits can :  
 I would some mild miraculous thunder ran  
 Above the applauded circus, in appliance  
 Of thine own nobler nature's strength and science,  
 Drawing two pinions, white as wings of swan,  
 From thy strong shoulders, to amaze the place  
 With holier light ! that thou to woman's claim  
 And man's, might'st join beside the angel's grace  
 Of a pure genius sanctified from blame,  
 Till child and maiden pressed to thine embrace  
 To kiss upon thy lips a stainless fame.

— *o p p* —**To George Sand.****A RECOGNITION.**

TRUE genius, but true woman ! dost deny  
 The woman's nature with a manly scorn,  
 And break away the gauds and armlets worn  
 By weaker women in captivity ?  
 Ah, vain denial ! that revolted cry  
 Is sobbed in by a woman's voice forlorn,—  
 Thy woman's hair, my sister, all unshorn  
 Floats back dishevelled strength in agony,  
 Disproving thy man's name : and while before  
 The world thou burnest in a poet-fire,  
 We see thy woman-heart beat evermore  
 Through the large flame. Beat purer, heart, and higher,  
 Till God unsex thee on the heavenly shore  
 Where unincarnate spirits purely aspire !

**The Prisoner.**

I COUNT the dismal time by months and years  
 Since last I felt the green sward under foot,  
 And the great breath of all things summer-mute  
 Met mine upon my lips. Now earth appears  
 As strange to me as dreams of distant spheres  
 Or thoughts of Heaven we weep at. Nature's lute  
 Sounds on, behind this door so closely shut,  
 A strange wild music to the prisoner's ears,  
 Dilated by the distance, till the brain  
 Grows dim with fancies which it feels too fine,  
 While ever, with a visionary pain,  
 Past the precluded senses, sweep and shine  
 Streams, forests, glades, and many a golden train  
 Of sunlit hills transfigured to Divine.

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**Insufficiency.**

WHEN I attain to utter forth in verse  
 Some inward thought, my soul throbs audibly  
 Along my pulses, yearning to be free  
 And something farther, fuller, higher, rehearse,  
 To the individual, true, and the universe,  
 In consummation of right harmony.  
 But, like a wind-exposed distorted tree,  
 We are blown against for ever by the curse  
 Which breathes through nature. Oh, the world is weak,  
 The effluence of each is false to all,  
 And what we best conceive we fail to speak.  
 Wait, soul, until thine ashen garments fall,  
 And then resume thy broken strains, and seek  
 Fit peroration without let or thrall.

## Two Sketches.

H. B.

I.

THE shadow of her face upon the wall  
May take your memory to the perfect Greek,  
But when you front her, you would call the cheek  
Too full, sir, for your models, if withal  
That bloom it wears could leave you critical,  
And that smile reaching toward the rosy streak ;  
For one who smiles so, has no need to speak  
To lead your thoughts along, as steed to stall.  
A smile that turns the sunny side o' the heart  
On all the world, as if herself did win  
By what she lavished on an open mart !  
Let no man call the liberal sweetness, sin, -  
For friends may whisper as they stand apart,  
' Methinks there's still some warmer place within.

A. B.

II.

HER azure eyes, dark lashes hold in fee ;  
Her fair superfluous ringlets without check  
Drop after one another down her neck,  
As many to each cheek as you might see  
Green leaves to a wild rose , this sign outwardly,  
And a like woman-covering seems to deck  
Her inner nature, for she will not fleck  
World's sunshine with a finger. Sympathy  
Must call her in Love's name ! and then, I know,  
She rises up, and brightens as she should,  
And lights her smile for comfort, and is slow  
In nothing of high-hearted fortitude.  
To smell this flower, come near it ! such can grow  
In that sole garden where Christ's brow dropped blood.

**Mountaineer and Poet.**

THE simple goatherd between Alp and sky,  
Seeing his shadow, in that awful tryst,  
Dilated to a giant's on the mist,  
Esteems not his own stature larger by  
The apparent image, but more patiently  
Strikes his staff down beneath his clenching fist,  
While the snow-mountains lift their amethyst  
And sapphire crowns of splendour, far and nigh,  
Into the air around him. Learn from hence  
Meek morals, all ye poets that pursue  
Your way still onward up to eminence  
Ye are not great because creation drew  
Large revelations round your earliest sense,  
Nor bright because God's glory shines for you.

**The Poet.**

THE poet hath the child's sight in his breast  
And sees all *new*. What oftenest he has viewed,  
He views with the first glory. Fair and good  
Pall never on him, at the fairest, best,  
But stand before him holy and undressed  
In week-day false conventions, such as would  
Drag other men down from the altitude  
Of primal types, too early dispossessed.  
Why, God would tire of all His heavens, as soon  
As thou, O godlike, childlike poet, didst  
Of daily and nightly sights of sun and moon !  
And therefore hath He set thee in the midst  
Where men may hear thy wonder's ceaseless tune  
And praise His world for ever, as thou bidst,

## Hiram Powers' Greek Slave

THEY say Ideal beauty cannot enter  
The house of anguish. On the threshold stands  
An alien Image with enshackled hands,  
Called the Greek Slave ! as if the artist meant her  
(That passionless perfection which he lent her,  
Shadowed not darkened where the sill expands)  
To so confront man's crimes in different lands  
With man's ideal sense. Pierce to the centre,  
Art's fiery finger ! and break up ere long  
The serfdom of this world ! appeal, fair stone,  
From God's pure heights of beauty against man's wrong !  
Catch up in thy divine face, not alone  
East griefs but west, and strike and shame the strong,  
By thunders of white silence, overthrown.



## Life.

EACH creature holds an insular point in space ;  
Yet what man stirs a finger, breathes a sound,  
But all the multitudinous beings round  
In all the countless worlds with time and place  
For their conditions, down to the central base,  
Thrill, haply, in vibration and rebound,  
Life answering life across the vast profound,  
In full antiphony, by a common grace ?  
I think this sudden joyaunce which illumes  
A child's mouth sleeping, unaware may run  
From some soul newly loosened from earth's tombs :  
I think this passionate sigh, which half-begun  
I stifle back, may reach and stir the plumes  
Of God's calm angel standing in the sun.

## Love.

WE cannot live, except thus mutually  
 We alternate, aware or unaware,  
 The reflex act of life : and when we bear  
 Our virtue outward most impulsively,  
 Most full of invocation, and to be  
 Most instantly compellant, certes there  
 We live most life, whoever breathes most air  
 And counts his dying years by sun and sea :  
 But when a soul, by choice and conscience, doth  
 Throw out her full force on another soul,  
 The conscience and the concentration both  
 Make mere life, Love. For Life in perfect whole  
 And aim consummated, is Love in sooth,  
 As nature's magnet-heat rounds pole with pole.



## Heaven and Earth.

' And there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour."

*Revelation.*

GOD, who with thunders and great voices kept  
 Beneath Thy throne, and stars most silver-paced  
 Along the inferior gyres, and open-faced  
 Melodious angels round,—canst intercept  
 Music with music,—yet, at will, hast swept  
 All back, all back, (said he in Patmos placed)  
 To fill the heavens with silence of the waste  
 Which lasted half an hour !—lo, I who have wept  
 All day and night, beseech Thee by my tears,  
 And by that dread response of curse and groan  
 Men alternate across these hemispheres,  
 Vouchsafe us such a half-hour's hush alone,  
 In compensation for our stormy years :  
 As heaven has paused from song, let earth from moan !



### The Prospect.

METHINKS we do as fretful children do,  
 Leaning their faces on the window-pane  
 To sigh the glass dim with their own breath's stain,  
 And shut the sky and landscape from their view .  
 And thus, alas, since God the maker drew  
 A mystic separation 'twixt those twain,  
 'The life beyond us, and our souls in pain,  
 We miss the prospect which we are called unto  
 By grief we are fools to use. Be still and strong,  
 O man, my brother ! hold thy sobbing breath,  
 And keep thy soul's large window pure from wrong,  
 That so, as life's appointment issueth,  
 Thy vision may be clear to watch along  
 The sunset consummation-lights of death. \*



### Hugh Stuart Boyd.\*

#### HIS BLINDNESS.

GOD would not let the spheric lights accost  
 This God-loved man, and bade the earth stand off  
 With all her beckoning hills whose golden stuff  
 Under the feet of the royal sun is crossed.

\* To whom was inscribed, in grateful affection, my poem of 'Cyprus Wine.' There comes a moment in life when even gratitude and affection turn to pain, as they do now with me. This excellent and learned man, enthusiastic for the good and the beautiful, and one of the most simple and upright of human beings, passed out of his long darkness through death in the summer of 1848; Dr Adam Clarke's daughter and biographer, Mrs. Smith (happier in this than the absent), fulfilling a doubly filial duty as she sate by the death-bed of her father's friend and hers.

Yet such things were to him not wholly lost,—  
 Permitted, with his wandering eyes light-proof,  
 To catch fair visions rendered full enough  
 By many a ministrant accomplished ghost,—  
 Still seeing, to sounds of softly-turned book-leaves,  
 Sappho's crown-rose, and Meleager's spring,  
 And Gregory's starlight on Greek-burnished eyes :  
 Till Sensuous and Unsensuous seemed one thing,  
 Viewed from one level,—earth's reapers at the sheaves  
 Scarce plainer than Heaven's angels on the wing.



### Hugh Stuart Boyd.

HIS DEATH, 1848.

BELOV'ED friend, who living many years  
 With sightless eyes raised vainly to the sun  
 Didst learn to keep thy patient soul in tune  
 'To visible nature's elemental cheers !  
 God has not caught thee to new hemispheres  
 Because thou wast weary of this one ; --  
 I think thine angel's patience first was done,  
 And that he spake out with celestial tears,  
 ' Is it enough, dear God ? then lighten so  
 This soul that smiles in darkness !'

Steadfast friend,  
 Who never didst my heart or life misknow,  
 Nor either's faults too keenly apprehend,—  
 How can I wonder when I see thee go  
 To join the Dead found faithful to the end ?



**Hugh Stuart Boyd.**

## LEGACIES.

THREE gifts the Dying left me,—Æschylus,  
And Gregory Nazianzen, and a clock  
Chiming the gradual hours out like a flock  
Of stars whose motion is melodious.  
The books were those I used to read from, thus  
Assisting my dear teacher's soul to unlock  
The darkness of his eyes ; now, mine they mock,  
Blinded in turn by tears , now, murmurous  
Sad echoes of my young voice, years ago  
Entoning from these leaves the Grecian phrase,  
Return and choke my utterance. Books, lie down  
In silence on the shelf there, within gaze ;  
And thou, clock, striking the hour's pulses on,  
Chime in the day which ends these parting-days !

THE END.





